

Generale D. Erlon

London, Henry Colburn Great Marlborough Street.

DIARY

AND

LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

'THE SPIRIT WALKS OF EVERY DAY DECEASED.' —YOUNG

VOL. V.

1789—1793.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1843.

LONDON:
Printed by William Clowes and Sons,
Stamford street.

PART I.

1789.

CONTENTS.

Court Diary continued—Recovery of the King—Personal Interview with him—Demonstrations of joy on the King's Recovery—Bishop Hurd — Correspondence — The Restoration — Drawing Room—Return to Windsor—The Tiger—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Prince William's Return from Sea—His Arrival at Windsor—An Interview with him—The Marquis del Campo—Thoughts on Death—Royal Visit to Weymouth—Dr. Warton — The New Forest Law — Lyndhurst — Village Loyalty—Reminiscences—Arrival at Weymouth—Lord Courtown—Bathing to Music—Correspondence — Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Angelica Kauffmann—Weymouth Loyalty—Mrs. Gwynn—Old Recollections—A Royal Visit to the Theatre—Lord Chesterfield—Mrs. Siddons--Dr. Glasse—Mrs. Siddons in Rosalind.



DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."

PART I.

1789.

Kew Palace.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST.—What a pleasure was mine this morning! how solemn, but how grateful! The Queen gave me the 'Prayer of Thanksgiving' upon the King's recovery. It was this morning read in all the churches throughout the metropolis, and by this day week it will reach every church in the kingdom. It kept me in tears all the morning,—that such a moment should actually arrive! after fears so dreadful, scenes so terrible.

The Queen gave me a dozen, to distribute among the female servants: but I reserved one of them for dear Mr. Smelt, who took it from me in speechless extacy—his fine and feeling eyes swimming in tears of joy.

There is no describing—and I will not attempt it—the fullness, the almost overwhelming fullness of this morning's thankful feelings!

I had the great gratification to see the honoured object of this joy, for a few minutes, in the Queen's dressing-room. He was all calmness and benevolent graciousness. I fancied my strong emotion had disfigured me; or perhaps the whole of this long confinement and most affecting winter may have somewhat marked my countenance; for the King presently said to me,

"Pray, are you quite well to-day?"

"I think not quite, sir," I answered.

"She does not *look* well," said he to the Queen; "she looks a little—*yellow*, I think."

How kind, to think of *any* body and their looks, at this first moment of reappearance!

I hear Major Price is arrived, on a visit, to see his restored old master: with what true joy will he see that sight! Mr. Smelt told me, also, *there would be no more private parties*, as the King now sent for all the gentlemen to join the Royal set at the card-table every evening.

I have much reason to be glad of this at present.

On my return I found a letter from my dear M——, written on the day of her marriage; which was performed at Bath, whence she set out for her father's house. Her letter is dated on the road.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4TH.—A message from Mrs. Schwellenberg this morning, to ask me to air with her, received my most reluctant acquiescence; for the frost is so severe that any *air*, without *exercise*, is terrible to me; though, were *her* atmosphere milder, the rigour of the season I might not regard.

When we came to the passage, the carriage was not ready. She murmured most vehemently; and so bitterly cold was I, I could heartily have joined, had it answered any purpose.

While thus bad was making worse, a party of gentlemen in uniform passed; and presently, Mr. Fairly, looking towards us, exclaimed, "Is that—yes! it is Miss Burney: I must just ask her how she does!—" and, quitting the group, he came to me with a thousand kind inquiries.

He was then entering still further into conversation; but I drew back, alarmed, lest, not having noticed my companion, he should unknowingly incense her by this distinction. Still, however, he went on, till I looked full round at Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was standing, loftily silent, only a few steps above me.

He then addressed her; whether he had not seen or had not cared about her before, I know not She instantly began a proud accusation of her servants, protesting she had never met such a thing before as to wait for such people; but made no answer to his tardy salutation.

Just as well content, he heard her without reply, and, returning to me, renewed his attempt at conversation. More loftily than ever, she then drew up, and uttered aloud the most imperious reproaches, on the unexampled behaviour of her people, who were never while they lived again to have power to make her wait "not one moment."

Frightened at this rising storm, I endeavoured to turn towards her, and engage her to join in other discourse; but Mr. Fairly did not second my motion, and *I* obtained no other notice than, "O, ver well! when they will serve me so, they might see what will become!—no! it is not permit!—" &c.

In the midst of this, Colonel Goldsworthy appeared; he came forward, with *How do's?*—but Mrs. Schwellenberg called him to her, with unusual civility, and many kind inquiries about his sister.

In this cold passage we waited in this miserable man-

her a full quarter of an hour; all the time scolding the servants, threatening them with *exile*, sending message after message, repining, thwarting, and contentious.

Now we were to go and wait in the King's rooms—now in the Gentlemen's—now in Dr. Willis's—her own,—and this, in the end, took place.

* * * * *

In our way we again encountered Mr. Fairly. He asked where we were going. "To my own parlour!" she answered.

He accompanied us in; and, to cheer the gloom, seized some of the stores of Dr. Willis,—sandwiches, wine and water, and other refreshments,—and brought them to us, one after another, in a sportive manner, recommending to us to break through common rules, on such an occasion, and eat and drink to warm ourselves.

She stood in stately silence, and bolt upright, scarce deigning to speak even a refusal; till, upon his saying, while he held a glass of wine in his hand, "Come, ma'am, do something eccentric for once—it will warm you!—" she angrily answered, "You been *reely*—what you call—too much hospital!"

Neither of us could help laughing,—"Yes," cried he, "with the goods of others;—that makes a wide difference in hospitality!"

Then he rattled away upon the honours the room had lately received, of having had Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., to wait in it.

This she resented highly, as seeming to think it more honoured in her absence than presence.

At length we took our miserable airing, in which I was treated with as much fierce harshness as if I was conveying to some place of confinement for the punishment of some dreadful offence!

She would have the glass down on my side; the piercing wind cut my face; I put my muff up to it: this incensed her so much, that she vehemently declared "she never, *no never*, would *trobble any won* to air with her again, but go always selfs."—And who will repine at that? thought I.

Yet by night I had caught a violent cold, which flew to my face, and occasioned me dreadful pain.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—I have been in too much pain to write these last five days; and I became very feverish, and universally ill, affected with the fury of the cold.

My Royal Mistress, who could not but observe me very unwell, though I have never omitted my daily three attendances, which I have performed with a difficulty *all but* insurmountable, concluded I had been guilty of some imprudence: I told the simple fact of the glass,—but *quite* simply, and without one circumstance. She instantly said she was surprised I could catch cold in an *airing*, as it never appeared that it disagreed with me when I took it with Mrs. Delany.

"No, ma'am," I immediately answered, "nor with Mrs. Lock; nor formerly with Mrs. Thrale:—but they left me the regulation of the glass on my own side to myself; or, if they interfered, it was to draw it up for me."

This I could not resist. I can be silent; but when challenged to speak at all, it must be plain truth.

I had no answer. Illness here—till of late—has been so unknown, that it is commonly supposed it must be wilful, and therefore it meets little notice, till accompanied by danger, or incapacity of duty. This is by no means from hardness of heart—far otherwise; there *is* no hardness of heart in any one of them; but it is prejudice and want of personal experience.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—This was a day of happiness indeed!—a day of such heartfelt public delight as could not but suppress all private disturbance.

The King sent to open the House of Lords by Commission.

The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved.

The Queen, from her privy purse, gave private orders for a splendid illumination at this palace: Rebecca painted a beautiful transparency; and Mr. Smelt had the regulation of the whole.

The King—Providence—Health—and Britannia, were displayed with elegant devices: the Queen and Princesses, all but the youngest, went to town to see the illumination there; and Mr. Smelt was to conduct the surprise.—It was magnificently beautiful.

When it was lighted and prepared, the Princess Amelia went to lead her Papa to the front window: but first she dropped on her knees, and presented him a paper with these lines—which, at the Queen's desire, I had scribbled in her name, for the happy occasion:—

TO THE KING.

Amid a rapt'rous nation's praise
  That sees Thee to their prayers restor'd,
Turn gently from the gen'ral blaze,—
  Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
  Depictur'd with transparent art,
The emblems of her thoughts appear,
  The tribute of a grateful heart.

O! small the tribute, were it weigh'd
With all she feels—or half she owes!
But noble minds are best repaid
From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P. S. The little bearer begs a kiss
From dear Papa, for bringing this.

I need not, I think, tell you, the little bearer begged not in vain. The King was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the Princesses, in which we had a party to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour; cheerful, composed, and gracious! all that could merit the great national testimony to his worth this day paid him.

Lady Effingham, Major Price, Dr. Willis, and Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, made the party; with the sweet little Princess till her bed-time, Miss Gomme, &c.

The Queen and Princesses did not return from town till one in the morning. They were quite enchanted with the glorious scene they had been beholding.

Wednesday, March 11th.—This morning our beloved Sovereign, reinstated in all his dignities, received the Address of the Lords and Commons, in person, upon his recovery.

The Queen, too, saw some of the foreign ministers, on the same joyful occasion. All was serene gaiety and pleasure!

At night the Princess Elizabeth came to call me to the Queen. Her Majesty was in the drawing-room, with the King, Princesses, Lady Pembroke, Mr. Smelt, and Dr. Willis. She immediately communicated to me her gracious permission that I should spend the next day in town, sleep at my father's, and return on Friday evening.

On Saturday we are all to take leave of Kew.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12TH.—I set out as early as I was able, in a post-chaise, with Columb on horseback. On the road we overtook the King, with Mr. Fairly, Colonels Manners, Gwynn, and Goldsworthy, and Major Price.

I stopped the chaise; but the King rode up to it, and asked me how long I should stay in town, and how long it was since I had seen my father? When I answered five months, "O poor soul!" he exclaimed, and then let me go on.

How did I rejoice to see my dearest father!

Friday evening I returned to Kew.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH.—This morning we returned to Windsor, with what different sensations from those with which we left it! All illness over, all fears removed, all sorrows lightened! The King was so well as to go on horseback, attended by a large party of gentlemen.

Mrs. Schwellenberg went to town to spend some days. Miss Planta only accompanied me: Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, on invitation by the King, came also to Windsor for a week. The Queen was all graciousness: everything and everybody were smiling and lively.

All Windsor came out to meet the King. It was a joy amounting to extacy; I could not keep my eyes dry all day long. A scene so reversed! sadness so sweetly exchanged for thankfulness and delight!

I had a charming party to dinner; Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and the Bishop of Worcester joining Mr. De Luc and Miss Planta. *Recovery* was all the talk; there could be no other theme.

The town of Windsor had subscribed forty guineas for fireworks, to celebrate the return of the King; the Royal

Family were to see them from Mrs. Schwellenberg's bedroom, which looked directly upon them; and Mr. Smelt begged to see them from mine, which is immediately under that of Mrs. Schwellenberg.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH.—The King this morning renewed his public service at church, by taking the Sacrament at eight o'clock. All his gentlemen attended him. The Queen, Princesses, and household went at the usual time. Bishop Hurd preached an excellent sermon, with one allusion to the King's recovery, delicately touched and quickly passed over.

The excellent Bishop and Mr. Smelt again dined with us. The Bishop preferred our quiet table to the crowd now belonging to that of the equerries. We had some very good treatises upon society, between him and Mr. Smelt. He protested he never *chose* to meet more than *six*, and thought all added to that number created confusion and destroyed elegance.

At tea, they all poured in; except that I was deprived of poor Mrs. Smelt, who was not well. Miss Planta was my only belle; my beaux were as numerous as yesterday, but not as cheerful. I was completely overset, in the very beginning, by hearing, from Colonel Manners, that the King had actually and publicly declared his intention, to his gentlemen, of going to Germany this summer!

A general inquiry went round, of who would form the party; Major Price confessed himself invited. No one else knew their destiny, but Miss Planta expected they would all go.

We were now joined by Dr. John Willis, and the clergyman, Mr. Thomas, his brother; two as amiable men as live.

Dr. John came, and took up my attention for the rest of the tea-time.

In the midst of the tea, entered Madame La Fîte. She approached me with such expressions of delight and joy, as my Susan—my Fredy—Miss Cambridge—would have thought highly unseasonable to utter, after any absence whatever, in so full a company of gentlemen. "Ma chère Mademoiselle Beurni!—ma très chère amie!—" &c.: yet all the time, far from being *betrayed* involuntarily into this extacy, her eyes roved so round to all the company, to see if they witnessed her rapture, that she truly never found a moment to examine how its object received it!

This sort of display of sensibility always locks it up in those who perceive it: I was cold as marble, and completely ashamed.

General Grenville, and the officers of his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, now quartered at Windsor, propose giving a ball next week, in honour of His Majesty's recovery. He invited all the company, and most of them accepted the invitation.

When the Royal Family went to supper, Humphries came to tell me Miss Egerton wished to see me;—she had been of the evening party, and promised to dine with me next day. She is amongst the few of undoubted admission here.

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——.

March 16, 1789.

——— I thought with greatly added satisfaction, from what the last letter contains, of Mr. ——'s religious principles. There, indeed, you have given a basis to my hopes of your happiness, that no other consideration could have given me. To have *him* good is very important to me: to have *you* impressed with his goodness, I had almost said, is yet more so.

Only guard yourself, all you can, from *ruminating, too deeply*, and from indulging every rising emotion, whether of *pain* or *pleasure*. You are all made up with propensities to both; I see it with concern, yet with added tenderness: see it also *yourself*, and it can do no evil. We are all more in our own power than we think, till we *try*, or are tried. To calm your too agitated mind, must be uppermost in your thoughts:—pray for strength to do it, and you will not be denied it:—but *pray*, I beg you: —it will not come without prayer, and prayer will impress you with the duty of exertion.

Miss Burney to the same.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, March 17, '89.

How tranquillizing a letter, my sweet friend, have you at last sent me! I read it with the highest satisfaction, and I have dwelt upon it with constant pleasure ever since. What you tell me of Mrs. ——'s kindness and attention could not indeed surprise me, but my best gratification from them arises in your grateful acceptance. When you tell me you have not known so much comfort for time immemorial, you show that right disposition to be happy which forms one of the principal powers for becoming so. I do indeed flatter myself that now, since your destiny in this world is fixed, your mind will continue in the same serene state in which you describe it; for I know your *sense of duty* (may I say so to a *married woman?*), and I know the excellent resolutions with which you began your new course of life; and contentment and cheerfulness are so much in our own power, though high felicity depends upon circumstances, that whoever is earnestly bent on making the happiness of others their first care must attain them. And such, I know, was the generous intention with which you set

out; an intention which, well supported, never, I believe, failed of preserving the most grateful affection in the object towards whom it is directed. And you, my dear M——, I well know, have a thousand powers for keeping awake at the same time the most lively admiration. And you will not let them languish *because you are married;* for you *require* affection and kindness; they are necessary to your peace; you have enjoyed them in full sway all the best and happiest part of your life, and you could do nothing to diminish them that would not chiefly end in punishing yourself. No, no; I do not fear this from you, common as is the fault. Your poor mind has been tutored,—*torn* rather,—in the school of early adversity, and you will not yourself roughen the harbour that brings you to rest.

We have lived in much hurry since I wrote last, though, thank Heaven, of a sort the most pleasant. The recovery of the King is a blessing unspeakable both in its extent and force. He little before knew the general loyalty and attachment of the nation. The nation knew it not, indeed, itself.

The Bishop of Worcester has been here to give His Majesty the Sacrament, and inquired much about you.

Adieu, my dearest M——; I entreat to hear from you as soon and as often as you can. I know how much you must be engaged for some time to come, and short letters shall content me till you have leisure to lengthen them. But tell me where you are as immediately as possible. Heaven ever bless you!

F. B.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18TH.—To-day,—suddenly and unexpectedly,—returned Mrs. Schwellenberg. Our dinner and coffee were altered sufficiently: only Miss

Planta attended them; and all returned to gloom and discontent.

But at tea she declined appearing, not having time to dress. I came down to my own room, about seven o'clock, to get a little breathing time, and send to invite Miss Egerton, to help me in doing the honours to this last evening of so large a tribe: I well knew none of the household ladies would venture without *another* invitation.

I had just sent off Columb, when a little rap announced Mr. Fairly, who came in, saying, "I am escaped for a little while, to have some quiet conversation with you, before the general assemblage and storm of company."

I hastily told him to guess who was above; he did presently,—and not *very* sorrowfully heard she came not below.

He then gravely said, "To-morrow I shall take leave of you—for a *long* time!"

He intended setting off to-morrow morning for town, by the opportunity of the equerries' coach, which would convey him to Kew, where His Majesty was to receive an address.

He told me, with a good deal of humour, that he suspected me of being rather *absent* in my official occupation, from little natural care about toilettes and such things. I could not possibly deny this,—on the contrary, I owned I had, at first, found my attention *unattainable*, partly from flutter and embarrassment, and partly from the reasons he so discerningly assigned. "I have even," I added, "and not seldom, handed her her fan before her gown, and her gloves before her cap!—but I am better in all that now!"

"I should think all tha tvery likely," cried he, smiling; "yet it is not very trifling with Her Majesty, who is so exact and precise, such things seem to her of moment."

This is truth itself.

I said, "No,—she is more gracious, more *kind*, indeed, to me than ever: she scarce speaks, scarce turns to me without a smile."

"Well," cried he, extremely pleased, "this must much soften your employment and confinement. And, indeed, it was most natural to expect this time of distress should prove a cement."

In two minutes more Miss Egerton came, and we went to the eating parlour, where we were speedily joined by the whole party.

Colonel Manners produced me some notes from Dr. Glasse, that were *meant* for the eye of the King, and consulted how to manage them. He then showed me a prayer, made upon the King's recovery, by the clergyman of his own living, in Lincolnshire: Mr. Willis abused it very much, as being methodistical, and assured me so was its writer. Lady Robert Manners, mother of the Colonel, is a professed Methodist, and the Colonel has an occasional bias that way, which I think will end hereafter in that persuasion.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19TH.—This morning their Majesties went to Kew, to receive addresses from the City, on the King's recovery.

* * * * *

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

The rest of this month I shall not give by daily dates, but by its incidents.

Our party was now much lessened. Colonel Goldsworthy made his retreat on the same day with Mr. Fairly, and some of the rest dropped off daily, till only Colonel Manners, who was in waiting, and General Lascelles, and Dr. John and Mr. Willis, with Major Price, remained.

The officers of the Welsh Fusileers "presented their

compliments" to me, in a card, to invite me to their ball; and as it was given on so joyful an occasion, and General Grenville was the commanding officer, I received her Majesty's directions to go. So did Miss Planta and the ladies of the Lower Lodge.

Mrs. Douglas called to carry Miss Planta and me. Tell me if I have introduced that lady to you? She is wife to the Bishop of Carlisle, who is also our Dean of Windsor.

All Windsor, and almost all Berkshire, assembled on this occasion; of course there was no lack of chattery and chatterers. I would not dance. General Grenville did the honours in offering partners; and Colonel Balfour, colonel of the regiment, *proposed* himself. However, these were soon answered, and glad to offer their services to the rest of their numerous claimants.

All the rest of our household were there. Lord Harcourt came and showed me a new medallion, just presented him by the Queen, with a Latin inscription in honour of the King's recovery. He called himself master of the order, from receiving the first in the distribution. "Though," he added, "I am a very singular courtier, for I have been one, hitherto, without either profits or honours."

Not so *singular*, thought I; for whoever makes a speech such as that, is in secret waiting for both.

I asked him, in a line of his favourite Mason, if he meant to "weave the light dance, in festive freedom gay?" "No," he said; but this opened to much talk upon his friend, who is pretty avowedly *no courtier at all!*

I think I need not mention meeting my beloved Fredy in town, on our delightful excursion thither for the Grand Restoration Drawing Room, in which the Queen received

the compliments and congratulations of almost all the court part of the nation.

Miss Cambridge worked me, upon this occasion, a suit, in silks upon tiffany, most excessively delicate and pretty, and much admired by her Majesty.

All I shall mention of this town visit is, that, the day after the great drawing-room, Miss Fuzilier, for the first time since I have been in office, called upon me to inquire after the Queen. Miss Tryon, and Mrs. Tracey, and Mrs. Fielding, were with her.

She looked serious, sensible, interesting. I thought instantly of the report concerning Mr. Fairly, and of his disavowal: but it was singular that the only time she opened her mouth to speak was to name *him!* Miss Tryon, who chatted incessantly, had spoken of the great confusion at the drawing-room, from the crowd: "It was intended to be better regulated," said Miss F. "Mr. Fairly told me."

She dropped her eye the moment she had spoken his name. After this, as before it, she said nothing.

On our return to Windsor we soon lost more of our party. The excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt left us first. I was truly sorry to part with them; and Mr. Smelt held a long confidential conference with me on the morning he went: he told me *his* plan also of retiring, to finish his life in the bosom of his children, in the north. When I expressed my inevitable concern, though unmixed with a shadow of remonstrance against a scheme so natural, right, and happy, he spoke to me in warmer terms than ever before dropped from him, of kind personal regard; and he finished it with laughingly exclaiming, "Your whole conduct, in this trying situation, has appeared to me perfection. There! now it's all out!—and I don't know

how it came to pass, for I never mentioned to you before how much I both love and honour you."

This would not lighten the projected separation; yet would I not, for the universe, even retard either of the retirements now planned by my two kind and most valuable supporters during the confinement I have endured.

Major Price also returned to his cottage: I miss him, and grieve most to lose him, as he, I know, loves the *séjour*, and wishes to remain near the King.

Mr. George Villiers, a younger brother of Lord Clarendon, was now here as groom of the bedchamber. He is very clever, somewhat *caustique*, but so loyal and vehement in the King's cause, that he has the appellation, from his party, of *The Tiger.* He would not obtain it for his *person*, which is remarkably slim, slight, and delicate.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Kew, April, 1789.

My dearest Friends,—I have her Majesty's commands to inquire—whether you have any of a certain breed of poultry?

N.B. *What* breed I do not remember.

And to say she has just received a small group of the same herself.

N.B. The quantity I have forgotten.

And to add, she is assured they are something very rare and scarce, and extraordinary and curious.

N.B. By *whom* she was assured I have not heard.

And to subjoin, that you must send word if you have any of the same sort.

N.B. How you are to find that out, I cannot tell.

And to mention, as a corollary, that, if you have none of them, and should like to have some, she has a cock and

a hen she can spare, and will appropriate them to Mr. Lock and my dearest Fredy.

This conclusive stroke so pleased and exhilarated me, that forthwith I said you would both be enchanted, and so forgot all the preceding particulars.

And I said, moreover, that I knew you would rear them, and cheer them, and fondle them like your children.

So now—pray write a very *fair answer* fairly, in fair hand, and to fair purpose.

My Susanna is just now come—so all is fair with my dearest Mr. and Mrs. Lock's

F. B.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

APRIL.—I shall abbreviate this month also of its chronological exactness.

The same gentlemen continued, Colonel Manners and Mr. G. Villiers. But Mrs. Schwellenberg is softened into nothing but civility and courtesy to me. To what the change is owing I cannot conjecture; but I do all that in me lies to support it, preferring the entire sacrifice of every moment, from our dinner to twelve at night, to her harshness and horrors. Nevertheless, a lassitude of existence creeps sensibly upon me.

Colonel Manners, however, for the short half-hour of tea-time, is irresistibly diverting. He continues my constant friend and neighbour, and, while he affects to *play off* the coadjutrix to advantage, he nods at me, to draw forth my laughter or approbation, with the most alarming undisguise. I often fear her being affronted; but naturally she admires him very much for his uncommon share of beauty, and makes much allowance for his levity. However, the never-quite-comprehended affair of the

leather bed-cover has in some degree intimidated her ever since, as she constantly apprehends that, if he were provoked, he would play her some trick.

He had been at White's ball, given in town upon His Majesty's recovery. We begged some account of it: he ranted away with great fluency, uttering little queer sarcasms at Mrs. Schwellenberg by every opportunity, and colouring when he had done, with private fear of enraging her. This, however, she suspected not, or all his aim had been lost; for to *alarm* her is his delight.

"I liked it all," he said, in summing up his relation, "very well, except the music, and I like any caw—caw—caw, better than that sort of noise,—only you must not tell the King I say that, ma'am, because the King likes it."

She objected to the word "*must* not," and protested she would not be directed *by no one*, and would tell it, if she pleased.

Upon this, he began a most boisterous threatening of the evil consequences which would accrue to herself, though in so ludicrous a manner, that how she could suppose him serious was my wonder. "Take care of yourself, ma'am," he cried, holding up his finger as if menacing a child; "take care of yourself! I am not to be provoked twice!"

This, after a proud resistance, conquered her; and, really frightened at she knew not what, she fretfully exclaimed, "Ver well, sir!—I wish I had not comm down! I won't no more! you might have your tea when you can get it!"

Returning to his account, he owned he had been rather a little musical himself for once, which was when they all sang "God save the King," after the supper; for then he joined in the chorus, as well and as loud as any of them, "though some of the company," he added, "took the

liberty to ask me not to be so loud, because they pretended I was out of tune; but it was in such a good cause that I did not mind that."

She was no sooner recovered than the attack became personal again; and so it has continued ever since: he seems bent upon "*playing her off*" in all manners; he braves her, then compliments her, assents to her opinion, and the next moment contradicts her; pretends uncommon friendship for her, and then laughs in her face. But his worst *manœuvre* is a perpetual application to me, by looks and sly glances, which fill me with terror of passing for an accomplice; and the more, as I find it utterly impossible to keep grave during these absurdities.

And yet, the most extraordinary part of the story is that she really likes him! though at times she is so angry, she makes vows to keep to her own room.

Mr. George Villiers, with far deeper aim, sneers out his own more artful satire, but is never understood; while Colonel Manners domineers with so high a hand, he carries all before him; and whenever Mrs. Schwellenberg, to lessen her mortification, draws *me* into the question, he instantly turns off whatever she begins into some high-flown compliment, so worded also as to convey some comparative reproach. This offends more than all.

When she complains to me of him, in his absence, I answer he is a mere schoolboy, for mischief, without serious design of displeasing: but she tells me she sees he means to do her some harm, and she will let the King know, if he goes on at that rate, for she does not choose such sort of *familiarness*.

Once she apologised suddenly for her *English*, and Colonel Manners said, "O, don't mind that, ma'am, for I take no particular notice as to your language."

"But," says she, "Miss Berner might tell me, when I speak it sometimes not quite right, what you call."

"O dear no, ma'am!" exclaimed he; "Miss Burney is of too mild a disposition for that: she could not correct you strong enough to do you good."

"Oh!—ver well, sir!" she cried, confounded by his effrontery.

One day she lamented she had been absent when there was so much agreeable company in the house; "And now," she added, "now that I am comm back, here is nobody!—not one!—no society!"

He protested this was not to be endured, and told her that to reckon *all us* nobody was so bad, he should resent it.

"What will you do, my good Colonel?" she cried.

"O ma'am, *do?*—I will tell Dr. Davis."

"And who bin he?"

"Why, he's the master of Eton school, ma'am!" with a thundering bawl in her ears, that made her stop them.

"No, sir!" she cried, indignantly, "I thank you for that! I won't have no Dr. schoolmaster, what you call! I bin too old for that."

"But, ma'am, he shall bring you a Latin oration upon this subject, and you must hear it!"

"O, 'tis all the sam! I shan't not understand it, so I won't not hear it."

"But you *must,* ma'am. If *I* write it, I sha'nt let you off so:—you *must* hear it!"

"No, I *won't!*—Miss Berner might,—give it *her!*"

"Does Miss Burney know Latin?" cried Mr. G. Villiers.

"Not one word," quoth I.

"I believe that!" cried she; "but she might hear it the sam!"

* * * * *

The Queen graciously presented me with an extremely pretty medal of green and gold, and a motto, *Vive le Roi*, upon the Thanksgiving occasion, as well as a fan, ornamented with the words—*Health restored to one, and happiness to millions*.

MAY.—I must give the few incidents of this month in all brevity.

On the 2nd of May I met Colonel Manners, waiting at the corner of a passage leading towards the Queen's apartments. "Is the King, ma'am," he cried, "there? because Prince William is come."

I had heard he was arrived in town,—and with much concern, since it was without leave of the King. It was in the illness, indeed, of the King he sailed to England, and when he had probably all the excuse of believing his Royal Father incapable of further governance. How did I grieve for the feelings of that Royal Father, in this idea! yet it certainly offers for Prince William his best apology.

In the evening, while Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mrs. Zachary, and myself were sitting in the eating parlour, the door was suddenly opened by Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and "Prince William" was announced.

He came to see Mrs. Schwellenberg. He is handsome, as are all the Royal Family, though he is not of a height to be called a good figure. He looked very hard at the two strangers, but made us all sit, very civilly, and drew a chair for himself, and began to discourse, with the most unbounded openness and careless ease, of everything that occurred to him.

Mrs. Schwellenberg said she had pitied him for the grief he must have felt at the news of the King's illness:

"Yes," cried he, "I was very sorry for His Majesty, very sorry indeed,—no man loves the King better; of that be assured. But all sailors love their King. And I felt for the Queen, too,—I did, faith. I was horridly agitated when I saw the King first. I could hardly stand."

Then Mrs. Schwellenberg suddenly said, "Miss Berner, now you might see his Royal Highness; you wanted it so moch, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner."

He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of an introduction; and, of course, I rose and courtsied low, and waited his commands to sit again; which were given instantly, with great courtesy.

"Ma'am," cried he, "you have a brother in the service?" "Yes, Sir," I answered, much pleased with this professional attention. He had not, he civilly said, the pleasure to know him, but he had heard of him.

Then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, "Pray," cried he, "what is become of Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Hogentot?"

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried she, stifling much offence, "do you mean the poor Haggerdorn?—O your Royal Highness! have you forgot her?"

"I have, upon my word!" cried he, plumply; "upon my soul, I have!" Then turning again to me, "I am very happy, ma'am," he cried, "to see you here; it gives me great pleasure the Queen should appoint the sister of a sea-officer to so eligible a situation. As long as she has a brother in the service, ma'am," cried he to Mrs. Schwellenberg, "I look upon her as one of us. O, faith I do! I do indeed! she is one of the corps."

Then he said he had been making acquaintance with a new Princess, one he did not know nor remember—Prin-

cess Amelia. "Mary, too," he said, "I had quite forgot; and they did not tell me who she was; so I went up to her, and, without in the least recollecting her, she's so monstrously grown, I said, 'Pray, ma'am, are you one of the attendants?'"

Princess Sophia is his professed favourite. "I have had the honour," he cried, "of about an hour's conversa, tion with that young lady, in the old style; though I have given up my mad frolics now. To be sure, I had a few in that style formerly!—upon my word I am almost ashamed!—Ha! ha! ha!"

Then, recollecting particulars, he laughed vehemently, but Mrs. Schwellenberg eagerly interrupted his communications; I fancy some of them might have related to our own sacred person!

"Augusta," he said, "looks very well,—a good face and countenance,—she looks interesting,—she looks as if she knew more than she would say; and I like that character."

He stayed a full hour, chatting in this good-humoured and familiar manner.

* * * * * *

For all the early part of this month I was grievously ill with a pain in my face. I applied for it a blister, in vain; I had then recourse to leeches, and one of them certainly bit a nerve, for what I suffered surpasses description; it was torture, it was agony! I fully thought myself poisoned, and I am most thankful to add that during that persuasion I felt a freedom from what are called "the horrors of death," which, at my recovery and ever since, has paid me for that exquisite suffering. All good, all patient with human infirmities, I painted to myself that Great Creator before whom I believed myself prematurely appearing, and the dread of his wrath was

sunk in the hope of his mercy through the Redeemer. Whether I should feel this mental calm when not in such dire bodily pain, Heaven only knows! I am the happier that I have ever felt it, when I believed the end of all approaching.

But why do I forget the resolution with which I began these my chronicles, of never mixing with them my religious sentiments—opinions—hopes—fears—belief—or aspirations?

In my books upon those, which no human eye but my own has ever been cast over, I blend nothing mundane—I mean as to my affairs; for as to my thoughts and feelings, let me try how I may—and I try with all my might—to refine them and fit them for sacred subjects—I dare not presume that I have had such success as really to have purified them from the worldly dross that forms, rather than mingles with, all I scrawl down helter-skelter in my memorandum chronicles. However, I never will jumble together what I deem holy with what I know to be trivial.

* * * * * *

JUNE.—This month, till our journey to Weymouth took place, passed without mark or likelihood, save one little token of Spanish gallantry from the Marquis del Campo, who, when he came to Windsor, after reproving me very civilly for being absent from his fête, told me he had remembered me during the drawing of his lottery that night, and "had taken the liberty to bring me my prize," which was a blue enamel ring with a motto.

Now, though this remembrance on such an evening was impossible, there was no refusing, without affronting him, the very good-humoured and polite pretence.

Mrs. Douglas gave a ball at the Bishop's Deanery-house, on the King's recovery, the day before our journey, and the *reason* of the affair induced Her Majesty to order

me to accept Mrs. Douglas's invitation. It was gay and pleasant enough.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.—This morning I was called before five o'clock, though various packages and business had kept me up till near three.

The day was rainy, but the road was beautiful; Windsor Great Park, in particular, is charming.

The crowds increased as we advanced, and at Winchester the town was *one head*. I saw Dr. Warton, but could not stop the carriage. The King was everywhere received with acclamation. His popularity is greater than ever. Compassion for his late sufferings seems to have endeared him now to all conditions of men.

At Romsey, on the steps of the Town-Hall, an orchestra was formed, and a band of musicians, in common brown coarse cloth and red neckcloths, and even in carters' loose gowns, made a chorus of "God save the King," in which the countless multitude joined, in such loud acclamation, that their loyalty and heartiness, and natural joy, almost surprised me into a sob before I knew myself at all affected by them.

The New Forest is all beauty, and when we approached Lyndhurst the crowds wore as picturesque an appearance as the landscapes; they were all in decent attire, and, the great space giving them full room, the cool beauty of the verdure between the groups took away all idea of inconvenience, and made their live gaiety a scene to joy beholders.

Carriages of all sorts lined the road-side:—chariots, chaises, landaus, carts, waggons, whiskies, gigs, phaëtons —mixed and intermixed, filled within and surrounded without by faces all glee and delight.

Such was the scenery for miles before we reached

Lyndhurst. The old law of the forest, that His Majesty must be presented with two milk-white greyhounds, peculiarly decorated, upon his entrance into the New Forest, gathered together multitudes to see the show. A party, also, of foresters, habited in green, and each with a bugle-horn, met His Majesty at the same time.

Arrived at Lyndhurst, we drove to the Duke of Gloucester's. The Royal Family were just before us, but the two colonels came and handed us through the crowd.

The house, intended for a mere hunting-seat, was built by Charles II., and seems quite unimproved and unrepaired from its first foundation. It is the King's, but lent to the Duke of Gloucester. It is a straggling, inconvenient, old house, but delightfully situated, in a village,—looking, indeed, at present, like a populous town, from the amazing concourse of people that have crowded into it.

The bowmen and archers and bugle-horns are to attend the King while he stays here, in all his rides.

The Duke of Gloucester was ready to receive the Royal Family, who are all in the highest spirits and delight.

I have a small old bedchamber, but a large and commodious parlour, in which the gentlemen join Miss Planta and me to breakfast and to drink tea. They dine at the royal table. We are to remain here some days.

During the King's dinner, which was in a parlour looking into the garden, he permitted the people to come to the window; and their delight and rapture in seeing their monarch at table, with the evident hungry feeling it occasioned, made a contrast of admiration and deprivation, truly comic. They crowded, however, so excessively, that this can be permitted them no more. They broke down all the paling, and much of the hedges, and some of the

windows, and all by eagerness and multitude, for they were perfectly civil and well-behaved.

In the afternoon the royal party came into my parlour; and the moment the people saw the star, they set up such a shout as made a ring all around the village; for my parlour has the same view with the royal rooms into the garden, where this crowd was assembled, and the new rapture was simply at seeing the King in a new apartment!

They all walked out, about and around the village, in the evening, and the delighted mob accompanied them. The moment they stepped out of the house, the people, with one voice, struck up "God save the King!" I assure you I cried like a child twenty times in the day, at the honest and rapturous effusions of such artless and disinterested loyalty. The King's illness and recovery *make me tender,* as Count Mannuccia said, upon every recollection.

These good villagers continued singing this loyal song during the whole walk, without any intermission, except to shout "huzza!" at the end of every stanza. They returned so hoarse, that I longed to give them all some lemonade. Probably they longed for something they would have called better! 'Twas well the King could walk no longer; I think, if he had, they would have died singing around him.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30TH.—We continued at Lyndhurst five days: and the tranquillity of the life, and the beauty of the country, would have made it very regaling to me indeed, but for the fatigue of having no maid, yet being always in readiness to play the part of an attendant myself.

I went twice to see the house of Sir Phillip Jennings Clerke, my old acquaintance at Streatham. I regretted he was no more; he would so much have prided and

rejoiced in showing his place. His opposition principles would not have interfered with that private act of duty from a subject to a sovereign. How did I call to mind Mrs. Thrale, upon this spot! not that I had seen it with her, or ever before; but that its late owner was one of her sincerest admirers.

Miss Planta and myself drove also to Southampton, by the Queen's direction. It is a pretty clean town, and the views from the Southampton Water are highly picturesque: but all this I had seen to far greater advantage, with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Ah, Mrs. Thrale! —In thinking her over, as I saw again the same spot, how much did I wish to see with it the same—once so dear—companion!

On the Sunday we all went to the parish church; and after the service, instead of a psalm, imagine our surprise to hear the whole congregation join in "God save the King!" Misplaced as this was in a church, its intent was so kind, loyal, and affectionate, that I believe there was not a dry eye amongst either singers or hearers. The King's late dreadful illness has rendered this song quite melting to me.

This day we quitted Lyndhurst; not without regret, for so private is its situation, I could stroll about in its beautiful neighbourhood quite alone.

The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. The people were everywhere collected, and everywhere delighted. We passed through Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected, of festoons of flowers, for the King's carriage to pass under, and mottoed with "The King restored," and "Long live the King," in three divisions. The green bowmen accompanied the train thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and

ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamations with which the King was received amongst them—it was a rapture past description.

At Blandford there was nearly the same ceremony.

At every gentleman's seat which we passed, the owners and their families stood at the gate, and their guests or neighbours were in carriages all round.

At Dorchester the crowd seemed still increased. The city had so antique an air, I longed to investigate its old buildings. The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see: and inhabited they were indeed! every window-sash was removed, for face above face to peep out, and every old balcony and all the leads of the houses seemed turned into booths for fairs. It seems, also, the most populous town I have seen; I judge not by the concourse of the young and middle-aged—those we saw everywhere alike, as they may gather together from all quarters—but from the amazing quantity of indigenous residers; old women and young children. There seemed families of ten or twelve of the latter in every house; and the old women were so numerous, that they gave the whole scene the air of a rural masquerade.

Girls, with chaplets, beautiful young creatures, strewed the entrance of various villages with flowers.

* * * * *

Gloucester House, which we now inhabit, at Weymouth, is situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the Bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft.

The whole town, and Melcomb Regis, and half the county of Dorset, seemed assembled to welcome their Majesties.

I have here a very good parlour, but dull, from its

aspect. Nothing but the sea at Weymouth affords any life or spirit. My bed-room is in the attics. Nothing like living at a court for exaltation. Yet even with this gratification, which extends to Miss Planta, the house will only hold the females of the party. The two adjoining houses are added, for the gentlemen, and the pages, and some other of the suite, cooks, &c.—but the footmen are obliged to lodge still farther off.

The bay is very beautiful, after its kind; a peninsula shuts out Portland Island and the broad ocean.

The King, and Queen, and Princesses, and their suite, walked out in the evening; an immense crowd attended them—sailors, bargemen, mechanics, countrymen; and all united in so vociferous a volley of "God save the King," that the noise was stunning.

At near ten o'clock Lord Courtown came into my parlour, as it is called, and said the town was all illuminated, and invited Miss Planta and me to a walk upon the sands. Their Majesties were come in to supper. We took a stroll under his escort, and found it singularly beautiful, the night being very fine, and several boats and small vessels lighted up, and in motion upon the sea. The illumination extended through Melcomb Regis and Weymouth. Gloucester Row, in which we live, is properly in Melcomb Regis; but the two towns join each other, and are often confounded.

The preparations of festive loyalty were universal. Not a child could we meet that had not a bandeau round its head, cap, or hat, of "God save the King;" all the bargemen wore it in cockades; and even the bathing-women had it in large coarse girdles round their waists. It is printed in golden letters upon most of the bathing-machines, and in various scrolls and devices it adorns every shop and almost every house in the two towns.

Gloucester House, Weymouth.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8TH.—We are settled here comfortably enough. Miss Planta and I breakfast as well as dine together alone; the gentlemen have a breakfast-parlour in the adjoining house, and we meet only at tea, and seldom then. They have all acquaintance here, in this Gloucester Row, and stroll from the terrace or the sands, to visit them during the tea vacation time.

I like this much: I see them just enough to keep up sociability, without any necessary constraint; for I attend the tea-table only at my own hour, and they come, or not, according to chance or their convenience.

The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play "God save the King," as his Majesty takes his plunge!

I am delighted with the soft air and soft footing upon the sands, and stroll up and down them morning, noon, and night. As they are close before the house, I can get to and from them in a moment.

Her Majesty has graciously hired a little maid between Miss Planta and me, who comes for the day. We have no accommodation for her sleeping here; but it is an unspeakable relief to our personal fatigues.

Dr. Gisburne is here, to attend his Majesty; and the Queen has ordered me to invite him to dine at my table. He comes regularly.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Gloucester House, Weymouth, July 13, 1789.

My dearest Padre's kind letter was most truly welcome to me. When I am so distant, the term of absence or of silence seems always doubly long to me.

The bay here is most beautiful; the sea never rough, generally calm and gentle, and the sands perfectly smooth and pleasant. I have not yet bathed, for I have had a cold in my head, which I caught at Lyndhurst, and which makes me fear beginning; but I have hopes to be well enough to-morrow, and thenceforward to ail nothing more. It is my intention to cast away all superfluous complaints into the main ocean, which I think quite sufficiently capacious to hold them; and really my little frame will find enough to carry and manage without them.

Colonel Goldsworthy has just sent me in a newspaper containing intelligence that Angelica Kauffmann is making drawings from 'Evelina,' for the Empress of Russia! Do you think the Empress of Russia hears of anything now besides Turkey and the Emperor? And is not Angelica Kauffmann dead? O what an *Oracle!* for such is the paper called.

His Majesty is in delightful health, and much-improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of all this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God save the King:" all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors *in their voices*, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the King, or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on to three cheers.

The bathing-machines make it their motto over all their windows; and those bathers that belong to the royal dippers wear it in bandeaus on their bonnets, to go into the sea; and have it again, in large letters, round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses, tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaus and girdles, have a most singular appearance; and when

first I surveyed these loyal nymphs it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of His Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save great George our King."

One thing, however, was a little unlucky;—when the Mayor and burgesses came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands: this was graciously accorded; but, the Mayor advancing, in a common way, *to take the Queen's hand*, as he might that of any lady mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered, 'You must kneel, sir!' He found, however, that he took no notice of this hint, but kissed the Queen's hand erect. As he passed him, in his way back, the Colonel said, 'You should have knelt, sir!'

"Sir," answered the poor Mayor, "I cannot."

"Everybody does, sir."

"Sir,—I have a wooden leg!"

Poor man! 'twas such a surprise! and such an excuse as no one could dispute.

But the absurdity of the matter followed;—all the rest did the same; taking the same privilege, by the example, without the same or any cause!

We have just got Mrs. Piozzi's book here. My Royal Mistress is reading, and will then lend it me. Have you read it?

There is almost no general company here, as the proper season does not begin till autumn; but the party attendant on the King and Queen is large, and the principal people of the county,—Lord Digby, Admiral Digby, Mr. Pitt Damer, Lord Milton, Mr. Rolle, &c.

&c.,—all are coming to and fro continually. Our home party is just the same as it began.

A thousand thanks for your home news.

I am, most dear sir,

Affectionately and dutifully, your

F. B.

Wednesday, July 15th.—The Magnificent, a man-of-war of 74 guns, commanded by an old captain of James's (Onslow), is now stationed at the entrance of the bay, for the security at once and pleasure of the King; and a fine frigate, the Southampton, Captain Douglas, is nearer in, and brought for the King to cruise about. Captain Douglas is nephew to Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, who married a cousin of our Mr. Crisp.

The King and Royal party have been to visit the frigate. Miss Planta and myself went to see the ceremony from a place called the Look-out,—a beautiful spot. But I have not much taste for sea receptions and honours: the firing a salute is so strange a mode of hospitality and politeness.

I have subscribed to the library here, which is not a bad one; and I have met with a favourite old book of my dearest Mrs. Delany, and bought it from that remembrance. It is Bishop Patrick's 'Pilgrim;' and common sense and reason keep so near the enthusiasm of its devotion, that no one, I think, can read it without profit. There is, in particular, one part that treats of Friendship, in a style and with sentiments so loftily touching and true, that I must recommend it to my dear sisters, and will lend it them whenever we meet.

Mrs. Gwynn is arrived, and means to spend the Royal season here. She lodges at the hotel just by, and we have met several times. She is very soft and pleasing, and

still as beautiful as an angel. We have had two or three long tête-à-têtes, and talked over, with great pleasure, anecdotes of our former mutual acquaintances—Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Baretti, Miss Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and her old admirer, Dr. Goldsmith, of whom she relates—as who does not?—a thousand ridiculous traits.

The Queen is reading Mrs. Piozzi's Tour to me, instead of my reading it to her. She loves reading aloud, and in this work finds me an able commentator. How like herself, how characteristic is every line!—Wild, entertaining, flighty, inconsistent, and clever!

THURSDAY, JULY 16TH.—Yesterday we all went to the theatre. The King has taken the centre front box for himself, and family, and attendants. The side boxes are too small. The Queen ordered places for Miss Planta and me, which are in the front row of a box next but one to the royals. Thus, in this case, our want of rank to be in their public suite gives us better seats than those *high* enough to stand behind them!

Lady Sydney, Lady Courtown's sister, and Miss Townshend, her daughter, sat in the intermediate box, and were very sociable. I have met them here occasionally, and like them very well.

'Tis a pretty little theatre: but its entertainment was quite in the barn style; a mere medley,—songs, dances, imitations,—and all very bad. But Lord Chesterfield, who is here, and who seems chief director, promises all will be better.

This morning the Royal party went to Dorchester, and I strolled upon the sands with Mrs. Gwynn. We overtook a lady, of a very majestic port and demeanour, who solemnly returned Mrs. Gwynn's salutation, and then addressed herself to me with similar gravity. I saw a face

I knew, and of very uncommon beauty; but did not immediately recollect it was Mrs. Siddons.

She is come here, she says, solely for her health: she has spent some days with Mrs. Gwynn, at General Harcourt's. Her husband was with her, and a sweet child.

I wished to have tried if her solemnity would have worn away by length of conversation; but I was obliged to hasten home. But my dearest Fredy's opinion, joined to that of my sister Esther, satisfies me I was a loser by this necessary forbearance.

FRIDAY, JULY 17TH.—The play was again settled for to-night, to see Mr. Quick.

The theatric entertainments were 'The Irish Widow,' and 'The Devil to Pay.' Mrs. Wells performed in both, and admirably.

SUNDAY, JULY 26TH.—Yesterday we went again to the play, and saw 'The Midnight Hour' and 'The Commissary.' The latter, from the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' is comic to convulsion; and the burlesque of Quick and Mrs. Wells united made me laugh quite immoderately.

Dr. Bell, one of the King's chaplains, gave us to-day an admirable sermon.

Mr. Parish, a brother-in-law of Miss Planta's, came in the evening,—just arrived from France, where all is confusion, commotion, and impending revolution.

TUESDAY, JULY 28TH.—To-day, by the Queen's desire, I invited Dr. Glasse to dinner. I did not know him, and it was awkward enough; but Dr. Gisburne was, fortunately, acquainted with him, and Mr. Planta, brother to my fellow-traveller, who is here for a few days.

Dr. Glasse is a famous pedagogue and a celebrated preacher. He is gentle and placid, but rather too simpering and complacent. Mr. Planta is sensible, manly, and agreeable.

All went off very well; and during dinner Mr. Planta related a very interesting recent anecdote of a Mr. Hamilton, who had been a great sufferer by a false imprisonment, and who would have been used extremely ill "but for the spirited and humane exertions of Mr. Cambridge, the clergyman, who has done himself great and deserved credit by his conduct upon the occasion."

I am never surprised to hear of any good action he performs. I believe, indeed, whatever is in his power is done invariably.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH.—We went to the play, and saw Mrs. Siddons in Rosalind. She looked beautifully, but too large for that shepherd's dress; and her gaiety sits not naturally upon her,—it seems more like disguised gravity. I must own my admiration for her confined to her tragic powers; and there it is raised so high that I feel mortified, in a degree, to see her so much fainter attempts and success in comedy.

FRIDAY, JULY 31ST.—This afternoon, when I came into the parlour, I saw a stranger, but habited in the uniform, and of a pleasing appearance. We bowed and curtsied—both silent. I expected him to announce his business; he expected me to give him some welcome; which when I found, concluding him arrived on some commands from the King, I begged him to be seated, and took my usual chair.

"Perhaps, ma'am," he then cried, "this is *your* room?"

I assented, a little surprised.

"I am just come," he said, "with the Duke of Gloucester, who is gone to His Majesty."

"Then perhaps, sir," cried I, "this is *your* room?"

He laughed, but disclaimed owning it. However, I found he was the Duke's gentleman in waiting, and had concluded this the apartment destined for the equerries.

This retort courteous in our address took off stiffness from either side, and we entered into a general conversation, chiefly upon the French. I found him sprightly, intelligent, and well-bred. He stayed with me more than an hour, and then parted to look for the equerries, to whose apartments I sent Columb to conduct him; and neither of us, probably, knew the name of the other till we were separated; I then found his was Vincent. He is a nephew of Sir George Howard.

PART II.

1789.

CONTENTS.

Royal Visit to Lulworth Castle—A Provincial Audience—Rural Excursion—Description of Lulworth Castle—Mrs. Siddons in Mrs. Oakley — Their Majesties at the Rooms — First Sight of Mr. Pitt—Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, &c.—Royal Tour—Arrival at Exeter—Dr. Buller—Saltram—Mount-Edgecumbe—Plymouth Dock—Admiral La Forey—Anchor-making—A British Man-of-War—Lords Falmouth and Stopford—Lord Hood—Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe—Lord Valletort—Miss Harriet Bowdler — Departure of the Royal Party from Weymouth—Royal Visits to Sherborne Castle and Longleat—Marquis of Bath — Mrs. Delany — Old Portraits—Royal Visit to Lord Aylesbury at Tottenham Park—Return to Windsor—Horrors of the French Revolution — Reminiscences —Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book'—The Royal Family at the Theatre—Lord Mountmorres—Enthusiastic Reception of the King—The Dramatist — The French Notables — John Wilkes—A New Acquaintance—Major Garth—The Bishop of Salisbury—Bishop Hurd—The Waldegraves.

PART II.

1789.

Gloucester House, Weymouth.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—The loyalty and obedient respect of the people here to their King are in a truly primitive style. The whole Royal party went to see Lulworth Castle, intending to be back to dinner, and go to the play at night, which their Majesties had ordered, with Mrs. Siddons to play Lady Townly. Dinner-time, however, came and passed, and they arrived not. They went by sea, and the wind proved contrary; and about seven o'clock a hobby groom was despatched hither by land, with intelligence that they had only reached Lulworth Castle at five o'clock. They meant to be certainly back by eight; but sent their commands that the farce might be performed first, and the play wait them.

The manager repeated this to the audience,—already waiting and wearied; but a loud applause testified their *agreeability* to whatever could be proposed.

The farce, however, was much sooner over than the passage from Lulworth Castle. It was *ten o'clock* when they landed! And all this time the audience—spectators rather—quietly waited!

They landed just by the theatre, and went to the house of Lady Pembroke, who is now here in attendance upon the Queen: and there they sent home for the King's page, *with a wig,* &c.; and the Queen's wardrobe-woman, with *similar decorations;* and a message to Miss Planta and me, that we might go at once to the theatre.

We obeyed; and soon after they appeared, and were received with the most violent gusts of joy and huzzas, even from the galleries over their heads, whose patience had not the reward of seeing them at last.

Is not this a charming trait of provincial popularity?

Mrs. Siddons, in her looks, and the tragic part, was exquisite.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—To-day all the Royals went to Sherborne Castle.

My day being perfectly at liberty, Mrs. Gwynn stayed and spent it with me.

The weather was beautiful; the sea-breezes here keep off intense heat in the warmest season. We walked first to see the shrubbery and plantation of a lady, Mrs. B——, who has a very pretty house about a mile and a half out of the town. Here we rested, and regaled ourselves with sweet flowers, and then proceeded to the old castle,—its ruins rather,—which we most completely examined, not leaving one stone untrod, except such as must have precipitated us into the sea. This castle is built almost *in* the sea, upon a perpendicular rock, and its situation, therefore, is nobly bold and striking. It is little more now than walls, and a few little winding staircases at its four corners.

I had not imagined my beautiful companion could have taken so much pleasure from an excursion so romantic and lonely; but she enjoyed it very much, clambered about as unaffectedly as if she had lived in rural scenes all her life, and left nothing unexamined.

We then prowled along the sands at the foot of the adjoining rocks, and picked up sea-weeds and shells; but I do not think they were such as to drive Sir Ashton Lever, or the Museum-keepers, to despair! We had the Queen's two little dogs, Badine and Phillis, for our

guards and associates. We returned home to a very late tea, thoroughly tired, but very much pleased. To me it was the only rural excursion I had taken for more than three years.

The Royal party came not home till past eleven o'clock. The Queen was much delighted with Sherborne Castle, which abounds with regal curiosities, honourably acquired by the family.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—To-day we went to Lulworth Castle; but not with Mrs. Gwynn. Her Majesty ordered our Royal coach and four, and directed me to take the two De Lucs.

Lulworth Castle is beautifully situated, with a near and noble view of the sea. It has a spacious and very fine park, and commands a great extent of prospect. It is the property of Mr. Weld, a Roman Catholic, whose eldest brother was first husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert. A singular circumstance, that their Majesties should visit a house in which, so few years ago, *she* might have received them.

There is in it a Roman Catholic chapel that is truly elegant,—a Pantheon in miniature,—and ornamented with immense expense and richness. The altar is all of finest variegated marbles, and precious stones are glittering from every angle. The priests' vestments, which are very superb, and all the sacerdotal array, were shown us as particular favours: and Colonel Goldsworthy comically said he doubted not they had incense and oblations for a week to come, by way of purification for our heretical curiosity.

The castle is built with four turrets. It is not very ancient, and the inside is completely modern, and fitted up with great elegance. It abounds in pictures of priests, saints, monks, and nuns, and is decorated with crosses and Roman Catholic devices without end.

They show one room in which two of our Kings have slept; Charles II. and poor James II.

We returned home to dinner, and in the evening went to the play. Mrs. Siddons performed Mrs. Oakley. What pity thus to throw away her talents! But the Queen dislikes tragedy, and the honour to play before the Royal family blinds her to the little credit acquired by playing comedy.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—The King had a council yesterday, which brought most of the great officers of state to Weymouth.

This morning so many of them came to church, that, for want of room, Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy asked to sit in the pew appropriated for Miss Planta and me.

In the evening, Her Majesty desired Miss Planta and me to go to the rooms, whither they commonly go themselves on Sunday evenings, and, after looking round them, and speaking where they choose, they retire to tea in an inner apartment with their own party, but leave the door wide open, both to see and be seen.

Upon receiving this command, I called upon Mrs. Gwynn, and begged her permission for our joining her. We agreed to call for her at eight o'clock.

The rooms are convenient and spacious: we found them very full. As soon as the Royal party came, a circle was formed, and they moved round it, just as before the ball at St. James's, the King one way with his chamberlain, the new-made Marquis of Salisbury, and the Queen the other with the Princesses, Lady Courtown, &c. The rest of the attendants planted themselves round in the circle.

I had now the pleasure, for the first time, to see Mr. Pitt: but his appearance is his least recommendation; it is neither noble nor expressive. Lord Chatham, the Duke

of Richmond, Mr. Villiers, Lord Delawarr, &c. &c., were in the circle, and spoken to a long time each.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10TH.—This evening I had a large party to tea; Lord Courtown, the new Marquis of Salisbury, Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy, Miss Planta, and the two De Lucs.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—This is the Prince of Wales's birthday; but it has not been kept.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH.—We began our Western tour. We all went in the same order as we set out from Windsor.

We arrived at Exeter to a very late dinner. We were lodged at the Deanery; and Dr. Buller, the dean, desired a conference with me, for we came first, leaving the Royals at Sir George Young's. He was very civil, and in high glee: I had never seen him before; but he told me he introduced himself, by this opportunity, at the express desire of Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Castle, who were both his relations, as well as of Dr. Warton. I was glad to hear myself yet remembered by them.

The crowds, the rejoicings, the hallooing, and singing, and garlanding, and decorating of all the inhabitants of this old city, and of all the country through which we passed, made the journey quite charming: such happy loyalty as beamed from all ranks and descriptions of men came close to the heart in sympathetic joy.

We passed all the next day at the Deanery, which was so insufficient to our party, that not only the gentlemen, one and all, lodged at the hotel, but even Lady Courtown and the two Lady Waldegraves. I saw nothing of any of them while we stayed at Exeter. I strolled with Miss Planta about the town, which is populous and busy enough, but close and ugly. The principal parade for

company, however, takes in a fine view of the country; and the cathedral is old and curious.

I had already been all this tour, with Mr. and Mrs. Rishton, on the first year of their marriage, as my dearest Susanna may remember.

The excessive and intemperate eagerness of the people to see the Royal Family here made them crowd so immoderately, that, after the first essay, they feared going out amongst them.

The next morning, Saturday the 15th, we quitted Exeter, in which there had been one constant mob surrounding the Deanery from the moment of our entrance.

We proceeded through a country the most fertile, varied, rural, and delightful, in England, till we came to the end of our aim, Saltram. We passed through such beautiful villages, and so animated a concourse of people, that the whole journey proved truly delectable. Arches of flowers were erected for the Royal Family to pass under at almost every town, with various loyal devices, expressive of their satisfaction in this circuit. How happy must have been the King!—how deservedly! The greatest conqueror could never pass through his dominions with fuller acclamations of joy from his devoted subjects than George III. experienced, simply from having won their love by the even tenor of an unspotted life, which, at length, has vanquished all the hearts of all his subjects.

Our entrance at Saltram was, personally to Miss Planta and me, very disagreeable: we followed immediately after the Royals and equerries; and so many of the neighbouring gentry, the officers, &c., were assembled to receive them, that we had to make our way through a crowd of starers the most tremendous. while the Royals all stood at the windows, and the other attendants in the hall.

The house is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. It accommodated us all, even to every footman, without by any means filling the whole.

The state apartments on the ground floor are superb; hung with crimson damask, and ornamented with pictures, some few of the Spanish school, the rest by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica, and some few by other artists.

Its view is noble; it extends to Plymouth, Mount-Edgecumbe, and the neighbouring fine country. The sea at times fills up a part of the domain almost close to the house, and then its prospect is complete.

I had a sweet parlour allotted me, with the far most beautiful view of any, on the ground floor, and opening upon the state apartments, with a library for the next room to it. It is a very superb apartment in its fitting up. Lord Borringdon, the owner, is a minor. Mr. Robinson, who married Miss Harris, is one of his maternal uncles, and one of his guardians.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—This is the birthday of the Duke of York. Births and deaths!—how do they make up the calculations of time!

Lord Courtown brought me a very obliging message from Lady Mount-Edgecumbe, who had been here at noon to kiss hands, on becoming a Countess from a Baroness. She sent to invite me to see her place, and contrive to dine and spend the day there. Her Majesty approves the Mount-Edgecumbe invitation.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—The Queen sent for me in the afternoon, to hear her own private diary, and tell her if it was English. Indeed there was scarce an expression that was foreign.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—This morning the Royals were all at a grand naval review. I spent the time very serenely in my favourite wood, which abounds in seats;

and then I took a fountain pen, and wrote my rough journal for copying to my dear Sorelle.

In the evening, Lord Courtown, opening my parlour door, called out, "May one come in?"

"May *one*?" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; "may *two*,—may *three*,—may *four*?—I like your *one*, indeed!"

And in they all entered, and remained in sociable conversation till they were all called, late, to cards.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—Again this morning was spent by the Royals at Plymouth Dock,—by me in strolls round the house. The wood here is truly enchanting; the paths on the slant down to the water resemble those of sweet Norbury Park.

The tea, also, was too much the same to be worth detailing. I will only mention a speech which could not but divert me, of Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page. He said nobody dared represent to the King the danger of his present continual exertion in this hot weather,—"unless it is Mr. Fairly," he added, "who can say anything, in his genteel roundabout way."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21ST.—To-day the Royals went to Mount-Edgecumbe, and Her Majesty had commissioned Lady Courtown to arrange a plan for Miss Planta and me to see Plymouth Dock. According, therefore, to her Ladyship's directions, we set off for that place, and, after a dull drive of about five miles, arrived at the house of the Commissioner, Admiral La Forey.

Here Mrs. La Forey and her daughters were prepared to expect us, and take the trouble of entertaining us for the day.

Three large and populous towns, Plymouth, Stockton, and Dock, nearly join each other. Plymouth is long, dirty, ill built, and wholly unornamented with any edifice worth notice. Stockton is rather neater,—nothing more.

Dock runs higher, and is newer, and looks far cleaner and more habitable.

The Commissioner's is the best-situated house in Dock: it is opposite a handsome quay, on an arm of the sea, with a pretty paved walk, or terrace, before the house, which seems used as a mall by the inhabitants, and is stored with naval offices innumerable.

The two ladies received us very pleasantly. Mrs. La Forey is well bred, in the formal way; but her eldest daughter, Mrs. Molloy, is quite free from stiffness, yet perfectly obliging, very easy, very modest, and very engaging, and, when dressed for a ball in the evening, very handsome. She does not become a déshabille, but cannot look otherwise than pleasing and agreeable, from her manners and countenance.

Captain Molloy, her husband, was gone to attend in the naval procession that conducted the Royals to Mount-Edgecumbe, where he expected to dine; but he had left a younger officer, Lieutenant Gregory, to do the honours of the naval show to us.

The Commissioner himself is yet more formal than his lady, but equally civil. An unmarried daughter appeared next, who seems sensible and good humoured, but very plain.

We sallied forth to the dockyard, with these two daughters, and Lieutenant Gregory, a very pleasing and well-bred young officer. How often I wished my dear James had happened to be here, in any employment, at this time!

The dockyard you will dispense with my describing. It is a noble and tremendous sight, and we were shown it with every advantage of explanation. It was a sort of sighing satisfaction to see such numerous stores of war's alarms!—ropes, sails, masts, anchors,—and all in the finest

symmetry, divided and subdivided, as if placed only for show. The neatness and exactness of all the arrangement of those stores for tempests, filled me with admiration; so did the whole scene—though not with pleasure All assurances, however well to be depended upon, of safety, are but so many indications of danger.

While we were seeing the anchor business,—which seemed performed by Vulcanic demons, so black they looked, so savage was their howl in striking the red-hot iron, and so coarse and slight their attire,—we were saluted with three cheers, from the accidental entrance of Lord Stopford, Lord Courtown's son, and Mr. Townshend, his nephew, a son of Lord Sydney, just made a Lord of the Admiralty. And the sound, in those back regions, where all the light was red-hot fire, had a very fine demoniac effect. In beating the anchor they all strike at the same instant, giving about three quick strokes to one slow stroke; and were they not to time them with the most perfect conformity, they must inevitably knock out one another's brains. The sight of this apparently continual danger gave to the whole the appearance of some wild rite performed from motives of superstition in some uncivilised country.

While we were yet in the dockyard we were joined by two sea-captains, Captain Molloy and Captain Duckworth.

Captain Molloy is a sensible and agreeable man, but somewhat haughty, and of conscious consequence. He is a first cousin of my friend Miss Baker; and talking of that excellent person and her worthy mother brought us soon into acquaintance.

Captain Duckworth is both sensible and amiable in his style of conversation, and has a most perfect and kind openness of manner and countenance; but he greatly amused me by letting me see how much *I* amused *him*.

I never surprised him looking near me, without seeing on his face so irresistible a simper, that I expected him every moment to break forth; never even trying to keep a grave face, except when I looked at him in full front.

I found he knew "Burney of the Bristol," as he called our James, and I named and conversed about him by every opportunity.

Captain Molloy invited us, when we had exhausted the show on land, to see his ship. I dislike going anywhere beyond the reach of the Humane Society, but could not be left without breaking up the party: this was my first water-excursion, though two had been proposed to me at Weymouth, which I had begged leave to decline.

All, however, was smooth and calm, and we had the best possible navigators. We went to the ship in Captain Molloy's large boat, which was very trim and neat, and had all its rowers new dressed and smart for royal attendance, as it followed the King in all his water-excursions.

The ship is the "Bombay Castle," of seventy-four guns. It had the Admiralty flag hoisted, as Lord Chatham had held a board there in the morning. It is a very fine ship, and I was truly edified by the sight of all its accommodations, ingenuity, utility, cleanliness, and contrivances. A man-of-war, fitted out and manned, is a glorious and a fearful sight!

In going over the ship we came to the midshipmen's mess, and those young officers were at dinner, but we were taken in: they were lighted by a few candles fastened to the wall in sockets. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Dining by candle-light at noon-day!" A midshipman, starting forward, said, "Yes, ma'am, and Admiral Lord Hood did the same for seven years following!"

I liked his spirit so much that I turned to him, and said I was very glad they looked forward to such an

example, for I had a brother in the service, which gave me a warm interest in its prosperity.

This made the midshipman so much my friend, that we entered into a detailed discourse upon the accommodations of their cabin, mess, &c., and various other matters. I liked him much, though I know not his name; but my constant Captain Duckworth kept me again wholly to his own cicerone-ing, when I turned out of the cabin.

A little, however, he was mortified to find me a coward upon the water. I assured him he should cure me if he could convince me there was no reason for fear. He would not allow of any, but could not disprove it. "Tell me," I said, "and honestly,—should we be overturned in the boat while out at sea, what would prevent our being drowned?"

He would not suppose such an accident possible.

I pressed him, however, upon the possibility it might happen once in a century, and he could not help laughing, and answered, "O, we should pick you all up!"

I desired to know by what means. "Instruments," he said. I forced him, after a long and comic resistance, to show me them. Good Heaven! they were three-pronged iron forks,—very tridents of Neptune!

I exclaimed with great horror, "These!—why, they would tear the body to pieces!"

"O," answered he calmly, "one must not think of legs and arms when life is in danger."

I would not, however, under such protection, refuse sailing round Mount-Edgecumbe, which we did in Captain Molloy's boat, and just at the time when the Royals, in sundry garden-chairs, were driving about the place. It was a beautiful view; the situation is delightful. But

Captain Molloy was not in the best harmony with its owners, as they had disappointed his expectations of an invitation to dinner.

The Commissioner did not retort upon us the omission; on the contrary, he invited to his own table most of the personages who shared in the mortification of Captain Molloy; Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, Lord Falmouth, Lord Hood, Commodore Goodal, Sir Richard Bickerton, and three or four more.

The dinner was very pleasant. My two neighbours were Lords Falmouth and Stopford: the first is heavy, and unlike his conversible and elegant mother, Mrs. Boscawen; the other is a cheerful, lively, well-bred young man. But my chief pleasure was in seeing Lord Hood, and all I saw and heard struck me much in his favour.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND.—To-day was devoted to general quiet; and I spent all I could of it in my sweet wood, reading the 'Art of Contentment,' a delightful old treatise, by the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' which I have found in the Saltram Library.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH.—To-day the Royals went to Marystow, Colonel Heywood's, and Miss Planta and myself to Mount-Edgecumbe. The Queen had desired me to take Miss Planta, and I had written to prepare Lady Mount-Edgecumbe for a companion.

We went in a chaise to the ferry, and thence in a boat. I did not like this part of the business, for we had no pilot we knew, nor any one to direct us. They would hardly believe, at Mount-Edgecumbe, we had adventured in so unguarded a manner: but our superior is too high to discover difficulties, or know common precautions; and we fare, therefore, considerably worse in all these

excursions, from belonging to crowned heads, than we should do in our own private stations, if visiting at any part of the kingdom.

Safe, however, though not pleasantly, we arrived on the opposite shore; where we found a gardener and a very commodious garden-chair waiting for us. We drove through a sweet park to the house, at the gate of which stood Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe, who told us that they had just heard an intention of their Majesties to sail the next day up the River Tamer, and therefore they thought it their duty to hasten off to a seat they have near its banks, Coteil, with refreshments and accommodations, in case they should be honoured with a visit to see the place, which was very ancient and curious. They should leave Lord Valletort to do the honours, and expressed much civil regret in the circumstance: but the distance was too great to admit of the journey, over bad roads, if they deferred it till after dinner.

We then proceeded, in the chair, to see the place: it is truly noble; but I shall enter into no description from want of time: take a list simply of its particular points. The sea, in some places, shows itself in its whole vast and unlimited expanse; at others, the jutting land renders it merely a beautiful basin or canal; the borders down to the sea are in some parts flourishing with the finest evergreens and most vivid verdure, and in others are barren, rocky, and perilous. In one moment you might suppose yourself cast on a desert island, and the next find yourself in the most fertile and luxurious country. In different views we were shown Cawsand Bay, the Hamoaze, the Rocks called The Maker, &c.,—Dartmoor Hills, Plymouth, the Dockyard, Saltram, and St. George's Channel. Several noble ships, manned and commissioned, were in the Hamoaze; amongst them our

Weymouth friends, the "Magnificent" and "Southampton."

A very beautiful flower-garden is enclosed in one part of the grounds; and huts, seats, and ornaments in general, were well adapted to the scenery of the place. A seat is consecrated to Mrs. Damer, with an acrostic on her name by Lord Valletort. It is surprising to see the state of vegetation at this place, so close to the main. Myrtles, pomegranates, evergreens, and flowering shrubs, all thrive, and stand the cold blast, when planted in a southern aspect, as safely as in an inland country. As it is a peninsula, it has all aspects, and the plantations and dispositions of the ground are admirably and skilfully assorted to them.

The great open view, however, disappointed me: the towns it shows have no prominent features, the country is as flat as it is extensive, and the various branches of the sea which run into it give, upon their retreat, a marshy, muddy, unpleasant appearance. There is, besides, a want of some one striking object to arrest the eye, and fix the attention, which wearies from the general glare. Points, however, there are, both of the sublime and beautiful, that merit all the fame which this noble place has acquired.

In our tour around it we met Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, and Captain Douglas; and heard a tremendous account of the rage of the sea-captains, on being disappointed of a dinner at the Royal visit to Mount-Edgecumbe.

We did not quit these fine grounds till near dinner-time. The housekeeper then showed us the house, and a set of apartments newly fitted up for the Royals, had they chosen to sleep at Mount-Edgecumbe.

The house is old, and seems pleasant and convenient.

In a very pretty circular parlour, which had the appearance of being the chief living room, I saw amongst a small collection of books, 'Cecilia.' I immediately laid a wager with myself the first volume would open upon Pacchierotti; and I won it very honestly, though I never expect to be paid it. The chapter, "An Opera Rehearsal," was so well read, the leaves always flew apart to display it.

The library is an exceeding good room, and seems charmingly furnished. Here Lord Valletort received us. His lady was confined to her room by indisposition. He is a most neat little beau, and his face has the roses and lilies as finely blended as that of his pretty young wife. He was extremely civil and attentive, and appears to be really amiable in his disposition.

Mr. Brett, a plain, sensible, conversible man, who has an estate in the neighbourhood, dined with us; and a young Frenchman. The dinner was very cheerful: my lord, at the head of the table, looked only like his lady in a riding-dress.

However, he received one mortifying trial of his temper; he had sent to request sailing up the Tamer next day with Sir Richard Bickerton; and he had a blunt refusal, in a note, during our repast. Not an officer in the fleet would accommodate him! their resentment of the dinner slight is quite vehement.

We returned home the same way we came; the good-natured little lord, and Mr. Brett also, quite shocked we had no better guard or care taken of us.

Tuesday, August 25th.—This morning all the Royals went sailing up the Tamer; and I had the pleasure of a visit from the very amiable and ingenious Miss Harriet Bowdler, whom I had not seen since the tea-party at Mrs. De Luc's in my first monastic year. She

is here to see the naval review, at Captain Fanshaw's, and was brought by Captain Duckworth. Her sister Frances is now at Teignmouth, where first I met her; and rather better, but in a miserable state of health, which I heard with much concern.

Captain Duckworth, I find, has both a house and a mate in this neighbourhood, and Mrs. Bowdler is now on a visit to both. They made me a long and pleasant visit, and were scarce gone when Mrs. Fox was announced. She was Miss Clayton, half-sister to poor Emily; and I had not seen her since her marriage to the Colonel, who is own brother to Charles Fox. She is a very pleasing woman. These all came on the strength of the Royals' absence. Mrs. Fox invited me much to her barrack, where she is quartered with her husband; and offered to show Miss Planta and me the citadel, &c.; but we can arrange nothing for ourselves.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26TH.—This was our last day at Saltram.

The Royals went to see Kitley, a place of Mr. Bastard's; and at noon I had a visit of inquiry about them all, from Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe, and Lord Valletort; who were all full of the honours done them, and told me the obelisks and arches they meant to construct in commemoration. Lady Mount-Edgecumbe made me promise to write to her from Weymouth, and from Windsor, news of Royal healths.

I had a visit also from Admiral La Forey, who came to a levee of the King, and was created a baronet.

From the window, besides, I had a call from Captain Onslow, who wa waiting the King's return in the park. He told me he had brought up a brother of mine for the sea. I did not refresh his memory with the severities he practised in that marine education.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27TH.—We quitted Saltram in the same order we had reached it, and returned to Exeter, where we spent the rest of the day.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH.—We travelled back to Weymouth.

* * * * *

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.—Her Majesty made a point that Miss Planta and myself should go to-night to the ball of the Master of the Ceremonies; though, having no party, it was so disagreeable to me, that I ventured to remonstrate. That is never, I find, even in declining favours, to be done.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH.—This evening, the Royals and their train all went again to the rooms to drink their tea.

Miss Planta and myself were taking ours quietly together, and I was finishing a charming sermon of Blair, while she was running over some old newspapers, when, suddenly, but very gently, the room-door was opened, and then I heard "Will Miss Burney permit me to come in, and give me a dish of tea?"—'Twas Mr. Fairly.

He said we were to go on Monday se'nnight to Lord Bath's, on Wednesday to Lord Aylesbury's, and on Friday to return to Windsor. He was himself to be discharged some days sooner, as he should not be wanted on the road.

He said many things relative to court lives and situations: with respect, deference, and regard invariable, he mentioned the leading individuals; but said nothing could be so weak as to look *there,* in such stations, for such impossibilities as sympathy, friendship, or cordiality! And he finished with saying, "People forget themselves who look for them!" Such, however, is not my feeling; and I am satisfied he has met with some unexpected

coldness. Miss Planta being present, he explained only in generals.

* * * * *

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—We all left Weymouth. All possible honours were paid the King on his departure; lords, ladies, and sea-officers lined the way that he passed, the guns of the Magnificent and Southampton fired the parting salute, and the ships were under sail.

We all set out as before, but parted on the road. The Royals went to breakfast at Redlinch, the seat of Lord Ilchester, where Mr. Fairly was in waiting for them, and thence proceeded to a collation at Sherborne Castle, whither he was to accompany them, and then resign his present attendance, which has been long and troublesome and irksome, I am sure.

Miss Planta and myself proceeded to Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, late Lord Weymouth; where we were all to dine, sleep, and spend the following day and night.

Longleat was formerly the dwelling of the Earl of Lansdowne, uncle to Mrs. Delany; and here, at this seat, that heartless uncle, to promote some political views, sacrificed his incomparable niece, at the age of seventeen, marrying her to an unwieldy, uncultivated, country esquire, near sixty years of age, and scarce ever sober—his name Pendarves.

With how sad an awe, in recollecting her submissive unhappiness, did I enter these doors!—and with what indignant hatred did I look at the portrait of the unfeeling Earl, to whom her gentle repugnance, shown by almost incessant tears, was thrown away, as if she, her person, and her existence were nothing in the scale, where the disposition of a few boroughs opposed them! Yet was this the famous Granville—the poet, the fine gentleman,

the statesman, the friend and patron of Pope, of whom he wrote—

"What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?"

Mine, I am sure, for one.

Lady Bath showed us our rooms, to which we repaired immediately, to dress before the arrival of the Royals.

We dined with the gentlemen, all but the Marquis, who was admitted, in his own house, to dine with the King and Queen, as were all the ladies of his family. Lord Weymouth, the eldest son, was our president; and two of his brothers, Lords George and John, with Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, made the party. The Weymouths, Thynnes rather, are silent, and we had but little talk or entertainment.

My poor Mrs. Delany was constantly in my mind—constantly, constantly!—I thought I saw her meek image vainly combating affliction and disgust with duty and compliance, and weeping floods of tears, unnoticed by her unrelenting persecutor.

We spent all the following day here. I went to the chapel; I felt horror-struck as I looked at the altar: what an offering for ambition! what a sacrifice to tyranny!

The house is very magnificent, and of an immense magnitude. It seems much out of repair, and by no means cheerful or comfortable. Gloomy grandeur seems the proper epithet for the building and its fitting-up. It had been designed for a monastery, and as such was nearly completed when Henry VIII. dissolved those seminaries. It was finished as a dwelling-house in the reign of his son, by one of the Thynnes, who was knighted in a field of battle by the Protector Somerset.

Many things in the house, and many queer old portraits, afforded me matter of speculation, and would have filled

up more time than I had to bestow. There are portraits of Jane Shore and Fair Rosamond, which have some marks of originality, being miserable daubs, yet from evidently beautiful subjects. Arabella Stuart is also at full length, and King Charleses and Jameses in abundance, with their queens, brethren, and cousins. There are galleries in this house of the dimensions of college halls.

The state rooms on the ground floor are very handsome; but the queer antique little old corners, cells, recesses, "passages that lead to nothing," unexpected openings, and abrupt stoppages, with the quaint devices of various old-fashioned ornaments, amused me the most.

My bed-room was furnished with crimson velvet, bed included, yet so high, though only the second story, that it made me giddy to look into the park, and tired to wind up the flight of stairs. It was formerly the favourite room, the housekeeper told me, of Bishop Kenn, who put on his shroud in it before he died. Had I fancied I had seen his ghost, I might have screamed my voice away, unheard by any assistant to lay it; for so far was I from the rest of the habitable part of the mansion, that not the lungs of Mr. Bruce could have availed me. 'Tis the room, however, in which the present Bishop of Exeter resides when here, and he was a favourite of my Mrs. Delany; and all that brought her to my mind without marrying her was soothing to me.

The housekeeper showed me a portrait of Mrs. Granville, her mother. It is handsome, and not wholly unresembling. Lord Bath was a distant relation of the Granvilles.

The park is noble and spacious. It was filled with country folks, permitted to enter that they might see their sovereigns, and it looked as gay without as it seemed gloomy within. The people were dressed in their best,

as if they came to a fair; and such shouts and hallooings ensued, whenever the King appeared at a window, that the whole building rang again with the vibration. Nothing upon earth can be more gratifying than the sight of this dear and excellent King thus loved and received by all descriptions of his subjects.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH.—We set out, amidst the acclamations of a multitude, from Longleat for Tottenham Park, the seat of Lord Aylesbury. The park is of great extent and moderate beauty. The house is very well.

We had only our own party, the three gentlemen, at dinner and breakfast. These gentlemen only dine with the King when he keeps house, and keeps it *incog.* himself. At Tottenham Park, only my Lord Aylesbury, as master of the house, was admitted. He and his lady were both extremely desirous to make all their guests comfortable; and Lady Aylesbury very politely offered me the use of her own collection of books. But I found, at the top of the house, a very large old library, in which there were sundry uncommon and curious old English tracts, that afforded me much entertainment. 'Tis a library of long standing.

Here are many original portraits also, that offer enough for speculation. A "Bloody Mary," by Sir Anthony More, which I saw with much curiosity, and liked better than I expected. The beautiful Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, I fancy by Kneller; but we had no cicerone. A very fine picture of a lady in black, that I can credit to be Vandyke, but who else can I know not. Several portraits by Sir Peter Lely, extremely soft and pleasing, and of subjects uncommonly beautiful; many by Sir Godfrey Kneller, well enough; and many more by Sir Something Thornhill, very thick and heavy.

The good lord of the mansion put up a new bed for the King and Queen that cost him 900*l.*

We drove about the park in garden-chairs; but it is too flat for much diversity of prospect.

Two things I heard here with concern—that my godmother, Mrs. Greville, was dead; and that poor Sir Joshua Reynolds had lost the sight of one of his eyes.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH.—We left Tottenham Court, and returned to Windsor. The Royals hastened to the younger Princesses, and I .... to Mrs. Schwellenberg. I was civilly received, however. But deadly dead sunk my heart as I entered her apartment.

The next day I had a visit from my dear brother Charles—full of business, letters, &c. I rejoiced to see him, and to confab over all his affairs, plans, and visions, more at full length than for a long time past. I was forced to introduce him to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and he flourished away successfully enough; but it was very vexatious, as he had matters innumerable for discussion.

* * * * *

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, October 27, 1789.

Most dear Sir,—We go on here amazingly well, though every day now presents some anniversary of such miseries as scarce any house ever knew before last year. They call back to my mind every circumstance, with daily accuracy, and a sort of recollective melancholy that I find always ready to mix with the joy and thanksgiving of the most blessed deliverance and change.

Nor is it possible to think more of our escape than of the sudden adversity of the French. Truly terrible and tremendous are revolutions such as these. There is nothing in old history that I shall any longer think fabulous; the destruction of the most ancient empires on record has

nothing more wonderful, nor of more sounding improbability, than the demolition of this great nation, which rises up all against itself for its own ruin—perhaps annihilation. Even the Amazons were but the *poissardes* of the day; I no longer doubt their existence or their prowess; and name but some leader amongst the destroyers of the Bastile, and what is said of Hercules or Theseus we need no longer discredit. I only suppose those two heroes were the many-headed mob of ancient days.

* * * * *

I had the surprise and pleasure, a few days since, of a note from Mrs. Lambart: her son is married to a lady who lived at Windsor, and they are now all together in this town. I contrived, after encountering my difficulties successfully (a very female Hercules I think myself when I conquer them), to call upon her. She lamented losing the pleasure of your society, and of my mother's, by quitting Chelsea; and the cause, you may easily believe, she lamented far more deeply. Much had passed since I had seen her, and all bad: she had lost this brother, with whom she meant to reside frequently, and she had lost her other brother, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and two nephews; and the mutual friend through whom we became acquainted, and at whose house we had alone met, is lost also. How much and how melancholy was our conversation upon that subject! a subject always sad, yet invariably interesting and dear to me.

I was sorry to see in the papers the death of poor Mr. Bremner. I hope he had read, in your 'History of Music,' the honourable mention of his possessing Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book?' To whom does that book now devolve? I think what you say of the time required —a month's practice—to enable any master in Europe to

play one of the lessons, will not much stimulate the sale, amongst the busy professors of these busy days: but a Dilettante purchaser may yet be found: they have generally most courage, because less belief in difficulties, from being further off from discerning them; I should else fear you had ruined the market.

I was told the other day, by Mrs. Fisher, wife of our canon, that "my friend Mr. Twining" was at Windsor. I did the impossible in order to meet him at her house for a moment, and then found it was that good friend's brother, with his wife. I was very glad to see them both, but not considerably the more for the disappointment and mistake.

My own dearest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, have just paid me their annual visit here. How grieved was I, when it was over, to think another October must come ere Windsor had any chance of repeating that felicity to me! Yet I shall have the pleasure soon of seeing the lovely Mrs. ——; but her sight, poor thing! is amongst the sensations that are even peculiarly melancholy at Windsor.

We all go on here, day by day, night by night, so precisely the same, that monotony cannot be more perfect.

I hope when you come to town you see dear Sir Joshua?

Ever, dearest Sir,

Most lovingly and dutifully, your

F. B.

NOVEMBER.—My memorandums of this month are very regular; but I shall beg leave to condense them all into the days and circumstances essential.

Upon the birthday of the Princess Sophia I had the honour to present my pretty Leatherhead fairing,—the pincushion, needle-book, and letter-case of pink satin, and the inkstand, so long deferred, for Princess Mary.

Early in this month I had the solace of three little interviews with my beloved Susanna. On the birthday of the Princess Augusta, the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, just arrived from their summer tour to their daughters, came hither with congratulations. As it proved, 'twas the last visit of that very white-souled and amiable woman, and the last time I ever beheld her; but she was particularly well, and there appeared no symptom of the fatal end so near approaching.

The following day Colonel Gwynn came. He told us, at tea-time, the wonderful recovery of Colonel Goldsworthy, who has had an almost desperate illness; and then added that he had dined the preceding day with him, and met Mr. Fairly, who was coming to Windsor, and all prepared, when he was suddenly stopped, on the very preceding evening, by a fresh attack of the gout.

I heard this with much concern, and made many inquiries, which were presently interrupted by an exclamation of Major Garth, who was now in waiting: "The gout?" he cried: "nay, then, it is time he should get a nurse; and, indeed, I hear he has one in view."

Colonel Gwynn instantly turned short, with a very significant smile of triumph, towards me, that seemed to confirm this assertion, while it exulted in his own prediction at Cheltenham.

The following morning, while I was alone with my Royal Mistress, she mentioned Mr. Fairly for the first time since we left Weymouth. It was to express much displeasure against him: he had misled Lord Aylesbury about the ensuing drawing-room, by affirming there would be none this month.

After saying how wrong this was, and hearing me venture to answer I could not doubt but he must have had some reason, which, if known, might account for his mis-

take, she suddenly, and with some severity of accent, said, "He will not come here! For some reason or other he does not choose it! He cannot bear to come!"

How was I amazed! and silenced pretty effectually!

She then added, "He has *set his heart* against coming. I know he has been in town some considerable time, but he has desired it may not be told here. I know, too, that when he has been met in the streets, he has called out, 'For Heaven's sake, if you are going to Windsor, do not say you have seen me.'"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.—We were to go to town: but while I was taking my hasty breakfast Miss Planta flew into the room, eagerly exclaiming "Have you heard the news?"

I saw, instantly, by her eyes and manner, what she meant; and therefore answered, "I believe so."

"Mr. Fairly is going to be married! I resolved I would tell you."

"I heard the rumour," I replied, "the other day, from Colonel Gwynn."

"O, it's true!" she cried; "he has written to ask leave; but for Heaven's sake don't say so!"

I gave her my ready promise, for I believed not a syllable of the matter; but I would not tell her that.

* * * * *

We went to town not only for the drawing-room on the next day, but also for the play on this Wednesday night: and the party appointed to sit in the Queen's private box, as, on these occasions, the balcony-box opposite to the Royals is called, dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg,—namely, Mrs. Stainforth, Miss Planta, Mr. De Luc, and Mr Thomas Willis.

When we arrived at the playhouse we found the lobby and all the avenues so crowded, that it was with the ut-

most difficulty we forced our way up the stairs. It was the first appearance of the good King at the theatre since his illness.

When we got up stairs, we were stopped effectually: there was not room for a fly; and though our box was not only taken and kept, but partitioned off, to get to it was wholly impracticable.

Mr. Willis and Miss Planta protested they would go down again, and remonstrate with Mr. Harris, the manager; and I must own the scene that followed was not unentertaining. Mrs. Stainforth and myself were fast fixed in an angle at the corner of the stairs, and Mr. De Luc stood in the midst of the crowd, where he began offering so many grave arguments, with such deliberation and precision, every now and then going back in his reasoning to correct his own English, representing our right to proceed, and the wrong of not making way for us, that it was irresistibly comic to see the people stare, as they pushed on, and to see his unconscious content in their passing him, so long as he completed his expostulations on their indecorum.

Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Stainforth lost her cloak, and in her loud lamentations, and calls upon all present to witness her distress (to which, for enhancing its importance, she continually added, "Whoever has found it should bring it to the Queen's house,") she occupied the attention of all upon the stairs as completely as it was occupied by Mr. De Luc for all in the passages: but, hélas! neither the philosophic harangue of the one, nor the royal dignity of the other, prevailed; and while there we stood, expecting an avenue to be formed, either for our eloquence or our consequence, not an inch of ground did we gain, and those who had neither made their way, and got on in multitudes.

Offended, at length, as well as tired, Mrs. Stainforth proposed our going down, and waiting in the lobby, till Mr. Harris arrived.

Here we were joined by a gentleman, whose manner of fixing me showed a half-recollection of my face, which I precisely returned him, without being able to recollect where I had seen him before. He spoke to Mrs. Stainforth, who answered as if she knew him, and then he came to me and offered to assist in getting me to my box. I told him the manager had already been sent to. He did not, however, go off, but entered into conversation upon the crowd, play, &c., with the ease of an old acquaintance. I took the first opportunity to inquire of Mrs. Stainforth who he was, and heard—Lord Mountmorres, whom you may remember I met with at the theatre at Cheltenham.

What, however, was ridiculous enough was, that, after a considerable length of time, he asked me who Mrs. Stainforth was! and I afterwards heard he had made the same inquiry of herself about me! The difference of a dressed and undressed head had occasioned, I suppose, the doubt.

The moment, however, he had completely satisfied himself in this, he fairly joined me, as if he had naturally belonged to our party. And it turned out very acceptable, for we were involved in all such sort of difficulties as our philosopher was the least adapted to remove.

We now went about, in and out, up and down, but without any power to make way, the crowd every instant thickening.

We then were fain to return to our quiet post, behind the side-boxes in the lobby, where we remained till the arrival of the King, and then were somewhat recompensed for missing the sight of his entrance, by hearing the

sound of his reception: for so violent an huzzaing commenced, such thundering clapping, knocking with sticks, and shouting, and so universal a chorus of "God save the King," that not all the inconveniences of my situation could keep my heart from beating with joy, nor my eyes from running over with gratitude for its occasion.

Lord Mountmorres, who joined in the stick part of the general plaudit, exclaimed frequently, "What popularity is this! how fine to a man's feelings! yet—he must find it embarrassing."

Indeed I should suppose he could with difficulty bear it. 'Twas almost adoration! How much I lament that I lost the sight of his benign countenance, during such glorious moments as the most favoured monarchs can scarce enjoy twice in the longest life!

Miss Planta and Mr. Willis now returned: they had had no success; Mr. Harris said they might as well stem the tide of the ocean as oppose or rule such a crowd.

The play now began; and Lord Mountmorres went away to reconnoitre; but, presently returning, said, "If you will trust yourself with me I will show you your chance." And then he conducted me to the foot of the stairs leading to our box, which exhibited such a mass of living creatures, that the insects of an ant-hill could scarce be more compact.

We were passed by Lord Stopford, Captain Douglas, and some other of our acquaintance, who told us of similar distresses; and in this manner passed the first act! The box-keeper came and told Lord Mountmorres he could now give his Lordship one seat: but the humours of the lobby he now preferred, and refused the place: though I repeatedly begged that we might not detain him. But he was determined to see us safe landed before he left us.

Mr. Harris now came again, and proposed taking us another way, to try to get up some back-stairs. We then went behind the scenes for this purpose: but here Mr. Harris was called away, and we were left upon the stage. Lord Mountmorres led me to various peep-holes, where I could at least have the satisfaction of seeing the King and Royal Family, as well as the people, and the whole was a sight most grateful to my eyes.

So civil, however, and so attentive he was, that a new perplexity now occurred to me: he had given up his place, and had taken so much trouble, that I thought, if we at last got to our box, he would certainly expect to be accommodated in it. And to take any one, without previous permission, into *the Queen's private box*, and immediately facing their Majesties, was a liberty I knew not how to risk; and, in truth, I knew not enough of his present politics to be at all sure if they might not be even peculiarly obnoxious.

This consideration, therefore, began now so much to reconcile me to this *emigrant evening*, that I ceased even to wish for recovering our box.

When Mr. Harris came back, he said he had nothing to propose but his own box, which we readily accepted.

To this our access was easy, as it was over the King and Queen, and consequently not desirable to those who came to see them. I too now preferred it, as it was out of their sight, and enabled me to tell Lord Mountmorres, who led me to it through the crowd with unceasing trouble and attention, that till he could get better accommodated a place was at his service.

He closed instantly with the offer, placing himself behind me; but said he saw some of his relations in the opposite stage-box, Lady Mornington and her beautiful daughter Lady Ann Wellesley, and, as soon as the act

was over, he would go down and persuade them to make room for him.

I was shocked, however, after all this, to hear him own himself glad to sit down, as he was still rather lame, from a dreadful overturn in a carriage, in which his leg had been nearly crushed by being caught within the coach-door, which beat down upon it, and almost demolished it.

This anecdote, however, led to another more pleasant; for it brought on a conversation which showed me his present principles, at least, were all on the government side. The accident had happened during a journey to Chester, in his way to Ireland, whither he was hastening upon the Regency business, last winter: and he went to the Irish House of Peers the first time he quitted his room, after a confinement of three weeks from this terrible bruise.

"But how," cried I, "could you stand?"

"I did not stand," he answered; "they indulged me with leave to speak sitting."

"What a useful opening, then, my Lord," cried I, "did you lose for every new paragraph!"

I meant, the cant of "Now I am upon my legs." He understood it instantly, and laughed heartily, protesting it was no small detriment to his oratory.

The play was the "Dramatist," written with that species of humour in caricature that resembles O'Keefe's performances; full of absurdities, yet laughable in the extreme. We heard very ill, and, missing the beginning, we understood still worse: so that, in fact, I was indebted to my new associate for all the entertainment I received the whole evening.

When the act was over, the place on which he had cast his eye, near Lady Mornington, was seized; he laughed,

put down his hat, and composed himself quietly for remaining where he was.

He must be a man of a singular character, though of what sort I know not: but in his conversation he showed much information, and a spirited desire of interchanging ideas with those who came in his way.

We talked a great deal of France, and he related to me a variety of anecdotes just fresh imported thence. He was there at the first assembling of the Notables, and he saw, he said, impending great events from that assemblage. The two most remarkable things that had struck him, he told me, in this wonderful revolution, were—first, that the French Guards should ever give up their King; and secondly, that the chief spirit and capacity hitherto shown amongst individuals had come from the ecclesiastics.

He is very much of opinion the spirit of the times will come round to this island. In what, I asked, could be its pretence?—The game-laws, he answered, and the tithes.

He told me, also, a great deal of Ireland, and enlarged my political knowledge abundantly,—but I shall not be so generous, my dear friends, as to let you into all these state matters.

But I must tell you a good sort of quirk of Mr. Wilkes, who, when the power of the mob and their cruelty were first reciting, quarrelled with a gentleman for saying the French government was become a democracy, and asserted it was rather a *mobocracy*. The pit, he said, reminded him of a sight he once saw in Westminster Hall, —a floor of faces.

He was a candidate for Westminster at that time, with Charles Fox!—Thus do we veer about.

At the end of the farce, "God save the King" was most vociferously called for from all parts of the theatre, and all the singers of the theatre came on the stage to

sing it, joined by the whole audience, who kept it up till the Sovereign of his people's hearts left the house. It was noble and heart-melting at once to hear and see such loyal rapture, and to feel and know it so deserved.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.—Some business sent me to speak with Miss Planta before our journey back to Windsor. When it was executed and I was coming away, she called out, "O! à propos—it's all declared, and the Princesses wished Miss Fuzilier joy yesterday in the drawing-room. She looked remarkably well; but said Mr. Fairly had still a little gout, and could not appear."

Now first my belief followed assertion;—but it was only because it was inevitable, since the Princesses could not have proceeded so far without certainty.

* * * * *

We returned to Windsor as usual, and there I was, just as usual, obliged to finish every evening with picquet!—and to pass all and every afternoon, from dinner to midnight, in picquet company.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.—The Queen, after a very long airing, came in to dress, and summoned me immediately; and in two minutes the Princess Royal entered, and said something in German, and then added, "And Mr. Fairly, ma'am, begs he may see you a moment now, if possible."

This is his first coming to the house since her Royal Highness's birthday, just two months ago.

"I am very sorry," was answered coolly, "but I am going to dress."

"He won't keep you a moment, mamma, only he wants to get on to St. Leonard's to dinner."

Miss Fuzilier is now there.

"Well, then," she answered, "I'll slip on my powdering-gown, and see him."

I found, however, they had already met, probably in the passage, for the Queen added, "How melancholy he looks!—does not he, Princess Royal?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma!"—They then again talked in German.

The Princess then went to call him; and I hastened into the next room, with some caps just then inspecting.

Mr. Turbulent again dined with us, and said, "I find Mr. Fairly is here to-day? when is he to be married?"

Mrs. Schwellenberg reproved him for talking of "soch things:" she holds it petty treason to speak of it, as they are both in office about the Court; though she confessed it would be in a fortnight.

At tea, when the gentlemen—General Budé, Majors Price and Garth, and Mr. Willis—appeared, she said, "Where be Mr. Fairly?" They all exclaimed, "Is he here?"

"O, certain, if he ben't gone!"

I then said he had gone on to St. Leonard's.

They all expressed the utmost surprise that he should come, and go, and see none of them.

When they retired, Mrs. Schwellenberg exclaimed, "For what not stay one night? For what not go to the gentlemen?—It looks like when he been ashamed.—O fie! I don't not like soch ting. And for what always say contraire?—always say to overybody he won't not have her!—There mught be someting wrong in all that—it looks not well."

I saw a strong desire to have me enter into the merits of the case; but I constantly answer to these exclamations, that these sort of situations are regarded in the world as licensing denials first, and truancy from all others afterwards.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH.—General Harcourt was here at tea; but not one of our gentlemen inquired after his guest;—they are affronted at his running away from all.

General Harcourt, however, uncalled, made the following speech. "Fairly is not the thing—not at all—very unwell: an unformed gout—the most disagreeable sensation I suppose a man can have, and the most uncomfortable; a real fit would be far preferable; but it is something hanging about him that comes to nothing."

This was heard by all, even his particular friend General Budé, without the least expression of care. To forget is soon to be forgotten!—he has dropped them till they now drop him.

DECEMBER.—Most gratefully I met the mild anniversaries of this month, which was so dreadful in the year '88. The King's health seems perfect, and there is a coolness and composure in his manner that promise its permanency—God be praised!

But let me now, to enliven you a little, introduce to you a new acquaintance, self-made, that I meet at the chapel, and who always sits next me when there is room,—Mrs. J——, wife to the Bishop of K——: and before the service begins, she enters into small talk, with a pretty tolerable degree of frankness, not much repressed by scruples of delicacy.

Take a specimen. She opened, the other morning, upon my situation and occupation, and made the most plump inquiries into its particulars, with a sort of hearty good humour that removed all impertinence, whatever it left of inelegance:—and then began her comments.

"Well; the Queen, to be sure, is a great deal better

dressed than she used to be; but for all that, I really think it is but an odd thing for you!—Dear! I think it's something so out of the way for you!—I can't think how you set about it. It must have been very droll to you at first. A great deal of honour, to be sure, to serve a Queen, and all that; but I dare say a lady's-maid could do it better; though to be called about a Queen, as I say, is a great deal of honour: but, for my part, I should not like it; because to be always obliged to go to a person, whether one was in the humour or not, and to get up in a morning, if one was never so sleepy!—dear! it must be a mighty hurry-skurry life! you don't look at all fit for it, to judge by appearances, for all its great honour, and all that."

Is not this a fit bishop's wife? is not here primitive candour and veracity? I laughed most heartily,—and we have now commenced acquaintance for these occasional meetings.

If this honest dame does not think me fit for this part of my business, there is another person, Madlle. Montmollin, who, with equal simplicity, expresses her idea of my unfitness for another part.—"How you bear it," she cries, "living with Mrs. Schwellenberg!—I like it better living in prison!—'pon m'honneur, I prefer it bread and water; I think her so cross never was. If I you, I won't bear it—poor Miss Burney!—I so sorry!—'pon m'honneur, I think to you oftens!—you so confined, you won't have no pleasures!—"

Miss Gomm, less plaintive, but more solemn, declared the other day, "I am sure you must go to heaven for living this life!"—So, at least, you see, though in a court, I am not an object of envy.

Towards the end of the month, Colonel Wellbred

came into waiting, to my never-failing satisfaction. Yet I was sorry to lose Major Garth, who seems a man of real worth, religious principles, and unaffected honour, with a strong share of wit and a great deal of literature.

The Bishop of Salisbury came for the Christmas sermon, and spent some days here. Bishop Hurd had not health for coming, which I lament sincerely. I made much acquaintance with the Bishop of Salisbury; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg passed the holidays in town, we were altogether very cheerful and comfortable. The Major is kept by the King's invitation, and always at Windsor.

Madame La Fîte told me she liked extremmelee dat Collonel respectable Major Preece.

Poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave was taken very dangerously ill at this time; and as her sister was absent, I devoted to her every moment in my power. Sir Lucas Pepys was sent for in the middle of the night to her. The extreme danger from inflammation soon gave way to his prescriptions; but pain and illness were not of such rapid flight.

How I pitied poor Lady Elizabeth! She had but just lost her eldest brother, Lord Waldegrave, and was only gone on a melancholy visit to his beautiful widow, who was one of the House of Waldegrave Graces, married to her first cousin.

Sir Lucas wrote to Captain Waldegrave, the only surviving brother, who came instantly.

The Queen committed to me the preparing Lady Caroline to see him. I was so much head nurse, that I had every opportunity to do it gently, and it was very essential not to cause her any emotion, even of joy. She

is of so placid a nature, that the task was not difficult, though I devised means to save all risks, which some time or other may divert you. Captain Waldegrave is a gentle and interesting young man, and tenderly affectionate to his sisters.

* * * * *

PART III.

1790.

CONTENTS.

Home Events—An odd Marriage Ceremony—The Bishop of Salisbury—A Bridal Visit—Domestic Event—Mr. Alison—The Duchess de Biron—Recommencement of Hastings's Trial—Edmund Burke—Impromptu by Hastings on Mr. Grey's Speech—Newspaper Gossip—Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Fortescue—Ill-breeding—A Literary Party—Jacob Bryant—Scene in the Queen's Dressing-room—Court Etiquette—Garrick—Mrs. Piozzi—Easter Party at Windsor—Jacob Bryant—A Patriot King—Reading to the Queen—Mrs. Piozzi's Travels—Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey—Colonel Manners—A Senator—Mr. Pitt's Tax on Bachelors—A Day at Hastings's Trial—Windham and Burke—Sturm's Meditations—Interview with Mrs. Piozzi—Bruce's Travels—Madame Benda—Mr. Twining—Lady Corke—Lord Valletort—An English Sailor—A Day at Hastings's Trial—Speeches of Burke and Windham—Mrs. Crewe—Lady Mary Duncan—Reading 'The Rivals'—Lady Harcourt—Lady Juliana Penn—Hastings's Trial—Speech of his Counsel—Conversation with Windham—His Skill in Greek—His Remarks on Burke—Private and Personal Character of Hastings—Sir Joshua Reynolds—His Loss of Sight—The Duchess de Biron—Mesdames de Boufflers—Project of Miss Burney's Retirement from Court—The Duchess of Dorset—Mr. Cambridge.

PART III.

1790.

JANUARY.—Mrs. Smelt was now most dangerously ill, and her excellent husband wretched in the extreme: and this unhappy circumstance was the leading interest and occupation of this period.

I saw my dear and good Mrs. Ord by every opportunity; indeed, I made no other visit out of my family, nor received any other visitor at home.

At Chelsea I saw my dearest father from the time we settled in town once a-week, that is, twice in the month! I met there also Pacchierotti, to my great delight; and he sang so liberally and so enchantingly, that, just during that time, I knew not an ill in the world!

My Esterina too I visited twice! were she but as fat as she is dear! as stout as she is good!—far enough is she from it!—yet her sweet spirits keep their native gaiety, at least their native propensity; for they re-illume through all her thinness and sufferings, and bring her out, from time to time, such as she was meant to be. Dearest Esther, it saddened me within to see her!—God restore and preserve her!

Mr. Fairly was married the 6th.—I must wish happiness to smile on that day, and all its anniversaries; it gave a happiness to me unequalled, for it was the birthday of my Susanna!

One evening, about this time, Mr. Fisher, now Doctor, drank tea with us at Windsor, and gave me an account of Mr. Fairly's marriage that much amazed me. He had

been called upon to perform the ceremony. It was by special licence, and at the house of Sir R—— F——.

So religious, so strict in all ceremonies, even, of religion, as he always appeared, his marrying out of a church was to me very unexpected. Dr. Fisher was himself surprised, when called upon, and said he supposed it must be to please the lady.

Nothing, he owned, could be less formal or solemn than the whole. Lady C., Mrs. and Miss S., and her father and brother and sister, were present. They all dined together at the usual hour, and then the ladies, as usual, retired. Some time after, the clerk was sent for, and then, with the gentlemen, joined the ladies, who were in the drawing-room, seated on sofas, just as at any other time. Dr. Fisher says he is not sure they were working, but the air of common employment was such, that he rather thinks it, and everything of that sort was spread about as on any common day—workboxes, netting-cases, &c. &c.!

Mr. Fairly then asked Dr. Fisher what they were to do? He answered, he could not tell; for he had never married anybody in a room before.

Upon this, they agreed to move a table to the upper end of the room, the ladies still sitting quietly, and then put on it candles and a prayer-book. Dr. Fisher says he hopes it was not a card-table, and rather believes it was only a Pembroke work-table.

The lady and Sir R. then came forward, and Dr. Fisher read the service.

So this, methinks, seems the way to make all things easy!

Yet—with so little solemnity—without even a room prepared and empty—to go through a business of such portentous seriousness!—'Tis truly amazing from a man

who seemed to delight so much in religious regulations and observances. Dr. Fisher himself was dissatisfied, and wondered at his compliance, though he attributed the plan to the lady.

The bride behaved extremely well, he said, and was all smile and complacency. He had never seen her to such advantage, or in such soft looks, before; and perfectly serene, though her sister was so much moved as to go into hysterics.

Afterwards, at seven o'clock, the bride and bridegroom set off for a friend's house in Hertfordshire by themselves, attended by servants with white favours. The rest of the party, father, sister, and priest included, went to the play, which happened to be *Benedict*.

I shall say nothing of the Queen's birthday, but that I had a most beautiful trimming worked me for it by Miss Cambridge, who half fatigued herself to death, for the kind pleasure that I should have my decorations from her hands.

If in some points my lot has been unenviable, what a constant solace, what sweet and soft amends, do I find and feel in the almost unexampled union of kindness and excellence in my chosen friends!

The day after the birthday produced a curious scene. To soften off, by the air, a violent headache, I determined upon walking to Chelsea to see my dear father. I knew I should thus avoid numerous visiters of the household, who might pay their devoirs to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

I missed my errand, and speedily returned, and found many cards from bedchamber-women and maids of honour; and, while still reading them, I was honoured with a call from the Bishop of Salisbury; and in two minutes my father came himself.

A pleasant conversation was commencing, when Columb opened the door, and said, "Colonel Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

He had been married but a week before he came into the midst of all the Court bustle, which he had regularly attended ever since!

It was a good while before the door opened again; and I heard a buzz of voices in the passage: but when it was thrown open, there appeared—the bride herself!—and alone!

She looked quite brilliant in smiles and spirits. I never saw a countenance so enlivened. I really believe she has long cherished a passionate regard for Mr. Fairly, and brightens now from its prosperity.

I received her with all the attention in my power, immediately wishing her joy: she accepted it with a thousand dimples, and I seated her on the sofa, and myself by her side.

Nobody followed, and I left the Bishop to my father, while we entered into conversation, upon the birthday, her new situation in being exempt from its fatigues, and other matters of the time being.

I apologised to Mrs. Fairly for my inability to return the honour of her visit, but readily undertook to inform Her Majesty of her inquiries, which she earnestly begged from me.

* * * *

FEBRUARY.—I shall take the liberty to give this month in loose scraps of anecdotes, and have done with it.

The safety of my beautiful friend, Mrs. ———, I must first mention, as it was the most important circumstance of this period to my mind. Delighted with a little child, she wrote me word she could now forget every sorrow, if her innocent darling might be spared to her.

My dearest Charlotte also spent this time in town, and was with me, as usual, whenever I could make opportunity for the happiness of her dear and innocent society.

The loss of the excellent Mrs. Smelt, and all its grief and distress, you were informed of at the time. Her truly afflicted mate is quite lost without her. His daughters behave like angels. Mrs. Goulton came in the illness, and has never left him since his deprivation, and means never to part from him more, except to Mrs. Cholmley.

I have been introduced to this lady, and in a melancholy correspondence with her upon this subject, she seems very worthy her origin; which, from me, is very high praise.

I received a good deal of pleasure, at this time, from a letter sent me by Mrs. Alison, formerly my old friend Miss Gregory. She is married, and very happy, and has four children. Mr. Alison lives wholly in Scotland; but she took the opportunity of his having just published a metaphysical disquisition on Taste, to renew our long-dropped acquaintance, by sending me the work. I dread attacking metaphysics, but I have thanked her cordially for her kind remembrance.

I had much more difficulty from another call to an old connection, Mrs. North; she wrote me quite a warmly-affectionate regret of losing all sight of me, but an earnest invitation, in the Bishop's name as well as her own, to come one day to meet la Duchesse de Biron and the French noblesse now in England.

I should really have liked it, as I hear nothing but commendation of that Duchesse, and have had already two or three propositions for meeting her; but it was not approved, and therefore I was fain to decline it. I took

what precaution I could to avoid giving offence, but I have heard no more from Mrs. North.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—Mr. Hastings's trial re-commenced; and Her Majesty graciously presented me with tickets for Mr. Francis, Charlotte, and myself. She acknowledged a very great curiosity to know whether my old friends amongst the managers would renew their intercourse with a Court friend, or include me in the distaste conceived against herself, and drop their visits. I had not once been to the trial the preceding year, nor seen any of the set since the King's illness.

We were three hours before they entered, all spent in a harmony of converse and communication I never for three hours following can have elsewhere: no summons impending—no fear of accidental delay drawing off attention to official solicitude.

At the stated time they entered in the usual form, Mr. Burke first. I felt so grieved a resentment of his late conduct, that I was glad to turn away from his countenance. I looked elsewhere during the whole procession, and their subsequent arrangement, that I might leave totally to themselves and their consciences whether to notice a friend from Court or not. Their consciences said *not*. No one came; I only heard through Charlotte that Mr. Windham was of the set.

Mr. Anstruther spoke, and all others took gentle naps! I don't believe he found it out.

When all was concluded, I saw one of them ascending towards our seats: and presently heard the voice of Mr. Burke.

I wished myself many miles off! 'tis so painful to see with utter disapprobation those faces we have met with joy and pleasure! He came to speak to some relations of Mr. Anstruther; I was next them, and, when recovered

from my first repugnance, I thought it better to turn round, not to seem leading the way myself to any breach. I met his eyes immediately, and curtsied. He only said, "O! is it you?" then asked how I did, said something in praise of Mr. Anstruther, partly to his friends and partly to me—heard from *me* no reply—and hurried away, coldly, and with a look dissatisfied and uncordial.

I was much concerned; and we came away soon after.

Here is an impromptu, said to have been written by Mr. Hastings during Mr. Grey's speech, which was a panegyric on Mr. Philip Francis:—

"It hurts me not, that Grey, as Burke's assessor,
Proclaims me Tyrant, Robber, and Oppressor,
Tho' for abuse alone meant:
For when he call'd himself the bosom friend,
The Friend of Philip Francis,—I contend
He made me full atonement."

I was called upon, on my return, to relate the day's business. Heavy and lame was the relation; but their Majesties were curious, and nothing better suited truth.

* * * * *

Major Price and Colonel Wellbred continued regularly of our Windsor parties, and their society is most amiable and pleasing.

The Colonel told me he had several of Smith's drawings, and expressed a wish to show me the collection, as well as the collections of his brother, if I would make a party of my friends, and bring them to a little breakfast at his house, at any day or hour that would suit me.

I have heard there is much worth seeing in his and his brother's repository; and I should accept his obliging proposal with great pleasure if I had opportunity. I

think I should not long hesitate as to the party of friends I should hope would accompany me. He has repeated the request so earnestly and so politely, that I have half promised to make the attempt.

Another time Mr. Thomas Willis was of the set. Mrs. Schwellenberg did not leave London all the month. He startled me a little by a hint of some newspaper paragraph concerning me: he stayed on, when all were gone but Miss Planta, and I then demanded an explanation.

It was a peremptory promise, he said, of a new book.

"O yes," cried Miss Planta; "I have heard of it some time: and Mr. Turbulent says we shall all be in it."

"Why—I have been thinking of that," said Mr. Willis, in a dry way peculiar to himself, "and shaking my poor head and shoulders, to feel how I could keep them steady in case of an assault. And, indeed, this thought, all along, has made me, as you may have observed, rather cautious and circumspect, and *very* civil. I hope it has not been thrown away."

"Well, anybody's welcome to me and my character," cried Miss Planta; "and that's always the answer I make them when they tell me of it."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Willis, affecting great solemnity, "I cannot say quite so much: on the contrary, I never go out of the room but I think to myself, How have I behaved to-night? Will that do? Will t' other tell well? No, no; not well!—not well at all!—all in the wrong there. But, hang it!—never mind!—she's very—humane—she won't be hard upon a trifle!"

I told him I was very glad he had such a trust.

I could learn nothing more of the paragraph; but it served for ample play to his dry humour the next evening, when our tea-party was suddenly enlarged by the

entrance of the Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Fortescue.

Lord Chesterfield brought in the two latter without any ceremony, and never introduced nor named them, but chatted on with them apart, as if they were in a room to themselves: and Colonel Wellbred, to whom all gentlemen here belong, was out of the room in search of a curious snuff-box that he had promised to show to us. Major Price, who by great chance was seated next me, jumped up as if so many wild beasts had entered, and escaped to the other side of the room, and Mr. Willis was only a sharp looker-on.

This was awkward enough for a thing so immaterial, as I could not even ask them to have any tea, from uncertainty how to address them; and I believe they were entirely ignorant whither Lord Chesterfield was bringing them, as they came in only to wait for a Royal summons.

How would that quintessence of high ton, the late Lord Chesterfield, blush to behold his successor! who, with much share of humour, and of good humour also, has as little good breeding as any man I ever met with.

Take an instance.—Lord Bulkley, who is a handsome man, is immensely tall; the Major, who is middle-sized, was standing by his chair, in close conference with him. —"Why, Bulkley," cried Lord Chesterfield, "you are just the height *sitting* that Price is *standing*.

Disconcerted a little, they slightly laughed; but Lord Bulkley rose, and they walked off to a greater distance.

Lord Chesterfield, looking after them, exclaimed, "What a walking steeple he is!—why, Bulkley, you ought to cut off your legs to be on a level with society!"

Colonel Wellbred, ever elegant in all attentions, and uniform in showing them, no sooner returned, and perceived that Lord Chesterfield had formed a separate party

with his friends, than he stationed himself at the tea-table, dividing with the exactest propriety his time and conversation between the two sets.

When they were all summoned away, except Mr. Willis, who has never that honour but in private, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and called out, "I shall pity those men when the book comes out!—I would not be in their skins!"

I understood him perfectly,—and answered, truly, that I was never affronted more than a minute with those by whom I could never longer be pleased.

* * * *

My dearest readers know that this month I went to meet *my own assembly*, as it is honourably called, at Lady Rothes': it was smaller than at Mrs. Ord's, but very pleasant,—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. and Miss Ord, the Attorney-General, Sir Archibald Macdonald, his Lady Louisa, Mr. Pepys, Mrs. Buller, Lord Leslie, and my dearest father.

All our talk was of France, the illustrious fugitives now here, and poor Sir Joshua Reynolds's academic troubles.

Monday, March 1st.—This morning we went to Windsor. Mr. De Luc was already there; but Miss Planta and myself had our former esquire, Mr. Turbulent, for the first time these two years.

Her Majesty graciously read to Mr. De Luc and me a part of a speech of Mr. Burke upon the revolution in France, and then she lent it me to finish. It is truly beautiful, alike in nobleness of sentiment and animation of language. How happy does it make me to see this old favourite once more on the side of right and reason! Do I call this side so, only because it is my own?

I had no time, however, for going on with old annals;

I had a commission from the Queen which demanded all my leisure.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2ND.—To-day I invited Mr. Bryant to dinner, and had much cause to be glad of his coming, from the pleasantry and information he afforded me. Mr. De Luc and Mr. Turbulent met him, and we had philosophy at play with good-humour all the afternoon.

At tea, Lords Chesterfield and Bulkley joined us with the equerries. Mr. Thomas Willis would have been somewhat gratified by their better behaviour. Lord Bulkley took a chair next mine, and talked just enough to show he was a very loyal subject, and no more.

But I was very sorry to hear from Major Price that this was *his* last Windsor excursion this year. "I have stayed," he told me, "till all my workmen in the country are at *sixes and sevens*, and in want of my directions; and till I have hardly a sixpence in my pocket! I am always at the command of their Majesties, but—I am only a younger brother, and cannot afford to live away from my own little cottage."

'Tis amazing something is not done for this most de serving and faithful adherent, who only relinquished his post from absolute inability to maintain it.

* * * * * *

This month lost us Colonel Wellbred, whose waiting never finishes but to my regret. I had much confidential talk with him the last evening of his residence, in which he opened to me the whole of his situation, both with respect to his place and his family, as far as they are political. He gave me much concern for him in his statement, and the more, because all he said confirmed my best opinion of his honour and delicacy. He has the misfortune to have two brothers who never meet—solely from dissension in politics. He loves them both, and with both keeps

well; but while he has a place that devotes a fourth of the year to the King, his residence for the rest of it is with the brother who is in opposition to Government. Not small must be the difficulties of such circumstances, and his preferment is probably checked by this determined fraternal amity; though his moderation and uprightness secure him the esteem, and force the good word, of both parties, as well as of both brothers.

Much injustice, however, has I believe accrued to him from this mild conduct, which is not calculated for advantage in a station that demands decisive vigour, though in private or retired life it makes the happiness and peace of all around. He grew so engaged, and I was so much interested for him, in the course of this explication, that, when called away to cards, he said he would not make me his final bow, but see me again the next morning. I set off, however, by sudden commands, so much earlier than usual, that I saw him no more; nor probably may meet him again till his waiting next year.

In one of our Windsor excursions at this time, while I was in Her Majesty's dressing-room, with only Mr. De Luc present, she suddenly said, "Prepare yourself, Miss Burney, with all your spirits, for to-night you must be reader."

She then added that she recollected what she had been told by my honoured Mrs. Delany, of my reading Shakspeare to her, and was desirous that I should read a play to herself and the Princesses; and she had lately heard, from Mrs. Schwellenberg, "nobody could do it better, when I would."

I assured Her Majesty it was rather *when I could*, as any reading Mrs. Schwellenberg had heard must wholly have been better or worse according to my spirits, as she had justly seemed to suggest.

The moment coffee was over the Princess Elizabeth came for me. I found Her Majesty knotting, the Princess Royal drawing, Princess Augusta spinning, and Lady Courtown I believe in the same employment, but I saw none of them perfectly well.

"Come, Miss Burney," cried the Queen, "how are your spirits?—How is your voice?"

"She says, ma'am," cried the kind Princess Elizabeth, "she shall do her best!"

This had been said in attending Her Royal Highness back. I could only confirm it, and that *cheerfully*,—to hide *fearfully*.

I had not the advantage of choosing my play, nor do I know what would have been my decision had it fallen to my lot. Her Majesty had just begun Colman's works, and 'Polly Honeycomb' was to open my campaign.

"I think," cried the Queen most graciously, "Miss Burney will read the better for drawing a chair and sitting down."

"O yes, mamma! I dare say so!" cried Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, both in a moment.

The Queen then told me to draw my chair close to her side. I made no scruples. Heaven knows I needed not the addition of standing! but most glad I felt in being placed thus near, as it saved a constant painful effort of loud reading.

"Lady Courtown," cried the Queen, "you had better draw nearer, for Miss Burney *has the misfortune* of reading rather low at first."

Nothing could be more amiable than this opening. Accordingly, I did, as I had promised, my best; and, indifferent as that was, it would rather have surprised you, all things considered, that it was not yet worse. But I exerted all the courage I possess, and, having often read

to the Queen, I felt how much it behoved me not to let her surmise I had any *greater* awe to surmount.

It is but a vulgar performance; and I was obliged to omit, as well as I could at sight, several circumstances very unpleasant for reading, and ill enough fitted for such hearers.

It went off pretty flat. Nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt; and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made.

I had been already informed of this etiquette by Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta; nevertheless, it is not only oppressive to the reader, but loses to the hearers so much spirit and satisfaction, that I determined to endeavour, should I again be called upon, to introduce a little break into this tiresome and unnatural profundity of respectful solemnity. My own embarrassment, however, made it agree with me for the present uncommonly well.

Lady Courtown never uttered one single word the whole time; yet is she one of the most loquacious of our establishment. But such is the settled etiquette.

The Queen has a taste for conversation, and the Princesses a good-humoured love for it, that doubles the regret of such an annihilation of all nature and all pleasantry. But what will not prejudice and education inculcate? They have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptions.

They none of them do justice to their own minds, while they enforce this subjection upon the minds of others. I had not experienced it before; for when reading alone with the Queen, or listening to her reading to me, I have always frankly spoken almost whatever has occurred to me. But there I had no other examples

before me, and therefore I might inoffensively be guided by myself; and Her Majesty's continuance of the same honour has shown no disapprobation of my proceeding. But here it was not easy to make any decision for myself: to have done what Lady Courtown forbore doing would have been undoubtedly a liberty.

So we all behaved alike; and easily can I now conceive the disappointment and mortification of poor Mr. Garrick when he read 'Lethe' to a Royal audience. Its tameness must have tamed even him, and I doubt not he never acquitted himself so ill.

The next evening I had the same summons; but 'The English Merchant' was the play, which did far better. It is an elegant and serious piece, which I read with far greater ease, and into which they all entered with far greater interest.

The Princess Royal was so gracious when the Queen left the room, upon our next coming to town, to pay me very kind compliments upon my own part of the entertainment, though her brother the Duke of Clarence happened to be present. And the two other Princesses were full of the characters of the comedy, and called upon me to say which were my favourites, while they told me their own, at all our subsequent meetings for some time.

This is all I have been able to recollect of March in which my dearest readers might not themselves be writers. Chiefly I rejoice they witnessed the long-wished, long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale—not writing it saves me much pang.

APRIL.—I have involuntarily let this month creep along unrecorded till this Tuesday the 20th. I could not muster courage for a journal; but now, to avoid any future long arrears, I determine to put down its poor shallow memorials.

On Easter Sunday, the 4th of April, when I left my beloved Susan at St. James's, I left with her all spirit for any voluntary employment, and it occurred to me I could best while away the leisure allowed me by returning to my long-forgotten tragedy. This I have done, in those moments as yet given to my Journal, and it is well I had so sad a resource, since any merrier I must have aimed at in vain.

It was a year and four months since I had looked at or thought of it. I found nothing but unconnected speeches, and hints, and ideas, though enough in quantity, perhaps, for a whole play. I have now begun planning and methodising, and have written three or four regular scenes. I mention all these particulars of my progress, in answer to certain queries in the comments of my Susan and Fredy, both of old date.

Well (for that is my hack, as "however" is my dear Susanna's), we set off rather late for Windsor,—Mr. De Luc, Miss Planta, and myself; Mrs. Schwellenberg stayed in town.

The Easter party for the Queen consisted of Ladies Harcourt and Courtown; for the Princesses, Ladies Elizabeth Waldegrave and Mary Howe; and for the King, Lord Courtown, General Grenville, Colonels Goldsworthy and Manners, General Budé, and Mr. Thomas Willis. General and Mrs. Harcourt were at St. Leonard's, and came occasionally, and Lord and Lady Chesterfield were at their adjoining villa, and were invited every evening. Dr. John Willis also came for one day.

I invited my old beau, as Her Majesty calls Mr. Bryant, to dinner, and he made me my best day out of the ten days of our Windsor sojourn. He has insisted upon lending me some more books, all concerning the

most distant parts of the earth, or on subjects the most abstruse. His singular simplicity in constantly conceiving that, because to him such books alone are new, they must have the same recommendation to me, is extremely amusing; and though I do all that is possible to clear up the distinction, he never remembers it.

The King, for which I was very sorry, did not come into the room. He made it but one visit, indeed, during this recess. He then conversed almost wholly with General Grenville upon the affairs of France; and in a manner so unaffected, open, and manly, so highly superior to all despotic principles, even while most condemning the unlicensed fury of the Parisian mob, that I wished all the nations of the world to have heard him, that they might have known the real existence of a patriot King.

Another reading took place, and much more comfortably; it was to the Queen and Princesses, without any lady-in-waiting. The Queen, as before, condescended to order me to sit close to her side; and as I had no model before me, I scrupled much less to follow the bent of my own ideas by small occasional comments. And these were of use both to body and mind; they rested the lungs from one invariable exertion, as much as they saved the mind from one strain of attention.

Our play was 'The Man of Business,' a very good comedy, but too local for long life. And another of Colman's which I read afterwards has the same defect. Half the follies and peculiarities it satirises are wholly at an end and forgotten. Humour springing from mere dress, or habits, or phraseology, is quickly obsolete; when it sinks deeper, and dives into character, it may live *for ever*.

To myself I read Mrs. Piozzi's 'Travels.' The

'Travels' are just like herself, abounding in sallies of genius.

The 'Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey,' with which I have been singularly entertained, from their unconscious sketches of life and manners in the reign of Henry VIII., I obtained licence, at last, to return, though they were still unperused. But the mention I chanced to make of them one morning to Lady Harcourt, who professes a particular taste for ancient biography, made her request to read them so earnestly, that I wrote a little note to Mr. Seward of apology, and lent them. He has sent me a most gallant answer, desiring me to look upon them as my own, either for myself or my friends, from this time forward. I shall by no means, however, accept this offer, though I am much obliged by it.

I took down with me from town a 'Commentary on the Lord's Prayer,' which is just published by Dr. Lort, who has had the good-humour to send me a copy from the author. I am always much gratified when I find myself remembered by old acquaintance after long absence. It has not much information, but it is pious and perfectly good.

Another book fell into my possession through Mrs. De Luc; finding I had never—strange to tell!—read Goldsmith's Poems, she sent me a little neat pocket volume, which I accept from that valuable friend, as just the keep-sake, I told her, that could give me only pleasure from her hands.

I dedicated my Wednesday evening to a very comfortable visit to our dear James, whose very good and deserving wife, and fine little fat children, with our Esther and her fair Marianne and Fanny, all cordially conspired to make me happy. We read a good deal of Captain Bligh's interesting narrative, every word of which James has

taken as much to heart as if it were his own production.

I go on, occasionally, with my tragedy. It does not much enliven, but it soothes me.

Windsor.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD.—The anniversary of the Thanksgiving Day, a day in which my gratitude was heightened by making my acknowledgments for its blessing with my Susan by my side.

* * * * *

I shall add nothing at present to my Journal but the summary of a conversation I have had with Colonel Manners, who, at our last excursion, was here without any other gentleman.

Knowing he likes to be considered as a senator, I thought the best subject for our discussion would be the House of Commons; I therefore made sundry political inquiries, so foreign to my usual mode, that you would not a little have smiled to have heard them.

I had been informed he had once made an attempt to speak, during the Regency business, last winter; I begged to know how the matter stood, and he made a most frank display of its whole circumstances.

"Why, they were speaking away," he cried, "upon the Regency, and so,—and they were saying the King could not reign, and recover; and Burke was making some of his eloquence, and talking; and, says he, 'hurled from his throne,'—and so I put out my finger in this manner, as if I was in a great passion, for I felt myself very red, and I was in a monstrous passion I suppose, but I was only going to say 'Hear! Hear!' but I happened to lean one hand down upon my knee, in this way, just as Mr. Pitt does when he wants to speak; and I stooped forward, just as if I was going to rise up and begin; but

just then I caught Mr. Pitt's eye, looking at me so pitifully; he thought I was going to speak, and he was frightened to death, for he thought—for the thing was he got up himself, and he said over all I wanted to say; and the thing is, he almost always does; for just as I have something particular to say, Mr. Pitt begins, and goes through it all, so that he don't leave anything more to be said about it; and so I suppose, as he looked at me so pitifully, he thought I should say it first, or else that I should get into some scrape, because I was so warm and looking so red."

Any comment would disgrace this; I will therefore only tell you his opinion, in his own words, of one of our late taxes.

"There's only one tax, ma'am, that ever I voted for against my conscience, for I've always been very particular about that; but that is the *bacheldor's* tax, and that I hold to be very unconstitutional, and I am very sorry I voted for it, because it's very unfair; for how can a man help being a *bacheldor*, if nobody will have him? and besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves *bacheldors*, for we were made so by God, for nobody was born married, and so I think it's a very unconstitutional tax."

TUESDAY, APRIL 27TH.—I had the happiness of my dearest Fredy's society in Westminster Hall—if happiness and that place may be named together.

The day was mixed; Evidence and Mr. Anstruther weighing it down, and Mr. Burke speaking from time to time, and lighting it up. O, were his purpose worthy his talents, what an effect would his oratory produce! I always hear him with so much concern, I can scarce rejoice even in being kept awake by him.

The day was nearly passed, and I was eating a biscuit

to prevent an absolute doze while Mr. Anstruther was talking, when, raising myself from a listening bend, I turned to the left, and perceived Mr. Windham, who had quietly placed himself by my side without speaking.

My surprise was so great, and so totally had I given up all idea of renewing our conferences, that I could scarce refrain expressing it.

Probably it was visible enough, for he said, as if apologising for coming up, that so to do was the only regale their toils allowed them.

He then regretted that it was a stupid day, and, with all his old civility about me and my time, declared he was always sorry to see me there when nothing worth attention was going forward.

This soon brought us round to our former intimacy of converse; and, the moment I was able, I ventured at my usual inquiry about his own speaking, and if it would soon take place.

"No," he answered, with a look of great pleasure, "I shall now not speak at all.—I have cleared myself from that task, and never with such satisfaction did I get rid of any!"

Amazed, yet internally glad, I hazarded some further inquiry into the reason of this change of plan.

They were drawing, he said, to a conclusion, and the particular charge which he had engaged himself to open was relinquished. "I have therefore," he cried, "washed my hands of making a speech, yet satisfied my conscience, my honour, my promises, and my intentions; for I have declined undertaking anything new, and no claim therefore remains upon me."

"Well," quoth I, "I am at a loss whether to be glad or sorry."

He comprehended instantly,—glad for Mr. Hastings, or

sorry for not hearing him. He laughed, but said something a little reproachful, upon my continued interest for that gentleman.

I would not pretend it was diminished; I determined he should find me as frank as heretofore, and go, or stay, as his nerves stood the firmness.

"You are never, then" (I said afterwards), "to speak here?"

"Once," he answered, "I said a few words——"

"O when?" I cried: "I am very sorry I did not know it, and hear you,—as you did speak!"

"O!" cried he, laughing, "I do not fear this flattery now, as I shall speak no more!"

"But what," cried I, "was the occasion that drew you forth?"

"Nothing very material; but I saw Burke run hard, and I wished to help him."

"That was just," cried I, "what I should have expected from you—and just what I have not been able not to honour, on some other occasions, even where I have most blamed the matter that has drawn forth the assistance."

This was going pretty far:—he could not but instantly feel I meant the Regency discussions. He neither made me any answer, nor turned his head, even obliquely, my way.

I was not sorry, however. 'Tis always best to be sincere.

Finding him quite silent, to soften matters as well as I could with honesty, I began an éloge of Mr. Burke, both warm and true, as far as regards his wonderful abilities. But he soon distinguished the rigorous precision with which, involuntarily, I praised the powers, without adverting to their use.

Suddenly then, and with a look of extreme keenness, he turned his eyes upon me, and exclaimed, "Yes,—and he has very highly, also, the faculty of being right!"

I would the friendship that dictated this assertion were as unwarped as it is animated.

I could not help saying, rather faintly, "Has he?"

Not faintly he answered, "He has!—but not the world alone, even his friends, are apt to misjudge him. What he enters upon, however, with earnestness, you will commonly find turn out as he represents it."

His genius, his mental faculties, and the natural goodness of his heart, I then praised as warmly as Mr. Windham could have praised them himself; but the subject ran me aground a second time, as, quite undesignedly, I concluded my panegyric with declaring that I found it impossible not to admire—nay, love him—through all his wrong.

Finding another total silence and averted head, I started something more general upon the trial.

His openness then returned, with all its customary vivacity, and he expressed himself extremely irritated upon various matters which had been carried against the managers by the judges.

"But, Mr. Windham!" exclaimed I; "the judges!—is it possible you can enter into such a notion as to suppose Mr. Hastings capable of bribing them?"

"O, for capable," cried he, "I don't know!—"

"Well, leave that word out, and suppose him even willing—can you imagine all the judges and all the lords—for they must concur—disposed to be bribed?"

"No; but I see them all determined to acquit Mr. Hastings."

"Determined?—nay, that indeed is doing him very little honour."

"O, for honour!—if he is acquitted——"

He stopped,—as if that were sufficient.

I ventured to ask why the judges and the lords should make such a determination.

"From the general knavery and villany of mankind," was his hard answer; "which always wishes to abet successful guilt."

"Well!" cried I, shaking my head; "you have not, I see, relinquished your speech from having nothing to say. But I am glad you have relinquished it, for I have always been most afraid of you; and the reason is, those who know how to hold back will not for nothing come forward. There is one down there, who, if he knew how ever to hold back, would be great indeed!"

He could not deny this, but would not affirm it. Poor Mr. Burke!—so near to being wholly right, while yet wholly wrong!

When Mr. Burke mounted the rostrum, Mr. Windham stopped short, saying, "I won't interrupt you;" and, in a moment, glided back to the managers' box; where he stood behind Mr. Burke, evidently at hand to assist in any difficulty. His affection for him seems to amount to fondness. This is not for me to wonder at. Who was so captivated as myself by that extraordinary man, till he would no longer suffer me to reverence the talents I must still ever admire?

Saturday, May 1st.—My dear Susanna will remember Mrs. Holroyd, whom we met at Twickenham, during our visit there before the Boulogne expedition. She is now at Mrs. De Luc's, and she called upon me while I was in waiting yesterday, and this morning I returned the compliment. She has lately translated, from a French version, a German work of four thick volumes, by M. Sturm,

consisting of Religious Meditations and Observations for every Day in the Year. Miss Cambridge had lent me the first volume, with which I was much pleased, as well as instructed, though it is a work both too high and too low for general use, rising up to philosophers, and sinking down to children, alternately.

We talked this a good deal over, and she was much gratified in having heard, from Miss Cambridge, that I had mentioned and shown it to my Royal Mistress, for whom she has the most profound veneration, notwithstanding her passionate love for her brother, Lord Sheffield, who is in the Opposition. Of him, too, and his lady and children, I was glad to hear a good account, for old acquaintance sake: though when she hinted at something of its being renewed, I was obliged to fly aloof. The *Opposition* interest is not quite that of our abode!

In one speech she a good deal surprised me. She led me to speak of the Queen, and expressed herself satisfied how high I must stand in her graciousness, but added, she knew not if that was desirable, since "the more," she said, "you become attached, the greater will be your pain and difficulty in any future plan of quitting her."

Was it not odd?—I made some general answer, disclaiming any such plan; she took no notice of it, but enlarged with much pity on my extreme confinement.

SUNDAY, MAY 2ND.—This morning, in my way to church, just as I arrived at the iron gate of our courtyard, a well-known voice called out, "Ah, there's Miss Burney!"

I started, and looked round—and saw—Mrs. Piozzi!

I hastened up to her; she met my held-out hand with both hers: Mr. Piozzi and Cecilia were with her—all smiling and good-humoured.

"You are going," she cried, "to church?—so am I

I must run first to the inn: I suppose one may sit—anywhere one pleases?"

"Yes," I cried, "but you must be quick, or you will sit nowhere, there will be such a throng."

This was all;—she hurried on,—so did I.

I received exceeding great satisfaction in this little and unexpected meeting. She had been upon the Terrace, and was going to change her hat; and haste on both sides prevented awkwardness on either.

Yet I saw she had taken in good part my concluding *hand-presentation* at my dear Mr. Lock's: she met me no more with that *fierté* of defiance: it was not—nor can it ever be—with her old cordiality, but it was with some degree of pleasure, and that species of readiness which evinces a consciousness of meeting with a good reception.

* * * * *

Dr. Fisher lent me the first volume of Mr. Bruce. But I could only find time to look over the Introduction; which, indeed, in pompous promise of what is to come, and satisfied boast of what has been performed, exceeds whatever yet the most doughty hero has advanced of his own *faicts et gestes*. Your two little men are quite undone!

This extraordinary wight acquainted my father, not long since, that he should take the liberty to order a set of his Travels to be finely bound up, and sent to "his daughter with the Queen;" because there had appeared, some years ago, an ode, addressed to himself, which he attributed to that person, and felt eager to acknowledge!

Much surprised, my father inquired further, and heard there was a great compliment to himself, also, which induced this suggestion. My father said that alone was sufficient to satisfy him it was not his daughter's.

He sent the ode to my father. It is such a one as I might be proud enough, Heaven knows, to own, in point of poetry and idea, and far superior to anything I have a chance to produce in the Apollo line; but I am free to confess—I rather think I should have chosen another subject! It is all panegyric; no Laureate birthday incense breathes higher flattery.

THURSDAY, MAY 6TH.—This being the last Pantheon, I put in my long-intended claim; and it was greatly facilitated by the circumstance of a new singer, Madame Benda, making her first appearance. She is just arrived from Germany, and has been humbly recommended to the notice of Her Majesty: it was on this account my father engaged her to try her powers at the Pantheon; and the Queen was herself interested I should hear her success.

My dearest father fetched me from the Queen's house. Esther and Marianne kept me places between them. Marianne never looked so pretty; I saw not a face there I thought equally lovely. And, oh, how Pacchierotti sung!—HOW!—with what exquisite feeling, what penetrating pathos!—I could almost have cried the whole time, that this one short song was all I should be able to hear!

For the short time I was empowered to stay, I was most fortunate in my rencounters; for who should sit next my dear Esther but Mr. Twining? Glad was I to see him—most glad indeed,—and the more, as I have no other chance to have that gratification. When I told him this, he answered, "Oh no!—I know that!—I know you are a *sight!* I look upon you as a *show,*—just as I do upon the Lincolnshire ox, or new American bird!"

I saw very few of my general acquaintance, for I sat near the private door to the chairs, that I might glide

away without disturbance. Amongst the few, however, I was claimed by Mrs. Monckton, a sister-in-law of the queerly celebrated Miss Monckton, now Lady Corke, at whose house I had formerly the pleasure to meet her. Indeed, she visited me in St. Martin's-street. She was a daughter of the unfortunate Lord Pigot, and is a very sensible, agreeable, and accomplished woman. We were too distantly seated for many words; but all that we interchanged were in perfect harmony, since they sung, in alternate strains, the praises of Pacchierotti.

The first person who accosted me on my entrance was Lord Valletort, who had so regularly attended this charming concert as instantly to pronounce to me that this was my first appearance.

Mrs. John Hunter, also, recollected me: I had once met her at an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. She is a very fine woman, and highly accomplished; but with rather too much glare, both without and within.

Poor Madame Benda pleased neither friend nor foe: she has a prodigious voice, great powers of execution, but a manner of singing so vehemently boisterous, that a boatswain might entreat her to moderate it.

At the beginning of the second act I was obliged to decamp. James, who had just found me out, was my esquire. "Well," he cried, in our way to the chair, "will there be war with Spain?"

I assured him I thought not.

"So I am afraid!" answered the true English tar. "However, if there is, I should be glad of a frigate of thirty-two guns. Now, if you ask for it, don't say a *frigate*, and get me one of twenty-eight!"

Good Heaven!—poor innocent James!—

And just as I reached the chair—"But how shall you

feel," he cried, "when I ask you to desire a guard-ship for me, in about two years' time?"

I could make no precise answer to that!

He then added that he intended coming to court!

Very much frightened, I besought him first to come and drink tea with me—which he promised.

In my way home, as I went ruminating upon this apparently but just, though really impracticable demand, I weighed well certain thoughts long revolving, and of late nearly bursting forth; and the result was this—*to try all, while yet there is time!* Reproach else may aver, when too late, greater courage would have had greater success. This idea settled my resolutions, and they all bent to one point, risking all risks.

MONDAY, MAY 10TH.—This evening, by appointment, came our good James and his wife, and soon afterwards, to my great pleasure, Captain Phillips joined us.

I take it, therefore, for granted, he will have told all that passed in the business way. I was very anxious to gather more intelligibly the wishes and requests of poor James, and to put a stop to his coming to court without taking such previous steps as are customary. I prevailed, and promised, in return, to make known his pretensions.

You may believe, my dear friends, this promise was the result of the same wish of experiment, and sense of claim upon me of my family to make it *while I may*, that I have mentioned. I did—this very evening. I did it *gaily*, and in relating such anecdotes as were amusingly characteristic of a sailor's honest but singular notions of things: yet I have done it completely; his wishes and his claims are now laid open—Heaven knows to what effect! The court-scheme I have also told; and my

Royal Mistress very graciously informed me, that if presented by some superior officer there could be no objection; but otherwise, unless he had some promotion, it was not quite usual.

TUESDAY, MAY 11TH.—This morning my Royal Mistress had previously arranged for me that I should go to the trial, and had given me a ticket for my little Sarah to accompany me; and late last night, I believe after twelve o'clock, she most graciously gave me another for James. Just at this time she could not more have gratified me than by a condescension to my dear brother. Poor Columb was sent with the intelligence, and directions for our meeting at seven o'clock this morning, to Norton-street.

Sarah came early; but James was so late we were obliged to leave word for him to follow us.

He did,—two hours afterwards! by way of being our esquire; and then told me he knew it would be in good time, and so he had stopped to breakfast at Sir Joseph Banks's.

I suppose the truth is, it saved him a fresh puff of powder for some other day.

We talked over all affairs, naval and national, very comfortably. The trial is my only place for long dialogues!

I gave him a new and earnest charge that he would not *speak home* concerning the prosecution to Mr. Windham, should he join us. He made me a less reluctant promise than heretofore, for when last with Charlotta at Aylsham he had frequently visited Mr. Windham, and had several battles at draughts or backgammon with him; and there is no such good security against giving offence as seeing ourselves that our opponents are worth pleasing. Here, too, as I told James, however we might think all the managers in the wrong, they were at least open enemies,

and acting a public part, and therefore they must fight it out, as he would do with the Spaniards, if, after all negotiation, they came to battle.

He allowed this; and promised to leave him to the attacks of the little privateer, without falling foul of him with a broadside.

Soon after the trial began Mr. Windham came up to us, and after a few minutes' chat with me addressed himself to James about the approaching war. "Are you preparing," he cried, "for a campaign?"

"Not such a one," cried James, "as we had last summer at Aylsham!"

"But what officers you are!" he cried, "*you men of Captain Cook;* you rise upon us in every trial! This Captain Bligh,—what feats, what wonders he has performed! What difficulties got through! What dangers defied! And with such cool, manly skill!"

They talked the narrative over as far as Mr. Windham had in manuscript seen its sketch; but as I had not read it, I could not enter into its detail.

This over, he took his seat by my elbow, and renewed one of his old style of conversations about the trial; each of us firmly maintaining our original ground. I believe he has now relinquished his expectation of making me a convert.

He surprised me soon by saying, "I begin to fear, after all, that what you have been talking about to me will come to pass."

I found he meant his own speaking upon a new charge, which, when I last saw him, he exultingly told me was given up. He explained the apparent inconsistency by telling me that some new change of plan had taken place, and that Mr. Burke was extremely urgent with him to open the next charge: "And I cannot," he cried emphatically, "leave Burke in the lurch!" I both believed and ap-

plauded him so far; but why are either of them engaged in a prosecution so uncoloured by necessity?

One chance he had still of escaping this tremendous task, he told me, which was that it might devolve upon Grey; but Burke, he did not disavow, wished it to be himself. "However," he laughingly added, "I think we may toss up!"

In that case, how I wish he may lose! not only from believing him the abler enemy, but to reserve his name from amongst the Active List in such a cause.

He bewailed,—with an arch look that showed his consciousness I should like the lamentation,—that he was now all unprepared,—all fresh to begin in documents and materials; the charge being wholly new and unexpected, and that which he had considered relinquished.

"I am glad, however," cried I, "your original charge is given up; for I well remember what you said of it."

"I might be flattered," cried he, "and enough, that you should remember anything I say—did I not know it was only for the sake of its subject,"—looking down upon Mr. Hastings.

I could not possibly deny this; but added that I recollected he had acknowledged his charge was to prove Mr. Hastings "mean, pitiful, little, and fraudulent."

The trial this day consisted almost wholly in dispute upon evidence; the managers offered such as the counsel held improper, and the judges and lords at last adjourned to debate the matter in their own chamber.

Mr. Burke made a very fine speech upon the rights of the prosecutor to bring forward his accusation, for the benefit of justice, in such mode as appeared most consonant to his own reason and the nature of things, according to their varying appearances as fresh and fresh matter occurred.

The counsel justly alleged the hardship to the client, if thus liable to new allegations and suggestions, for which he came unprepared, from a reliance that those publicly given were all against which he need arm himself, and that, if those were disproved, he was cleared; while the desultory and shifting charges of the managers put him out in every method of defence, by making it impossible to him to discern where he might be attacked.

In the course of this debate I observed Mr. Windham so agitated and so deeply attentive, that it prepared me for what soon followed: he mounted the rostrum—for the third time only since this trial commenced.

His speech was only to a point of law respecting evidence: he kept close to his subject, with a clearness and perspicuity very uncommon indeed amongst these orators. His voice, however, is greatly in his disfavour; for he forces it so violently, either from earnestness or a fear of not being heard, that, though it answered the purpose of giving the most perfect distinctness to what he uttered, its sound had an unpleasing and crude quality that amazed and disappointed me. The command of his language and fluency of his delivery, joined to the compact style of his reasoning and conciseness of his arguments, were all that could answer my expectations: but his manner—whether from energy or secret terror—lost all its grace, and by no means seemed to belong to the elegant and high-bred character that had just quitted me.

In brief,—how it may happen I know not,—but he certainly does not do justice to his own powers and talents in public.

He was excessively agitated: when he had done and dismounted, I saw his pale face of the most fiery red. Yet he had uttered nothing in a passion. It must have been simply from internal effort.

The counsel answered him; and he mounted to reply. Here, indeed, he did himself honour; his readiness of answer, the vivacity of his objections, and the instantaneous command of all his reasoning faculties, were truly striking. Had what he said not fallen in reply to a speech but that moment made, I must have concluded it the result of study, and an harangue learnt by heart.

He was heard with the most marked attention.

The second speech, like the first, was wholly upon the laws of evidence, and Mr. Hastings was not named in either.

He is certainly practising against his great day. And, in truth, I hold still to my fear of it; for, however little his *manner* in public speaking may keep pace with its promise in private conversation, his *matter* was tremendously pointed and severe.

The trial of the day concluded by an adjournment to consult upon the evidence in debate, with the judges, in the House of Lords.

Mr. Windham came up to the seats of the Commons in my neighbourhood, but not to me; he spoke to the Misses Francis,—daughters of Mr. Hastings's worst foe,—and hurried down.

While Sarah and I were waiting down-stairs in the Great Hall, and James was gone for Columb, I was addressed by Mrs. Crewe, who most civilly renewed old acquaintance, with kind *complaints* against my immured life.

I told her, with a laugh, that coming to this trial might reconcile any one to stillness and confinement; for it gave but little encouragement to action and exertion.

On my return I was called upon to give an account of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses. 'Tis a formidable business, I assure you, to perform.

THURSDAY, MAY 13TH.—I went to a musical party at our Esther's: I heard, as usual, only the opening of the concert; but it was very sweet to me. Lady Mary Duncan was amongst the company, and I thought her much altered from her wonted cordiality; whether from resenting my never having waited upon her, I could not tell; but it made me uneasy, her many kindnesses always combating her queernesses in my regard; and therefore I could not rest till I made my peace, by proposing a visit on my first attainable Monday. The offer was very smilingly accepted, and all did well. I must represent my case to my Royal Mistress, and manage it if possible.

I had the pleasure also to meet our old acquaintance Mrs. Maling, and some of her grown up daughters; but my first pleasure was in seeing Pacchierotti, that sweetly gentle old friend and favourite, whose fascinating talents would carry me almost anywhere, without any other inducement.

He was so kind as to sing one song, and that almost at the opening, for my indulgence. I was forced to fly without thanking him.

Our ever-good James was there, and full of his ship plans. I see him quite amazed that he has not had a vessel, just such a one as he wished, instantly given him, on making known, through me, his desire! Alas! * *

His excellent wife brought me their two fine and jovial children at St. James's, where we all made merry during the drawing-room.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Her Majesty sent the Princess Elizabeth to summon me to a public reading. I found, added to my Royal hearers, Lady Harcourt and Lady Juliana Penn! However, the Queen was still so gracious as to order me to sit down, which I did close to her elbow.

The play chosen was 'The Rivals.' Mr. Sheridan does not, I presume, fancy me reading any of his works to Her Majesty.

These two ladies added much to the solemnity I have made such efforts to dispel: Lady Harcourt seemed to think it would be a liberty to attend to the play, so far as to enter at all into its spirit; and Lady Juliana had just been set about some spinning, and I believe was so absorbed in her work, either because it was new to her, or because it was for the Queen, that she held it most respectful to attend to nothing else. It is terrible to see how formality annihilates the best faculties!

TUESDAY, MAY 18TH.—This morning I again went to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings. Heavens! who can see him sit there unmoved? not even those who think him guilty,—if they are human.

I took with me Mrs. Bogle. She had long since begged a ticket for her husband, which I could never before procure. We now went all three. And, indeed, her original speeches and remarks made a great part of my entertainment.

Mr. Hastings and his counsel were this day most victorious. I never saw the prosecutors so dismayed. Yet both Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox spoke, and before the conclusion so did Mr. Windham. They were all in evident embarrassment. Mr. Hastings's counsel finished the day with a most noble appeal to justice and innocence, protesting that, if his client did not fairly claim the one, by proving the other, he wished himself that the prosecutors —that the Lords—that the nation at large—that the hand of God—might fall heavy upon him!

This had a great and sudden effect,—not a word was uttered. The prosecutors looked dismayed and astonished; and the day closed.

Mr. Windham came up to speak to Misses Francis about a *dinner;* but he only bowed to me, and with a look so conscious—so much saying "'Tis your turn to triumph now!"—that I had not the spite to attack him.

But when the counsel had uttered this animated speech, Mrs. Bogle was so much struck, she hastily arose, and, clapping her hands, called out audibly, in a broad Scotch accent, "O, *chaarming!*" I could hardly quiet her till I assured her we should make a paragraph for the newspapers!

I had the pleasure to deliver this myself to their Majesties and the Princesses; and as I was called upon while it was fresh in my memory, I believe but little of the general energy was forgotten. It gave me great pleasure to repeat so striking an affirmation of the innocence of so high, so injured I believe, a character. The Queen eagerly declared I should go again the next sitting.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19TH.—The real birthday of my Royal Mistress, to whom may Heaven grant many, many, and prosperous! Dressing, and so forth, filled up all the morning; and at night I had a tête-à-tête with Charles, till twelve. I got to bed about five in the morning. The sweet Princesses had a ball, and I could not lament my fatigue.

THURSDAY, MAY 20TH.—To-day again to the trial, to which I took Miss Young, Her Majesty having given me two tickets very late over-night. Miss Young is singularly, as far as I can see, the reverse of her eccentric parents; she is moderation personified.

Mr. Windham again spoke in the course of this morning's business, which was chiefly occupied in debating on the admissibility of the evidence brought forward by the prosecutors. The quickness and aptness of his argu-

ments, with the admirable facility and address with which he seized upon those of his opponents, the counsel, were strong marks of that high and penetrating capacity so strikingly his characteristic. The only defect in his speaking is the tone of his voice, which, from exertion, loses all its powers of modulation, and has a crude accent and expression very disagreeable.

During the examination of Mr. Anderson, one of Mr. Hastings's best friends,—a sensible, well-bred, and gentleman-like man,—Mr. Windham came up to my elbow.

"And can this man," cried he, presently, "this man—so gentle—be guilty?"

I accused him of making a point to destroy all admiration of gentleness in my opinion. "But you are grown very good now!" I added, "No, *very bad* I mean!"

He knew I meant for speaking; and I then gave him burlesqued, various definitions of good, which had fallen from Mr. Fox in my hearing; the most contradictory, and, taken out of their place, the most ridiculous imaginable.

He laughed very much, but seriously confessed that technical terms and explanations had better have been wholly avoided by them all, as the counsel were sure to out-technicalise them, and they were then exposed to greater embarrassments than by steering clear of the attempt, and resting only upon their common forces.

"There is one praise," I cried, "which I am always sure to meet in the newspapers whenever I meet with your name; and I begin to quite tire of seeing it for you,—your skill in logic!"

"O, I thank you," he cried, earnestly; "I am indeed quite ashamed of the incessant misappropriation of that word."

"No, no," cried I; "I only tire of it because they seem to think, when once the word logic and your name

are combined, they have completely stated all. However, in what little I have heard, I could have suspected you to have been prepared with a speech ready written, had I not myself heard just before all the arguments which it answered."

I then added that I was the less surprised at this facility of language, from having heard my brother declare he knew no man who read Greek with that extraordinary rapidity—no, not Dr. Parr, nor any of the professed Grecians, whose peculiar study it had been through life.

This could be nothing, he said, but partiality.

"Not mine, at least," cried I, laughing, "for Greek excellence is rather out of my sphere of panegyric!"

"Well," cried he, laughing too at my disclaiming, "'tis your brother's partiality. However, 'tis one I must try not to lose; I must take to my Greek exercises again."

They will do you a world of good, thought I, if they take you but from your prosecution-exercises.

We then talked of Mr. Burke. "How finely," I cried, "he has spoken! with what fulness of intelligence, and what fervour!"

He agreed, with delighted concurrence.

"Yet,—so much!—so long!" I added.

"True!" cried he, ingenuously, yet concerned. "What pity he can never stop!"

And then I enumerated some of the diffuse and unnecessary paragraphs which had weakened his cause, as well as his speech.

He was perfectly candid, though always with some reluctance. "But a man who speaks in public," he said, "should never forget what will do for his auditors: for himself alone, it is not enough to think; but for what is fitted, and likely to be interesting to them."

"He wants nothing," cried I, "but a flapper."

"Yes, and he takes flapping inimitably."

"You, then," I cried, "should be his flapper."

"And sometimes," said he, smiling, "I am."

"O, I often see," cried I, "of what use you are to him. I see you watching him,—reminding, checking him in turn,—at least, I fancy all this as I look into the managers' box, which is no small amusement to me,—when there is any commotion there!"

He bowed; but I never diminished from the frank unfriendliness to the cause with which I began.

But I assured him I saw but too well how important and useful he was to them, even without speaking.

"Perhaps," cried he, laughing, "more than with speaking."

"I am not meaning to talk of that now," said I; "but yet, one thing I will tell you: I hear you more distinctly than any one; the rest I as often miss as catch, except when they turn this way,—a favour which you never did me!"

"No, no, indeed!" cried he; "to abstract myself from all, is all that enables me to get on."

And then, with his native candour, he cast aside prejudice, and very liberally praised several points in this poor persecuted great man.

I had seen, I said, an imitation from Horace, which had manifested, I presumed, his scholarship.

"O, ay," cried he, "an Ode to Mr. Shore, who is one of the next witnesses. Burke was going to allude to it, but I begged him not. I do not like to make their Lordships smile in this grave business."

"That is so right!" cried I: "Ah, you know it is you and your attack I have feared most all along!"

"This flattery"-- cried he.

"Do not use that word any more, Mr. Windham," interrupted I; "if you do, I shall be tempted to make a very shocking speech to you—the very reverse of flattery, I assure you!"

He stared,—and I went on.

"I shall say,—that those who think themselves flattered —flatter *themselves*."

"What?—hey?—how?" cried he.

"Nay, they cannot conclude themselves flattered, without concluding they have *de quoi* to make it worth while!"

"Why,—there—there may be something in that; but not here!—no, here it must flow simply from general benevolence,—from a wish to give comfort or pleasure."

I disclaimed all; and turned his attention again to Mr. Hastings. "See!" I cried, "see but how thin—how ill—looks that poor little uncle of yours!"

Again I upbraided him with being unnatural; and lamented Mr. Hastings's change since I had known him in former days. "And shall I tell you," I added, "something in which you had nearly been involved with him?"

"Me?—with Mr. Hastings!"

"Yes! and I regret it did not happen! You may recollect my mentioning my original acquaintance with him, before I lived where I now do."

"Yes; but where you *now* . . . . . I understand you,—expect ere long you *may* see him!"

He meant from his acquittal, and reception at the Queen's house. And I would not contradict him.

"But, however," I continued, "my acquaintance and regard began very fairly while I lived at home at my father's; and indeed I regret you could not *then* and *so* have known him, as I am satisfied you would have been pleased with him, which *now* you cannot judge. He is so

gentle-mannered, so intelligent, so unassuming, yet so full-minded."

"I have understood that," he answered; "yet 'tis amazing how little unison there may be between manners and characters, and how softly gentle a man may appear without, whose nature within is all ferocity and cruelty. This is a part of mankind of which you cannot judge—of which, indeed, you can scarce form an idea."

After a few comments I continued what I had to say, which, in fact, was nothing but another *malice* of my own against him. I reminded him of one day in a former year of this trial, when I had the happiness of sitting at it with my dearest Mrs. Lock, in which he had been so obliging, with reiterated offers, as to propose seeing for my servant, &c.—"Well," I continued, "I was afterwards extremely sorry I had not accepted your kindness; for . . . . just as we were going away, who should be passing, and turn back to speak to me, but Mr. Hastings! 'O!' he cried, 'I must come here to see you, I find!' Now, had you but been with me at that moment! I own it would have been the greatest pleasure to me to have brought you together; though I am quite at a loss to know whether I ought, in that case, to have presented you to each other."

He laughed most heartily,—half, probably, with joy at his escape; but he had all his wits about him in his answer. "If *you*," he cried, "had been between us, we might, for once, have coalesced—in both bowing to the same shrine!"

* * * *

My dear Mrs. Ord was so good as to come to me one morning at nine o'clock, to take me to the exhibition, where I saw, I fear, the last works of the first of our painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The thought, and his

unhappy loss of eyesight, made the view of his pictures very melancholy to me.

I have been very much pleased with Mr. Jerningham's verses to him upon his visual misfortune.

And now, my dear sisters, to a subject and narration interesting to your kind affections, because important to my future life.

FRIDAY, MAY 28TH.—The Princess Augusta condescended to bring me a most gracious message from the King, desiring to know if I wished to go to Handel's Commemoration, and if I should like the 'Messiah,' or prefer any other day?

With my humble acknowledgments for his goodness, I fixed instantly on the 'Messiah;' and the very amiable Princess came smiling back to me, bringing me my ticket from the King.

This would not, indeed, much have availed me, but that I fortunately knew my dear father meant to go to the Abbey. I despatched Columb to Chelsea, and he promised to call for me the next morning.

My 'Visions' I had meant to produce in a few days; and to know their chance before I left town for the summer. But I thought the present opportunity not to be slighted, for some little opening, that might lighten the task of the exordium upon the day of attempt.

He was all himself; all his native self;—kind, gay, open, and full fraught with converse.

Chance favoured me: we found so little room, that we were fain to accept two vacant places at once, though they separated us from my uncle, Mr. Burney, and his brother James, who were all there, and all meant to be of the same party.

I might not, at another time, have rejoiced in this dis-

union, but it was now most opportune: it gave me three hours' conference with my dearest father—the only conference of that length I have had in four years.

Fortune again was kind; for my father began relating various anecdotes of attacks made upon him for procuring to sundry strangers some acquaintance with his daughter, particularly with the Duchesse de Biron, and the Mesdames de Boufflers; to whom he answered, he had no power; but was somewhat struck by a question of Madame de B. in return, who exclaimed, "Mais, monsieur, est-ce possible! Mademoiselle votre fille n'a-t-elle point de vacance?"

This led to much interesting discussion, and to many confessions and explanations on my part, never made before; which induced him to enter more fully into the whole of the situation, and its circumstances, than he had ever yet had the leisure or the spirits to do; and he repeated sundry speeches of discontent at my seclusion from the world.

All this encouraged me to much detail: I spoke my high and constant veneration for my Royal Mistress, her merits, her virtues, her condescension, and her even peculiar kindness towards me. But I owned the species of life distasteful to me: I was lost to all private comfort, dead to all domestic endearment; I was worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. My time was devoted to official duties; and all that in life was dearest to me—my friends, my chosen society, my best affections—lived now in my mind only by recollection, and rested upon that with nothing but bitter regret. With relations the most deservedly dear, with friends of almost unequalled goodness, I lived like an orphan—like one who had no natural ties, and must make her way as she could by those that were factitious. Me-

lancholy was the existence where happiness was excluded, though not a complaint could be made! where the illustrious personages who were served possessed almost all human excellence,—yet where those who were their servants, though treated with the most benevolent condescension, could never, in any part of the livelong day, command liberty, or social intercourse, or repose!

The silence of my dearest father now silencing myself, I turned to look at him; but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort!—We were both perfectly still a few moments; but when he raised his head I could hardly keep my seat, to see his eyes filled with tears!—"I have long," he cried, "been uneasy, though I have not spoken; .... but .... if you wish to resign—my house, my purse, my arms, shall be open to receive you back!"

The emotion of my whole heart at this speech—this sweet, this generous speech—O my dear friends, I need not say it!

We were mutually forced to break up our conference. I could only instantly accept his paternal offer, and tell him it was my guardian angel, it was Providence in its own benignity, that inspired him with such goodness. I begged him to love the day in which he had given me such comfort, and assured him it would rest upon my heart with grateful pleasure till it ceased to beat.

He promised to drink tea with me before I left town, and settle all our proceedings. I acknowledged my intention to have ventured to solicit this very permission of resigning.—"But I," cried he, smiling with the sweetest kindness, "have spoken first myself."

What a joy to me, what a relief, this very circumstance!

it will always lighten any evil that may, unhappily, follow this proposed step.

MONDAY, MAY 30TH.—This evening I obtained leave to make my first visit, from Court, to Lady Mary Duncan. I was really glad to see her again, and very kindly received, though not with the same cordial openness as when I came from St. Martin's-street. She is a professed enemy of the Court, and it manifests no little remnant of original kindness that she will any longer even endure me.

She had an excellent concert, but I could only hear its opening! I was obliged to return home after the first song of Pacchierotti, which he sang in his first manner, with every sweetness of expression and sensibility that human powers can give the human voice.

Very few of my old friends were there; I think only Mr. Nicholls and Miss Farquhar. My father presented me to the new Duchess of Dorset, who seems to assume nothing upon her new dignity.

* * * *

I have not, I believe, mentioned a correspondence in which I was engaged with Mr. Cambridge some time ago? It was one extremely pleasant to me; he sent me several fragments of poems, all upon the subject of the French Revolution, and wrote the kindest notes or letters to enclose them. His very excellent 'Progress of Liberty' I am sure you have seen. His constant trust, and friendship, and affection, are amongst my most cherished comforts, and, indeed, I must own, amongst my greatest astonishments; for so little I now see him, so seldom, so precariously, and with such difficulty to himself, that I am perpetually preparing myself for perceiving his thoughts about me *oblivionised*. I am very happy to find how far from just has proved hitherto this apprehension.

With his daughter I have never that fear; reliance can go no deeper than mine upon her, founded upon her firm and steady character, which deliberately forms its connexions, but as warmly as permanently adheres to them.

PART IV.

1790.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs. —— — Anecdote of the Princess Sophia—A Sailor's notions of Etiquette—Lord Chatham and Captain Burney—Character of the proceedings at Hastings's Trial—Burke's Speech on the French Revolution—Its effect in the House described by Windham—Conversation with Windham—Mr. Courtney—His Pamphlet on the French Revolution—Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Ord—Fox's Speech on Hastings's Trial—The Thrales—Windsor Terrace—Mrs. Gwynn—Mrs. Trimmer—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs.—— —Maternal Solicitude—Tragedy by Miss Burney —A Royal Birthday at Frogmore—Jacob Bryant—Death of a faithful Servant—An unpleasant Dilemma—Correspondence between Miss Burney and Horace Walpole—A friendly Cabal —Mr. Windham and the Literary Club—The Oddities of James Boswell—Edmund Burke—His Work on the French Revolution—Declining Health of Miss Burney—Her Resignation of her Situation at Court—Her Memorial to the Queen—Conclusion of the Year 1790.

PART IV.

1790.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

DEAR MADAM, Cypenham, June 12, 1790.

PERMIT me through your hands most gratefully to make a return to the Queen of the book with which Her Majesty in her great goodness and condescension was pleased to intrust me. It has been read by me with much care, and with equal satisfaction and emolument. For though I trust (as I took the liberty to mention to Her Most Excellent Majesty) that my principles are well founded and determinately fixed, yet the renovation of these truths, and of the arguments in their favour, affords a refreshment to the mind, and is productive of many happy consequences. It is like the dew from above upon herbs and plants; which, however verdant and well rooted before, yet find a sensible benefit from the heavenly supply.

In this Treatise we have an address from a father to a beloved daughter. But I found at the beginning of it, in manuscript, upon a spare leaf, an address, by another hand, to a daughter equally beloved, and truly noble and excellent. This affected me far more than all the letters of Baron Haller. The piety and parental love, and the affecting solicitude there displayed, absolutely brought tears into my eyes—such tears as flow from a pleasing sensibility, and from those heavenly emotions which we feel when we look up to transcendant goodness dealing out happiness to mankind. Plato says, "If Virtue

could appear in a human form, what admiration would she excite!"—I think I have seen that appearance; and have been affected accordingly.

I am, dear Madam,
Your most obliged humble servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

This month opened with the truly afflicting intelligence of the death of my poor Mrs. * * * *'s little baby! How marked by misfortune is the youth of that lovely mourner! The poor child died last month, though the news reached me the first of this.

Not a little was I surprised by a visit on the same morning from Miss Payne, whom I had not seen since I left St. Martin's-street, nor been able to appoint: however, she came now of her own accord, and brought also Miss Mathias—not our Charlotte's acquaintance, but her cousin.

She came to execute a commission of Mr. Bentham, a stranger to me; who wished me to read the MS. Memoirs of his son, a Colonel in the Russian service, and present, if I approved them, the book to the Queen for perusal. There was no refusing; yet these are always dangerous commissions.

*Miss F. Burney to Mrs. * * * * *.*

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, June 11, 1790.

YOU were most kind to write again so soon, my sweet M——; very anxious was I to hear—yet hardly dared hope for—words so very good, of calmness and determined fortitude. I scarce know how to direct to you, but I cannot rest easy without writing.

Most earnestly I hope the sea-scheme will take place. We know, at the worst, how we can meet, and neither of

us will be too proud to accept such terms as our fates allow us to make. Half the world relinquish small comforts because disappointed of great ones: you and I must not do that. Indeed to me it will not be enrolled amongst the small ones to see my poor afflicted M—— in any way or manner whatsoever.

Those thoughts which entered your mind at the sight of so much agony with innocence, will not, I am sure, dwell there, and therefore I am not uneasy to hear of them: they hardly were thoughts; they were rather spontaneous feelings, and so natural at such a period of maternal wretchedness, that, believe me, my dearest M——, instead of blaming, I feel persuaded they are pardonable even in the sight of the Most High, so long as they are involuntary, and excited by such extreme anguish as weakens religious principles. The mind may, I trust, be as readily forgiven incapacity at such moments, when deprived of its reasoning faculties, as the body when enfeebled by sickness and infirmity.

To indulge in ruminations of that sort would indeed be reprehensible and presumptuous in the highest degree; for how should we, who never truly and candidly can judge one another, arraign the dispensations, as faulty or needless, of a Providence to our narrow senses unsearchable?

These are reflections which will bear much diffusion. I enlarge upon them for my own use, in every circumstance of calamity, when its first bitterness is past. My dearest M—— will draw them out for herself: she is able, from the goodness of her understanding; and she will be willing, from her veneration of one whose brightest quality, amid so many that were brilliant, was resignation to the will of God.

You are disposed to join in the idea that the little

angel looks down upon you; and you finish by thanking God she is now at peace. These two instances satisfy me of what I have said, that the turn of your mind has not varied from right, in faith or submission, but that your feelings were too strongly stimulated to be under their proper command.

Write to me as soon and as often as you can; my sympathising thoughts follow you in this unexpected blow with unceasing pity,—my dear, my sweet M——!—Heaven bless you!

May I try to make you smile? I could not help it myself when the other day the Princess Sophia came to my room, and said, "Dear, how sorry I am for poor Mrs. * * *! I'm sure I hope she'll soon have another!" as if, so any one was to be had, it would do!

The next morning I went again to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings: Mrs. Ord received from me my companion ticket, kindly giving up the Duke of Newcastle's box to indulge me with her company.

But I must mention an extraordinary circumstance that happened in the last week. I received in a parcel—No I will recite it you as I told it to Mr. Windham, who, fortunately, saw and came up to me—fortunately, I say, as the business of the day was very unedifying, and as Mrs. Ord much wished to hear some of his conversation.

He inquired kindly about James and his affairs, and if he had yet a ship; and, to let him see a person might reside in a Court, and yet have no undue influence, I related his proceedings with Lord Chatham, and his laconic letter and interview. The first running thus:—

"My Lord,—I should be glad of an audience; if your

Lordship will be so good to appoint a time, I will wait upon you.

"I am, my Lord,
"Your humble servant,
"JAMES BURNEY."

"And pray," quoth I to James, when he told me this, "did you not say the honour of an audience?"

"No," answered he, "I was civil enough without that; I said, If you will be so good—that was very civil—and honour is quite left off now."

How comic! to run away proudly from forms and etiquettes, and then pretend it was only to be more in the last mode.

Mr. Windham enjoyed this characteristic trait very much; and he likes James so well that he deserved it, as well as the interview which ensued.

"How do you do, Captain Burney?"

"My Lord, I should be glad to be employed."

"You must be sensible, Captain Burney, we have many claimants just now, and more than it is possible to satisfy immediately."

"I am very sensible of that, my Lord; but, at the same time, I wish to let your Lordship know what I should like to have—a frigate of thirty-two guns."

"I am very glad to know what you wish, sir."

He took out his pocket-book, made a memorandum, and wished James a good morning.

Whether or not it occurred to Mr. Windham, while I told this, that there seemed a shorter way to Lord Chatham, and one more in his own style, I know not: he was too delicate to let such a hint escape, and I would not for the world intrust him with my applications and disappointments.

"But I have found," cried I afterwards, "another newspaper praise for you now. 'Mr. Windham, with his usual vein of irony.'"

"O yes," cried he, "I saw that! But what can it mean?—I use no 'vein of irony;'—I dislike it, except for peculiar purposes, keenly handled, and soon passed over."

"Yet this is the favourite panegyric you receive continually; this, or logic, always attends your name in the newspapers."

"But do I use it?"

"Nay, not to me, I own. As a manner, I never found it out, at least. However, I am less averse now than formerly to the other panegyric—close logic; for I own the more frequently I come hither the more convinced I find myself that that is no character of commendation to be given universally."

He could say nothing to this; and really the dilatory, desultory style of these prosecutors in general deserved a much deeper censure.

"If a little closeness of logic and reasoning were observed by one I look at now, what a man would he be, and who could compare with him!"

Mr. Burke you are sure was here my object; and his entire, though silent and unwilling, assent was obvious.*

"What a speech," I continued, "has he lately made! how noble, how energetic, how enlarged throughout!"

"O," cried he, very unaffectedly, "upon the French Revolution?"

"Yes; and any party might have been proud of it, for liberality, for feeling, for all in one—genius. I, who am only a reader of detached speeches, have read none I have thought its equal."

"Yet, such as you have seen it, it does not do him

justice. I was not in the House that day; but I am assured the actual speech, as he spoke it at the moment, was highly superior to what has since been printed. There was in it a force—there were shades of reflection so fine—allusions so quick and so happy—and strokes of satire and observation so pointed and so apt,—that it had ten times more brilliancy when absolutely extemporary than when transmitted to paper."

"Wonderful, wonderful! He is a truly wonderful creature!" And, alas, thought I, as wonderful in inconsistency as in greatness!

In the course of a discussion more detailed upon his faculties, I ventured to tell him what impression they had made upon James, who was with me during one of the early long speeches. "I was listening," I said, "with the most fervent attention to such strokes of eloquence as, while I heard them, carried all before them, when my brother pulled me by the sleeve to exclaim, 'When will he come to the point?'"

The justness, notwithstanding its characteristic conciseness, of this criticism, I was glad thus to convey. Mr. Windham, however, would not subscribe to it; but, with a significant smile, coolly said, "Yes, 'tis curious to hear a man of war's ideas of rhetoric."

"Well," quoth I, to make a little amends, "shall I tell you a compliment he paid you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. '*He* speaks to the purpose,' he cried."

Some time after, with a sudden recollection, he eagerly exclaimed, "O, I knew I had something I wished to tell you! I was the other day at a place to see Stuart's Athenian architecture, and whom do you think I met in the room?"

I could not guess.

"Nay, 'tis precisely what you will like—Mr. Hastings!"

"Indeed!" cried I, laughing; "I must own I am extremely glad to hear it. I only wish you could both meet without either knowing the other."

"Well, we behaved extremely well, I assure you; and looked each as if we had never seen one another before. I determined to let you know it."

"I, also," quoth I, "have something to say to you; something, too, which perhaps to you may be intelligible, though to me perfectly incomprehensible."

How he stared!

"The other day, when I came home from Westminster Abbey, I found upon my table a present; not from any friend, not from any acquaintance, not even from a person whom I had ever beheld a moment, or whom I knew, even through any third person; but to you I think it likely he may be known,—perhaps, indeed, intimately."

He really could not speak for wonderment.

"It was, in short, from Mr. Courtney;—his 'Treatise on the French Revolution.'"

Surprise, I saw, did not subside entirely, though curiosity was now no more; but he was still silent.

"As I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Courtney, nor any way of knowing him, you may suppose how much I was astonished. I concluded it some mistake."

"No one but you would have concluded that," was his civil interruption.

"Yes, I thought the printer sent it to a wrong person; but when I saw on the title-page, 'From the Author,' I was staggered. Hear, however, my mistake in consequence. I read the title-page, and finding it a political pamphlet, I next concluded it was sent to me by way of being laid in sight of the higher powers."

He began now to look as curious as ever.

"But I must here repeat what I have before told you, which is perfectly true, though perhaps you may never have heard anything so perfectly silly. I read and inquire so little into politics, that when any parliamentary debates come in my way I read only the detached speeches of those who are some way known to me. From this it had happened that I was really and actually ignorant of Mr. Courtney's political creed; I only knew, in general, that he was a man of wit and satire; nothing further. Think, then, of my surprise at my own mistaken conjecture. Believe me, I had not read through the first page before I completely acquitted him of any, the most remote, idea of my presenting his pamphlet to the higher powers."

He found it impossible to look grave, but he would not speak a word.

"I then formed a new surmise; I supposed there might be occasional episodes from the given subject, and such a mixture of general information and literature, that he had sent it me for my instruction and entertainment in the parts not political. I have received an infinity of both in political speeches of Mr. Burke, without any reference to their main purport. I began, therefore, to look it over now with this new suggestion; but no,—I soon found my second mistake as egregious as my first: 'tis all of one colour—and such a colour! Church, State, politics, and religion,—I know not which is treated worst."

"Indeed!" cried he, frankly; "I do not defend him. I do not go so far, not by any means."

"I am glad," I cried, "to hear it, but not surprised. However, I had soon done with it altogether, when I came to the passage, so scoffingly put, of 'a Prince of the House of Brunswick suffering for our sins.' Away went

the book in hearty indignation, and I have looked at it no more. Why he should send it to me is truly unfathomable to me. I should again think my name written on it by mistake, could I suggest any other person in that house more likely to be meant; but really that I cannot do."

He looked so archly satisfied of the truth of this, that he had no need to speak.

"All my fear," I added, "is, that he thinks me a rebel at heart."

"O no, he only wished you to read him."

"Indeed! if he does think so, he is very much mistaken."

I spoke this very gravely, not at all caring if he repeats it to him. 'Tis all the thanks I shall put in his way; though, if ever I meet him, in his own style of sarcasm I may give him a few more.

We then entered into a criticism upon his manner of writing. I told him it was all irony from period to period, as far as I had examined; and it was rather wearisome than poignant when thus spun on. "True," answered he; "a lady of my acquaintance admirably said of it, 'tis a copy of Bunbury's 'Long Minuet'—'tis a long joke. But I do not like that strain beyond an occasional word or sentence; 'tis a perversion of the real use of language, and the power and right meaning of words in time lose all their force and justness. Courtney has acquired this habit so strongly, that he ceases to be even aware when using it or not."

He was soon after called away to the managers' cell by Mr. Burke, with whom I saw him engaged in so animated a conversation, that I imagined some great speech or business impending. However, 'twas no such thing; nothing was either said or done of any moment.

My good Mrs. Ord brought me home, and I had appointed to meet her at Mrs. Chapone's in the evening But the Queen was indisposed; and though well enough to see a small party, I thought it indecorous to propose going out myself, and could not stir without licence, according to my bond; therefore I disappointed myself, Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Chapone, and whoever else was kind enough to expect me with any earnestness.

I was nevertheless called upon to give my narrative of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses in a body; and then to my Royal Mistress separately, who declared I should certainly go again, wherever I might be, even from Windsor. I am happy my accounts afford her this little interest.

Her indisposition, thank Heaven, was slight, and the birthday had its usual splendour. But I shall not repeat any descriptions. I will not be worse than the poet laureats,—echo and re-echo annual flourishes without necessity.

In my drawing-room I saw only sundries of the household, Charles and his Rosette: and at night I went to the Chamberlain's Gallery with Charles.

* * * * *

I had two most affectionate little epistles from Mrs. Chapone before I left town, relative to the disappointed evening; they gave me very sincere pleasure.

The day after the birthday I had again a visit from Mrs. Fairly. I was in the midst of packing, and breakfasting, and confusion; for we left town immediately, to return no more till next year, except to St. James's for the drawing-room. However, I made her as welcome as I was able, and she was more soft and ingratiating in her manners than I ever before observed her. I apologised two or three times for not waiting upon her, representing my confined abilities for visiting.

I left town with a very deep concern upon my mind for my poor Columb, who was very ill, and unable to accompany me to Windsor. Dr. Gisburne and Mr. Devaynes mutually promised me to attend him, and I sent Goter to give him whatever of comfort or assistance from myself he could receive.

We fell immediately into our usual Windsor life, which I shall not undertake to new-set for your inspection. The old setting will amply suffice.

Colonel Gwynn was in waiting, and General Budé in almost constant residence. Generals Grenville and Harcourt, Colonels Manners and Goldsworthy, and once Mr. Fairly, were the occasional visitors.

The Queen sent me to town on the next day's trial at Westminster Hall, to hear the summing up of Mr. Fox. I stopped at Hammersmith for Charles, who accompanied me. It was well we were together, for the business of the day was extremely heavy, and disappointed all hearers.

It was an oration without any effect whatsoever, bringing home neither conviction, nor delight, nor information to my ears.

Soon after the Ascot races began. The Royal Family all went, and Lord Chesterfield good-humouredly offered his carriage to Miss Planta and me, which the Queen bid us accept. There again I saw Mr. Crutchley, and heard a little of all the Thrales, whom I am always glad to inquire after by every possible opportunity. The daughters were at Tunbridge; the mother was at Streatham. Much I wonder she can there flatter herself with regaining any happiness. I should have thought it the seat of merely bitter recollections.

The Queen, in the kindest manner, when we went to town for the drawing-room, lent me her keys, to get, from her bookcase at her own house, Henry's 'History

of England,' as I had expressed a great disposition to read it.

There are four volumes quarto, and may perhaps be four more; she has permitted me to keep the whole as long as I please, so that I read at my leisure. I am extremely satisfied with the plan upon which it is written, which separates the military from the civil government, and the history of the church from that of general learning, arts, customs, and manners; so as to form seven complete histories of every given period, each of them distinct from the other, though chronologically similar.

Windsor, Queen's Lodge.

JULY.—At the chapel, about this time, while I was hurrying through a crowd to get home in time for the Queen, a kind but abrupt voice, which I instantly recollected as that of Dr. Lort, called aloud after me, "Here, Miss Burney!" I turned back, and saw, with great pleasure, his good and very original physiognomy. He immediately introduced me to his wife. She seems a most light and merry-hearted dame, who has every quality that can make the good Doctor happy, in good humour, extreme high spirits, a careless disposition, and a passionate fondness for himself.

As I could not request the pleasure of seeing them in my apartment without previous regulation, I promised to meet them upon the Terrace in the evening.

This, accordingly, accompanied by Miss Planta, I effected: Mrs. Lort joined me instantly; she was walking with Mrs. Douglas, at whose house, at the Deanery, they were now on a visit; but she passed by the ceremony of keeping with her, and trotted me on, to chat more at ease, and be more at liberty, leaving poor Mrs. Douglas to manage her lameness and her stick as well as she could. When I remonstrated, she said it was too

tiresome to drawl along with such slow people, and begged me not to mind her. I laughed at her easy humour, but now and then contrived an occasional rejoinder, till Dr. Shepherd fell into the suite of Mrs. Douglas: Mrs. Lort then said it was quite insupportable —that they were both so slow, that they might crawl on very well together, but she desired to have nothing more to do with them, as she really wished an opportunity to make more acquaintance with me, which they prodigiously interrupted. She knew me already, she added, so well, from Miss Cambridge, that she had no patience with letting such slugs come in the way of our progress.

I was really very much diverted with her comical frankness. But her Doctor we lost. I suppose some old shattered fragment of a falling chimney or cornice, in some unfrequented part of the Round Tower, or the ancient Castle, had crossed his eye, curious in every species of antiquity, and difficult in none, and had made him forget his appointment.

Who should Madame La Fîte bring up to present me to, on the Terrace, but "Miss Vilkes!" She had engaged her to spend a fortnight at Windsor, and would fain have introduced her here; but I must have fewer occasions than at present for exertions, to make any for total strangers; though I really respect all I have heard of Miss Wilkes, who seems to have conducted herself with admirable prudence in situations the most difficult.

The fourth Sunday Mr. Hutton appeared, and he came to my room at once, with an honest, straightforward security of the welcome he really found.

A far fairer visitor—a better there hardly can be—took the same method twice, in evenings during the absence of Madame Schwellenberg,—Mrs. Gwynn. This beautiful woman, who idolises her husband, takes every oppor-

tunity in her power to see him when he is in waiting: she made a fortnight's visit at St. Leonard's, at Mrs. Harcourt's, and thence came to me for these two evenings, all of which, except the half-hour or so that the Colonel joined us, we spent alone.

She has associated much with certain seditious spirits, who inveigh against all breaches of freedom; and she talked over the confined situation in which she saw a friend of yours, till she grew quite melancholy. Her chief instigator is Sir Joshua Reynolds.

You will wonder to hear that one evening, at Kew, I received a visit from Miss ——. She wrote me most pressing notes to renew acquaintance, as she could come to me at any hour and day I would appoint. There were reasons, respecting her connections, which made this no difficult matter to arrange. She came early, and stayed late; we were quite alone; she flung aside the fine lady and a world of shallow affectation, and was sociable, good-humoured, and desirous to please; so we did mighty well. But the cultivation she begged might ensue—that indeed requires a larger garden than I have yet planted.

Mrs. Trimmer came to Windsor one morning, and had a private audience of Her Majesty. What honour do not those persons merit from the heads of that nation for which they forward actual reformation! She desired to see me, through Miss Planta, with whom she has been long acquainted. I invited her into my room, and sat with her till summoned away. We had begun some intercourse a year or two ago, through an application I made to her for a spinning-wheel for my dearest Fredy. This served to open our discourse: however, she is so

unaffected, mild, pleasing, and placid in her manners and conversation, that there was not the least difficulty in setting aside our mutual strangeness. I respect so highly her benevolence of character, and beneficence of conduct, that I was happy to be enrolled in the list of her acquaintances. She has since written to me, and warmly expressed her desire of our further meeting, and of seeing me at Brentford, when the Royal Family are so near as Kew. If I should be able to settle it, I shall be very willing.

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, August 6th, 1790.

The sad turn of your thoughts softens without surprising me, the misfortune was so unexpected; nevertheless, the religious view in which your melancholy places it convinces me your grief will give way, when it can, and not be nourished repiningly or without effort. How, how shall I wish and pray, my dearest M., that a scene of new and permanent maternal comfort may repay, in some measure, your past afflictions, and awaken and enliven you to new happiness! I only fear the terror you will conceive from every possible alarm may lessen the coming consolation, by increasing its anxiety. Endeavour, my dear friend, endeavour, *d'avance*, to prepare your mind for a confidence without which you can enjoy nothing, and which, without exertion, will now surely fly you.

A singular instance of the unhappiness of wanting this confidence has lately fallen under my eyes. The mother of a very fine child felt and indulged a solicitude so great that, by degrees, it became a part of her existence; she was never without it,—in presence, in absence, in sickness, in health,—no matter which,—prosperity and adversity made no difference; and the anxiety grew to

such a height that she is now threatened with a consumption herself from no other cause. You know, and may perhaps divine her. She used to walk out by the side of the nurse with a watch in her hand, to measure, to a minute, the exact time it spent in the air. She started forward to meet every passenger, and examine their appearance, before she suffered the child to proceed in its walk; and turned it to the right to avoid one face, and presently back to the left that it might not see another. She rose in the dead of night to go and look at it; she quitted all society two or three times in a visit, to examine it; and, in short, she made herself, her husband, and all her friends miserable by this constant distrust and apprehension, and is now, in a languishing and declining state, sent southward to try the change of air for herself, while all the time the child is one of the most healthy, beautiful, and robust I ever saw in my life.

What a world is this! can one help to exclaim, when the first of blessings can thus be rendered a scourge to our friends and an infelicity to ourselves? For this lady, who, happy in her conjugal fate, had no wish but for a child, has never known a tranquil day since her boon has been granted.

Heaven shield you from such sufferings henceforth! Give my best compliments to Mr. ——, and write when you can to your truly, truly affectionate

F. B.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, August, 1790.

As I have only my almanac memorandums for this month, I shall hasten immediately to what I think my dear partial readers will find most to their taste in the course of it.

Know then, fair ladies, about the middle of this

August, 1790, the author finished the rough first draught and copy of her first tragedy. What species of a composition it may prove she is very unable to tell; she only knows it was an almost spontaneous work, and soothed the melancholy of imagination for a while, though afterwards it impressed it with a secret sensation of horror, so like real woe, that she believes it contributed to the injury her sleep received about this period.

Nevertheless, whether well or ill, she is pleased to have done something at last, she had so long lived in all ways as nothing.

You will smile, however, at my next trust; but scarce was this completed,—as to design and scenery I mean, for the whole is in its first rough state, and legible only to herself,—scarce, however, had this done with imagination, to be consigned over to correction, when imagination seized upon another subject for another tragedy.

The first therefore I have deposited in my strong-box, in all its imperfections, to attend to the other; I well know correction may always be summoned, imagination never will come but by choice. I received her, therefore, a welcome guest,—the best adapted for softening weary solitude, where only coveted to avoid irksome exertion.

The first day of this month, Sunday, I had the two beautiful sisters, Mrs. Gwynn and Mrs. Bunbury, to tea. Mrs. Schwellenberg was absent on a visit to Mrs. Hastings. These sisters look still in their first bloom. Their husbands were both here. We had a cheerful evening; Miss Gomme was with me also. When I am thus in my reign she comes frequently; she has much more mind than I have commonly observed fall to official lot.

On the 6th was the Princess Amelia's birthday. It was ushered in by a breakfast at a new small house which

the Queen has just purchased at Frogmore, about half a mile from Windsor. The Princess Elizabeth was ordered there early to prepare for the King's reception, who, with the Queen and the rest of the Princesses, went to early prayers. Miss Planta attended the Princess till the Royal arrival, and Her Majesty graciously commissioned Her Royal Highness to gratify me with a sight of these preparations. She is always happy when permitted to show her native obligingness. We were there a full hour before the King, &c., came. The apartments were dressed out in flowers, and made very simply pretty and gay. A band of musicians were stationed in a long bower running across the garden, who struck up 'God save the King' as His Majesty entered the house. The whole was very elegant, and fitted to the innocence and youth of the sweet little Princess whose birth it celebrated.

I placed one of my fairing work-baskets, with its implements, on a table, ready for her little Royal Highness, with the leave of Princess Elizabeth, who smilingly put her own cadeau, a bonbonnière, into the basket, that her sister might see them together. In whatever she does there is a most captivating condescension.

I had worked with them all, the Queen herself superintending, the day before, in forwarding the decorations.

A select party of company were invited upon the occasion to the breakfast: the titled part of the females were admitted to the Royal table, the others had a similar repast in an adjoining apartment.

At noon, according to a negotiation in which I had been prime agent, Mr. Bryant brought from Cypenham a beautiful small spaniel, which he was allowed to carry himself to Frogmore, and present to the Princess. I believe she had no cadeau that gave her equal delight.

We had all much interest about this time in the welfare of the dear little Princess, who was inoculated. Thank Heaven! all prospered, and she suffered nothing.

Lord Harcourt, the Queen's new Master of the Horse, spent a week here, and made me a very long visit one day, in which we discussed the merits of Mr. Mason, Mrs. Macaulay, and divers republicans, with tolerable ease for courtiers! He was of late a chief of their clan. I was not surprised to hear afterwards, from Lady Harcourt, that they had not received a letter from Mr. Mason for the last three months; yet she told it as a matter of wonder.

Sadly, and therefore briefly, shall I conclude the anecdotes of this month. My poor excellent Columb, half recovered, precipitately followed me to Windsor, where he grew worse and worse; he was attended by Dr. Gisburne, who at this time resided in Windsor, to watch the Princess Amelia, just inoculated. Mr. Keate, the surgeon, here also for the same reason, did what was possible for him; but the conclusion was, sending him, by the interest and kindness of Dr. Gisburne, to St. George's Hospital, as his disorder called for the constant attendance of a surgeon; it was a swelling upon the liver.

He was extremely willing, nay eager, to go, from a persuasion he should there recover. I had proposed his trying the native air of Switzerland, but he was miserable at the thoughts of going away; I had then offered him a quiet lodging at Clewer, a village near Windsor, but he could not bear to leave the place in which the mistress to whom he had so kindly attached himself resided; nor would he agree to any plan but that of the hospital.

I obtained permission of Lady Courtown to let her Lord's butler accompany him to the hospital. This butler is his countryman and intimate friend, M. Cuenod, and

a very worthy man. I sent them in a chaise, with a charge to travel slow, and three letters of recommendation from Dr. Gisburne.

He had already kept his bed two days, but I desired to see him before he went, and I sent Goter to him, with a stamped receipt for settling his wages with her, that I might not fatigue him when he came to take leave of me. He refused this, sent me back the receipt, and told Goter he wanted no money, and should beg me to keep some which he had by him already.

This was not pleasant; all money transactions have some portion of distaste to me, though I little foresaw what would follow a compliance I could not refuse.

The poor good creature came to me in his way to the chaise; he looked like death, yet was in good hopes and spirits. I said whatever I could suggest to encourage and comfort him. He expressed himself in terms of such strong attachment that he quite melted me with sorrow and compassion; he again refused his wages, and brought me, in a paper, ten guineas to keep for him. I drew up a receipt and acknowledgment of the whole: he would not take it,—I insisted. He trembled all over with emotion and extreme feebleness, and probably with pain, as he said,—"No, Ma'am, I won't take it! You know what it is, and I know what it is; and if I live I'm sure you won't wrong me: and if I don't, nobody else sha'n't have it; for neither father, nor mother, nor any relation that I have, has ever been so kind to me as you have been!"

In short, my dear friends, he left me neither more nor less than deluged in tears; for a testimony so simple and so affecting, of regard from a poor man scarce able to stand, and looking already fit for a shroud! It seemed as if further resistance would break his heart, in his pre-

sent enfeebled state. I only gave him my best wishes, with a solemn promise to keep his place open for his return, and never to hire any servant but by the week so long as he lived, till he was able to come back to me himself.

This pleased him, and, with kindest expressions of thankfulness, he set off for the hospital.

I sent after him a message, however, that I had sealed up his wages and his savings, and had written upon them what and whose they were, that, if any accident happened to me, my sister might restore the money to the right claimant, without confusion or doubt.

I heard the next day, through M. Cuenod, that the poor man bore the journey better than could have been expected, and was settled much to his satisfaction.

Dr. Gisburne promised me to superintend, and Mr. Keate to see him from time to time. Mr. Keate, also, to show he meant to take some trouble, came to me with a request I would canvass the Provost of Eton, Dr. Roberts, concerning a living for his brother. I told him my little right to such an application; but, for the sake of my poor Columb, I would refuse nothing demanded of me. I therefore posted to Eton; but though I met with every civility from the Provost, I found the request was of a nature impracticable for consent, as it opposed the fixed rules of the College. So I was only paid for the difficult, nay arduous, to me, exertion of asking a favour, by manifesting to Mr. Keate my readiness to allow claim for claim.

You may imagine I made continual inquiries how the poor man went on, but no accounts were promising which reached me during the month.

September.—I must immediately proceed to the melancholy but only interest of this month—my poor Co-

lumb. After various accounts concerning him, I received on the 15th a letter, informing me, in his own name, that he was so much recovered he hoped soon to return to me.

Quite happy in this wished-for news, I prepared William Moss, a former servant of Mrs. Schwellenberg, whom I had hired for the present, to leave me, and flattered myself a few days would restore to me this good and faithful creature: but a few days told another tale! I was just come in one evening from calling upon Madame de la Fîte, who was ill, when Mrs. Schwellenberg's man informed me Columb was dying: the King's hobby-groom had called at the hospital, and heard he was given over!

Equally disappointed and concerned, I sent immediately for M. Cuenod, Lord Courtown's butler, and entreated him to go early the next morning to the hospital, and to see his poor countryman and hear his last wishes, and inquire if he was properly attended, and carry him my sincerest good wishes, and earnest desire to know his own, both for while he lived and for after, if he should be survived by me. Every caution to prevent giving him any shock by this message I strongly inculcated, and M. Cuenod seems a good and tender-hearted man.

At six o'clock the next morning he left Windsor. He returned again at night. He told me poor Columb would not allow himself to be in any such danger, but persisted he should soon see me himself; nor would he hear of any regulation as to his affairs, angrily saying "Everything was settled, and if it were a thousand pounds it should not be altered."

You will not wonder I was extremely affected by this persevering manifestation of extraordinary regard. I had already shown M. Cuenod the paper I had drawn up;—

we agreed nothing more could be now done; but he told me of two sisters in Switzerland, of whom I had not before heard, and I determined, if the poor man died without further injunctions or directions, to transmit to them all he should leave.

He had also, at my desire, left orders with a M. Huguenon, another Swiss friend, to superintend his affairs, and when all was over see that his poor remains were decently interred, and every attention paid that seemed right and kind.

I heard of him still daily for three days more. The morning of this third day I had a message from him of his duty, and he hoped to see me soon; in the evening—another account!—he was dead!

My intelligencer was this M. Huguenon, who is a perfumer. He told me poor Columb, in the last quarter of an hour, desired to leave everything to his sisters. He certainly meant everything of his wearing apparel, watches, &c., for what money he had left in my hands he would never tell anybody; purposely, M. Cuenod says, that no one might have any claim upon me!

I told M. Huguenon how it all stood, and that all should be forthwith sent over to Switzerland, when the clothes, &c., were sold. I gave him an order to Kew and the Queen's house, as well as here at Windsor, for searching and collecting all his poor chattels.

A fortnight after we went as usual to Kew previous to the Thursday's drawing-room; and here a letter was brought me upstairs by Goter from Mr. Burney, telling me he sent another from his friend Mr. Ffrye, recommending to my assistance one Peter Bayond, as heir and executor of my late servant, Jacob Columb! The accompanying letter from Mr. Ffrye was to the same purpose.

I can by no means tell you my astonishment at this Peter Bayond's hardy attempt, nor my horror at what I was completely convinced must be a forgery. Poor Columb had no possible motive to make such a will in private and in secret; and in public and openly he had repeatedly declared all I have already related.

Expecting something unpleasant might ensue, and firmly persuaded of this executor's perjury, I desired Mr. De Luc to be so good as to be present at my admitting him; for he had brought the letter himself. At first, indeed, I was strongly tempted to refuse seeing him; but when I considered my belief in his baseness was without proof, I felt I had no right to decline hearing him speak for himself.

In he came, looking precisely like one of the Irish chairmen in 'The Jealous Wife,' who attempt to smuggle away old Russet; black and all black—dress, hair, and countenance; sturdy, strong, decided, and ill-marked were his face and figure, yet perplexed, stammering, and uncertain his speech; he had a thick stick in his hand, and his whole appearance was really tremendous.

He produced the will; every word showed its falsehood more strongly. It left James Columb, a cousin, who resides with Mr. Walpole, joint heir: it specified nothing; the will might have served for any man of any fortune in any kingdom.

I asked why he had held it back so long.

He answered, he had written to me a week ago.

I found he had spelt my name Burnet, and the letter had missed me.

"Even then," I cried, "my servant had been dead a week. Why did you not immediately send?"

He had waited to prove the will.

There could be no occasion for that in so small a

concern if there were no doubt of its validity. Proved, however, it was, and signed and sealed at Doctors' Commons!

After much discussion the result was, that he should meet M. Huguenon at my apartment at St. James's the next day.

The next day I had a message from James Columb, charging me not to pay this man, whom he believed a cheat, and honestly declining to share in any such perjury; but persisting all should go to the sisters.

I was pleased to see my good Columb had left a relation of worth so like his own.

This miserable being never came. He durst not face M. Huguenon, who knew him well, and who begged me to pay no regard to him, as he was a man of the very worst character, though also a Swiss.

I then settled, with this M. Huguenon and Mr. De Luc and my father, to pay nothing further but to Philip or James Columb, both servants of Mr. Walpole. Here the matter rested till October.

For the miscellanies of this month I have no memorandums. The only pleasant part of it is well known to you, unrecorded.

I was obliged to receive Mr. Bentham in order to soften returning to him his son's MS. Memoirs unviewed. I think I have mentioned Her Majesty declined looking at them from prudential motives. He made a very long visit, and seemed perfectly good-humoured and well satisfied; he appears to be a very worthy, open-hearted, cheerful, and happy character. He settled "much future acquaintance" by bringing me acquainted with Mrs. Bentham!—O, very much! thought I,—nothing so easy!

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

OCTOBER.—I open again with my poor Columb. How little did he imagine his singular kindness would involve me in such difficulties! but, as I heard from M. Cuenod, he certainly resolved against telling any one what money was in my hands, that there might be no claim upon me. Worthy, affectionate creature!—how often and how long shall I miss him!

I had been returned here but a short time when I received a letter from an attorney, Mr. F. Matthews, desiring me to pay forthwith to Peter Bayond the sum in my hands of the late Jacob Columb!

It was now necessary to apply to the cousins. I therefore took the courageous step of addressing myself to Mr. Walpole himself, that through him I might act with them. His former kindness to me was a secret stimulus to assure me he would not take amiss such a call upon his remembrance and his time.

I opened my cause thus—or to this effect:—

"If Mr. Walpole has still the goodness to remember an old acquaintance, long lost to all apparent claim for that honour, he is requested to spare his servant, James Columb, to call at her apartment next Thursday, at St. James's Palace, about two o'clock; as she wishes to learn from said James Columb what he would have her do with the small sum of money still remaining in her hands of her late servant, Jacob Columb, his cousin. She received his message ten days ago requiring her not to pay it to one Peter Bayond, but this morning she has had a letter from an attorney with reverse directions."

Thus you see I came to the point in a very business-like manner. But, as I thought he might have more acquaintance at St. James's Palace than one, I concluded it would not be amiss to intimate a little who addressed

him—which I did in a rather quaint way, somewhat suited to Strawberry Hill, as thus: "And now can Mr. Walpole pardon this abrupt and troublesome intrusion from one who seemed at least consigned to silence and quiet? she will not say to oblivion, lest a quotation should occur for an answer—'Seemed, madam? nay, you were!' She trusts, however, there can be no local impropriety in bringing herself again to life, purely to speak for the dead; yet her courage of renovation does not amount to expecting a place in the memory of Mr. Walpole without calling to its aid that she has the honour to be, &c. &c., F. Burney."

Never was quaintness so successful. A letter filled with the most flattering kindness was brought to me at St. James's by his servant, Philip Columb. I shall show it you when we meet, as it is too long to copy: but there is one paragraph at the conclusion so striking in this present juncture, that I am tempted to put aside my blushes, and give it you at once; especially as it was read, with singular opportuneness, by my dearest father. After the business part, this follows:—

"As this will come to you by my servant, give me leave to add another word on your most unfounded idea that I can forget you, because it is almost impossible for me even to meet you. Believe me, I heartily regret that privation, but would not repine, were your situation, either in point of fortune or position, equal in any degree to your merit. But were your talents given to be buried in obscurity? You have retired from the world to a closet at Court—where, indeed, you will still discover mankind, though not disclose it; for if you could penetrate its characters in the earliest glimpse of its superficies, will it escape your piercing eye when it shrinks from your inspection, knowing that you have the mirror of truth in

your pocket?—I will not embarrass you by saying more, nor would have you take notice of or reply to what I have said: judge, only, that feeling hearts reflect, not forget. Wishes that are empty look like vanity;—my vanity is to be thought capable of esteeming you as much as you deserve, and to be reckoned, though a very distant, a most *sincere* friend,—and, give me leave to say, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

"HOR. WALPOLE.

"Strawberry Hill, October, '90."

It was not only pleasure I received from this extreme kindness, but real use; such an expression as that I have marked under, from such a man, operated most powerfully upon a loved paternal heart, that, from time to time, is strengthened in its plans by assurances of approbation from those whose opinion is of weight, and worthy of counterbalancing such worldly wights as will probably start up in censure, wonder, and objecting.

In my answer to Mr. Walpole, I told him that, even from that closet in which he had deposited me, I could look for truth in words, and expect there might be meaning in professions; therefore, I ventured to rely upon his sincerity and crave his advice how to proceed. I then stated the case more fully.

I received from him the kindest of answers immediately, offering to join his own security with his servant's, to insure me from ever more being troubled upon this subject, and protesting that if, at any time, I could employ him "in any great or little service, it was a happiness I owed him," and finishing with warmest and most cordial professions of a regard, with which I am extremely flattered.

You will not want to be told that I declined his gene-

rous offer of security. I could not bear to involve in any such possible embarrassment a much nearer and dearer friend; but I thankfully accepted his counsel, and resolved upon paying the whole into the hands of his servants, the Columbs, assuring him, at the same time, that I had now in my possession a security much more valuable to me than any indemnity in money matters, namely, that of the kindness and the remembrance with which he honoured me.

Would you not, now, have supposed this vexatious business, as far as it regarded me, at an end? No such thing! I had meetings, writings, consultations, torments about it innumerable; and this vile Peter Bayond followed me with incessant menace, though he was afraid and ashamed of encountering M. Huguenon, his countryman.

I was reduced, at last, to entreat my dear father to beg counsel of Mr. Batt. Mr. Batt was just gone to Twickenham! He then kindly applied to Mr. Woodcock, whom I know not, though I was formerly much acquainted with Lady Shelley, his sister, as you may remember from my Brighthelmstone journal.

Mr. Woodcock, with the most pleasant alacrity, undertook the business for me, which he settled, after much trouble and a thousand difficulties, in a manner the most friendly on his own part, though the most mortifying to Mr. Walpole and myself; for Peter Bayond obtained half the property, from persisting he would else sustain a lawsuit, in which Mr. Woodcock assured me I must necessarily be involved in expenses that would double the whole of what my poor servant had left!

The other half the cousin received.

My whole comfort is, that the poor ill-used sisters, at least, had never expected what they thus lost; for poor

Columb had been deeply in debt till he lived with me, and they were not upon good terms.

The great kindness of Mr. Walpole has been all my solace for this disturbance.

I could not forbear concluding my letter with telling him that the opinion I enclosed for him had almost petrified me, and that, if such was our chance of *justice* with *law*, we must agree never to relate this little history to the democrats abroad, lest we should all be brought forward to illustrate the necessity of universal Reform, and the National Assembly should echo with all our names!

In his answer he agrees to this in strong terms.

I was ill the whole of this month, though not once with sufficient seriousness for confinement, yet with a difficulty of proceeding as usual so great, that the day was a burthen—or rather, myself a burthen to the day. A languor so prodigious, with so great a failure of strength and spirit, augmented almost hourly, that I several times thought I must be compelled to excuse my constancy of attendance; but there was no one to take my place, except Miss Planta, whose health is insufficient for her own, and Mlle. Montmollin, to whom such an addition of duty is almost distraction. I could not, therefore, but work on while to work at any rate able.

I now drew up, however, my memorial, or rather, showed it now to my dearest father. He so much approved it, that he told me he would not have a comma of it altered. I will copy it for you. It is as respectful and as grateful as I had words at command to make it, and expressive of strong devotion and attachment; but it fairly and firmly states that my strength is inadequate to the duties

of my charge, and, therefore, that I humbly crave permission to resign it and retire into domestic life. It was written in my father's name and my own.

I had now that dear father's desire to present it upon the first auspicious moment: and O! with what a mixture of impatience and dread unspeakable did I look forward to such an opportunity!

The war was still undecided: still I inclined to wait its issue, as I perpetually brought in my wishes for poor James, though without avail. Major Garth, our last Equerry, was raised to a high post in the West Indies, and the rank of Colonel. I recommended James to his notice and regard if they met; and a promise most readily and pleasantly made to seek him out and present him to his brother, the General, if they ever served in the same district, was all, I think, that my Court residence obtained for my marine department of interest!

Meanwhile, one morning at Kew, Miss Cambridge was so much alarmed at my declining state of health that she would take no denial to my seeing and consulting Mr. Dundas. He ordered me the bark, and it strengthened me so much for awhile, that I was too much recruited for presenting my sick memorial, which I therefore cast aside.

Mrs. Ord spent near a week at Windsor in the beginning of this month. I was ill, however, the whole time, and suffered so much from my official duties, that my good Mrs. Ord, day after day, evidently lost something of her partiality to my situation, from witnessing fatigues of which she had formed no idea, and difficulties and disagreeabilities in carrying on a week's intercourse, even with so respectable a friend, which I believe she had thought impossible.

Two or three times she burst forth into ejaculations

strongly expressive of fears for my health and sorrow at its exhausting calls. I could not but be relieved in my own mind that this much-valued, most maternal friend should thus receive a conviction beyond all powers of representation, that my place was of a sort to require a strength foreign to my make.

She left me in great and visible uneasiness, and wrote to me continually for bills of health. I never yet so much loved her, for, kind as I have always found her, I never yet saw in her so much true tenderness.

In this month, also, I first heard of the zealous exertions and chivalrous intentions of Mr. Windham. Charles told me they never met without his denouncing the whole thunders of his oratory against the confinement by which he thought my health injured; with his opinion that it must be counteracted speedily by elopement, no other way seeming effectual.

But with Charlotte he came more home to the point. Their vicinity in Norfolk occasions their meeting, though very seldom at the house of Mr. Francis, who resents his prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and never returns his visits; but at assemblies at Aylsham and at Lord Buckingham's dinners they are certain of now and then encountering.

This summer, when Mr. Windham went to Felbrig, his Norfolk seat, they soon met at an assembly, and he immediately opened upon his disapprobation of her sister's monastic life, adding, "I do not venture to speak thus freely upon this subject to everybody, but to you I think I may; at least, I hope it."

Poor dear Charlotte was too full-hearted for disguise, and they presently entered into a confidential cabal, that made her quite disturbed and provoked when hurried away.

From this time, whenever they met, they were pretty much of a mind. "I cannot see you," he always cried, "without recurring to that painful subject—your sister's situation." He then broke forth in an animated offer of his own services to induce Dr. Burney to finish such a captivity, if he could flatter himself he might have any influence.

Charlotte eagerly promised him the greatest, and he gave her his promise to go to work.

What a noble Quixote! How much I feel obliged to him! How happy, when I may thank him!

He then pondered upon ways and means. He had already sounded my father: "but it is resolution," he added, "not inclination, Dr. Burney wants." After some further reflection, he then fixed upon a plan: "I will set the Literary Club upon him!" he cried: "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will all eagerly assist. We will present him a petition—an address."

Much more passed: Mr. Windham expressed a degree of interest and kindness so cordial, that Charlotte says she quite longed to shake hands with him; and if any success ever accrues, she certainly must do it.

Frightened, however, after she returned home, she feared our dearest father might unfairly be overpowered, and frankly wrote him a recital of the whole, counselling him to see Mr. Windham in private before a meeting at the Club could take place.

And now for a scene a little surprising.

The beautiful chapel of St. George, repaired and finished by the best artists at an immense expense, which was now opened after a very long shutting up for its preparations, brought innumerable strangers to Windsor, and, among others, Mr. Boswell.

This I heard, in my way to the chapel, from Mr. Turbulent, who overtook me, and mentioned having met Mr. Boswell at the Bishop of Carlisle's the evening before. He proposed bringing him to call upon me; but this I declined, certain how little satisfaction would be given here by the entrance of a man so famous for compiling anecdotes. But yet I really wished to see him again, for old acquaintance sake, and unavoidable amusement from his oddity and good humour, as well as respect for the object of his constant admiration, my revered Dr. Johnson. I therefore told Mr. Turbulent I should be extremely glad to speak with him after the service was over.

Accordingly, at the gate of the choir, Mr. Turbulent brought him to me. We saluted with mutual glee: his comic-serious face and manner have lost nothing of their wonted singularity; nor yet have his mind and language, as you will soon confess.

"I am extremely glad to see you indeed," he cried, "but very sorry to see you here. My dear ma'am, why do you stay?—it won't do, ma'am! you must resign!—we can put up with it no longer. I told my good host the Bishop so last night; we are all grown quite outrageous!"

Whether I laughed the most, or stared the most, I am at a loss to say; but I hurried away from the cathedral, not to have such treasonable declarations overheard, for we were surrounded by a multitude.

He accompanied me, however, not losing one moment in continuing his exhortations: "If you do not quit, ma'am, very soon, some violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body; I am ready to make the harangue myself. We shall fall upon him all at once."

I stopped him to inquire about Sir Joshua; he said he

saw him very often, and that his spirits were very good. I asked about Mr. Burke's book. "O," cried he, "it will come out next week: 'tis the first book in the world, except my own, and that's coming out also very soon; only I want your help."

"My help?"

"Yes, madam; you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam,—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam; so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself."

I evaded this by declaring I had not any stores at hand. He proposed a thousand curious expedients to get at them, but I was invincible.

Then I was hurrying on, lest I should be too late. He followed eagerly, and again exclaimed, "But, ma'am, as I tell you, this won't do—you must resign off-hand! Why, I would farm you out myself for double, treble the money! I wish I had the regulation of such a farm,—yet I am no farmer-general. But I should like to farm you, and so I will tell Dr. Burney. I mean to address him; I have a speech ready for the first opportunity."

He then told me his 'Life of Dr. Johnson' was nearly printed, and took a proof-sheet out of his pocket to show me; with crowds passing and repassing, knowing me well, and staring well at him: for we were now at the iron rails of the Queen's Lodge.

I stopped; I could not ask him in: I saw he expected it, and was reduced to apologise, and tell him I must attend the Queen immediately.

He uttered again stronger and stronger exhortations for my retreat, accompanied by expressions which I was obliged to check in their bud. But finding he had no chance for entering, he stopped me again at the gate, and said he would read me a part of his work.

There was no refusing this: and he began, with a letter of Dr. Johnson's to himself. He read it in strong imitation of the Doctor's manner, very well, and not caricature. But Mrs. Schwellenberg was at her window, a crowd was gathering to stand round the rails, and the King and Queen and Royal Family now approached from the Terrace. I made a rather quick apology, and, with a step as quick as my now weakened limbs have left in my power, I hurried to my apartment.

You may suppose I had inquiries enough, from all around, of "Who was the gentleman I was talking to at the rails?" And an injunction rather frank not to admit him beyond those limits.

However, I saw him again the next morning, in coming from early prayers, and he again renewed his remonstrances, and his petition for my letters of Dr. Johnson.

I cannot consent to print private letters, even of a man so justly celebrated, when addressed to myself: no, I shall hold sacred those revered and but too scarce testimonies of the high honour his kindness conferred upon me. One letter I have from him that is a masterpiece of elegance and kindness united. 'Twas his last.

NOVEMBER.—This month will be very brief of annals; I was so ill, so unsettled, so unhappy during every day, that I kept not a memorandum.

All the short benefit I had received from the bark was now at an end: languor, feverish nights, and restless days were incessant. My memorial was always in my mind; my courage never rose to bringing it from my letter-case.

Yet the war was over, the hope of a ship for my brother demolished, and my health required a change of life.

The Queen was all graciousness; and her favour and confidence and smiles redoubled my difficulties. I saw she had no suspicion but that I was hers for life; and, unimportant as I felt myself to her, in any comparison with those for whom I quitted her, I yet knew not how to give her the unpleasant surprise of a resignation for which I saw her wholly unprepared.

It is true, my depression of spirits and extreme alteration of person might have operated as a preface; for I saw no one, except my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg, who noticed not the change, or who failed to pity and question me upon my health and my fatigues; but as they alone saw it not, or mentioned it not, that afforded me no resource. And thus, with daily intention to present my petition and conclude this struggle, night always returned with the effort unmade, and the watchful morning arose fresh to new purposes that seemed only formed for demolition. And the month expired as it began, with a desire the most strenuous of liberty and peace, combated by reluctance unconquerable to give pain, displeasure, or distress to my very gracious Royal Mistress.

For the rest, all I can mention is in black unison: the loss of our very amiable cousin, one of the first and greatest favourites of our earliest life, and the affliction of all his disconsolate family. This was the sadly principal event of this sadly wearing month.

Poor Dr. Lort too now breathed his last, from a terrible accident of an overturn in a carriage.

The worthy and every way meriting Mr. Thomas Willis has succeeded him as prebendary of St. Paul's.

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——.

November 23rd, '90.

* * * * *

I own myself entirely of Mrs. Montagu's opinion about Mr. Burke's book; it is the noblest, deepest, most animated, and exalted work that I think I have ever read. I am charmed to hear its éloge from Mrs. Montagu; it is a tribute to its excellence which reflects high honour on her own candour, as she was one of those the most vehemently irritated against its author but a short time since. How can man, with all his inequalities, be so little resembling to himself at different periods as this man? He is all ways a prodigy, —in fascinating talents and incomprehensible inconsistencies.

When I read, however, such a book as this, I am apt to imagine the whole of such a being must be right, as well as the parts, and that the time may come when the mists which obscure the motives or incentives to those actions and proceedings which seem incongruous may be chased away, and we may find the internal intention had never been faulty, however ill appearances had supported any claim to right. Have you yet read it? You will find it to require so deep and so entire an attention, that perhaps you may delay it till in more established health; but read it you will, and with an admiration you cannot often feel excited.

We do not expect to go to town till a day or two before the birthday, the 19th of January: would that time suit my dear M——? Indeed I would not for the world it should be deferred any later; and that time will suit me, I believe, as well as any part of the year. You know the uncertainty of all things here. F. B.

December.—Leaving a little longer in the lurch the late months, let me endeavour to give to my beloved friends some account of this conclusion of the year while yet in being.

My loss of health was now so notorious, that no part of the house could wholly avoid acknowledging it; yet was the terrible picquet the catastrophe of every evening, though frequent pains in my side forced me, three or four times in a game, to creep to my own room for hartshorn and for rest. And so weak and faint I was become, that I was compelled to put my head out into the air, at all hours, and in all weathers, from time to time, to recover the power of breathing, which seemed not seldom almost withdrawn.

Her Majesty was very kind during this time, and the Princesses interested themselves about me with a sweetness very grateful to me; indeed, the whole household showed compassion and regard, and a general opinion that I was falling into a decline ran through the establishment. Miss Planta was particularly attentive and active to afford me help and advice; Mdlle. Montmollin's eyes glistened when we met; Miss Goldsworthy declared she thought my looks so altered as scarcely to be known again; Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave enjoined me earnestly to ask leave for respite and recruit, lest the Queen should lose me entirely by longer delay; Miss Gomme honestly protested she thought it became a folly to struggle on any longer against strength and nature; Mr. De Luc was so much struck with the change as to tell the Queen herself that a short and complete retirement from attendance seemed essential to my restoration; and even Mr. Turbulent himself called one day upon me, and frankly counselled me to resign at once, for, in my

present state, a life such as that I led was enough to destroy me.

Thus there seemed about my little person a universal commotion; and it spread much further, amongst those I have never or slightly mentioned. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that my true and faithful friend Mrs. De Luc partook so largely in the general alarm as to come to me, with her kind eyes overflowing with tears, to entreat me, without the risk of farther delay, to relinquish a situation of which the fatigue would else prove fatal to me. There seemed, indeed, but one opinion, that resignation of place or of life was the only remaining alternative.

There seemed now no time to be lost; when I saw my dear father he recommended to me to be speedy, and my mother was very kind in urgency for immediate measures. I could not, however, summon courage to present my memorial; my heart always failed me, from seeing the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation: for though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers.

Finding my inability unconquerable, I at length determined upon consulting Mr. Francis. I wrote to Charlotte a faithful and minute account of myself, with all my attacks—cough, pain in the side, weakness, sleeplessness, &c.—at full length, and begged Mr. Francis's opinion how I must proceed. Very kindly he wrote directly to my father, exhorting instantaneous resignation, as all that stood before me to avert some dangerous malady.

The dear Charlotte at the same time wrote to me conjuring my prompt retreat with the most affecting earnestness.

The uneasiness that preyed upon my spirits in a task so difficult to perform for myself, joined to my daily declension in health, was now so apparent, that, though I could go no farther, I paved the way for an opening, by owning to the Queen that Mr. Francis had been consulted upon my health.

The Queen now frequently inquired concerning his answer; but as I knew he had written to my father, I deferred giving the result till I had had a final conference with that dear parent. I told Her Majesty my father would show me the letter when I saw him.

This I saw raised for the first time a surmise that something was in agitation, though I am certain the suspicion did not exceed an expectation that leave would be requested for a short absence to recruit.

My dearest father, all kindness and goodness, yet all alarm, thought time could never be more favourable; and when next I saw him at Chelsea, I wrote a second memorial to enclose the original one.

With a beating heart, and every pulse throbbing, I returned thus armed to the Queen's house.

Mrs. Schwellenberg sent for me to her room. I could hardly articulate a word to her. My agitation was so great that I was compelled to acknowledge something very awful was impending in my affairs, and to beg she would make no present inquiries.

I had not meant to employ her in the business, nor to name it to her, but I was too much disturbed for concealment or evasion.

She seemed really sorry, and behaved with a humanity I had not had much reason to expect.

I spent a terrible time till I went to the Queen at night, spiriting myself up for my task, and yet finding apprehension gain ground every moment.

Mrs. Schwellenberg had already been some time with Her Majesty when I was summoned. I am sure she had already mentioned the little she had gathered. I could hardly perform my customary offices from excess of trepidation. The Queen looked at me with the most inquisitive solicitude. When left with her a moment I tried vainly to make an opening: I could not. She was too much impressed herself by my manner to wait long. She soon inquired what answer had arrived from Mr. Francis?

That he could not, I said, prescribe at a distance.

I hoped this would be understood, and said no more. The Queen looked much perplexed, but made no answer.

The next morning I was half dead with real illness, excessive nervousness, and the struggle of what I had to force myself to perform. The Queen again was struck with my appearance, which I believe indeed to have been shocking. When I was alone with her, she began upon Mr. Francis with more inquiry. I then tried to articulate that I had something of deep consequence to myself to lay before Her Majesty; but that I was so unequal in my weakened state to speak it, that I had ventured to commit it to writing, and entreated permission to produce it.

She could hardly hear me, yet understood enough to give immediate consent.

I then begged to know if I might present it myself, or whether I should give it to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"O, to me! to me!" she cried, with kind eagerness.

She added, however, not then, as she was going to breakfast.

This done was already some relief, terrible as was all that remained; but I now knew I must go on, and that all my fears and horrors were powerless to stop me.

This was a drawing-room day. I saw the King at St. James's, and he made the most gracious inquiries about

my health: so did each of the Princesses. I found they were now all aware of its failure.

The Queen proposed to me to see Dr. Gisburne: the King seconded the proposition. There was no refusing; yet, just now, it was distressing to comply.

The next morning, Friday, when again I was alone with the Queen, she named the subject, and told me she would rather I should give the paper to the Schwellenberg, who had been lamenting to her my want of confidence in her, and saying I confided and told everything to the Queen. "I answered," continued Her Majesty, "that you were always very good; but that, with regard to confiding, you seemed so happy with all your family, and to live so well together, that there was nothing to say."

I now perceived Mrs. Schwellenberg suspected some dissension at home was the cause of my depression. I was sorry not to deliver my memorial to the principal person, and yet glad to have it to do where I felt so much less compunction in giving pain.

I now desired an audience of Mrs. Schwellenberg. With what trembling agitation did I deliver her my paper, requesting her to have the goodness to lay it at the feet of the Queen before Her Majesty left town! We were then to set out for Windsor before twelve o'clock. Mrs. Schwellenberg herself remained in town.

Here let me copy the memorial.

Most humbly presented to Her Majesty.

MADAM,

WITH the deepest sense of your Majesty's goodness and condescension, amounting even to sweetness—to kindness—who can wonder I should never have been

able to say what I know not how to write—that I find my strength and health unequal to my duty?

Satisfied that I have regularly been spared and favoured by your Majesty's humane consideration to the utmost, I could never bring myself to the painful confession of my secret disquietude; but I have long felt creeping upon me a languor, a feebleness, that makes, at times, the most common attendance a degree of capital pain to me, and an exertion that I could scarce have made, but for the revived alacrity with which your Majesty's constant graciousness has inspired me, and would still, I believe, inspire me, even to my latest hour, while in your Majesty's immediate presence. I kept this to myself while I thought it might wear away,—or, at least, I only communicated it to obtain some medical advice: but the weakness, though it comes only in fits, has of late so much increased, that I have hardly known how, many days, to keep myself about—or to rise in the morning, or to stay up at night.

At length, however, as my constitution itself seems slowly, yet surely, giving way, my father became alarmed.

I must not enter, here, upon his mortification and disappointment: the health and preservation of his daughter could alone be more precious to him than your Majesty's protection.

With my own feelings upon the subject it would ill become me to detain your Majesty, and the less, as I am fully sensible my place, in point of its real business, may easily be far better supplied;—in point of sincere devotion to your Majesty, I do not so readily yield. I can only, therefore, most humbly entreat that your Majesty will deign to accept from my father and myself the most dutiful acknowledgments for the uniform benignity so graciously shown to me during the whole of my attend-

ance. My father had originally been apprehensive of my inability, with regard to strength, for sustaining any but the indulgence of a domestic life: but your Majesty's justice and liberality will make every allowance for the flattered feelings of a parent's heart, which could not endure, untried, to relinquish for his daughter so high an honour as a personal office about your Majesty.

I dare not, Madam, presume to hope that your Majesty's condescension will reach to the smallest degree of concern at parting with me; but permit me, Madam, humbly, earnestly, and fervently, to solicit that I may not be deprived of the mental benevolence of your Majesty, which so thankfully I have experienced, and so gratefully must for ever remember.

That every blessing, every good, may light upon your Majesties here, and await a future and happier period hereafter, will be always amongst the first prayers of,

Madam,
Your Majesty's
Ever devoted, ever grateful,
Most attached, and most dutiful
Subject and servant,
FRANCES BURNEY.

With this, though written so long ago, I only wrote an explanatory note to accompany it, which I will also copy:—

MADAM,

MAY I yet humbly presume to entreat your Majesty's patience for a few added lines, to say that the address which I now most respectfully lay at your Majesty's feet was drawn up two months ago, when first I

felt so extreme a weakness as to render the smallest exertion a fatigue? While I waited, however, for firmness to present it, I took the bark, and found myself, for some time, so much amended, that I put it aside, and my father, perceiving me better, lost his anxious uneasiness for my trying a new mode of life. But the good effect has, of late, so wholly failed, that an entire change of air and manner of living are strongly recommended as the best chance for restoring my shattered health. We hold it, therefore, a point of the grateful duty we owe to your Majesty's goodness and graciousness, to make this melancholy statement at once, rather than to stay till absolute incapacity might disable me from offering one small but sincere tribute of profound respect to your Majesty,—the only one in my power—that of continuing the high honour of attending your Majesty, till your Majesty's own choice, time, and convenience nominate a successor.

Mrs. Schwellenberg took it, and promised me her services, but desired to know its contents. I begged vainly to be excused speaking them. She persisted, and I then was compelled to own they contained my resignation.

How aghast she looked!—how inflamed with wrath!—how petrified with astonishment! It was truly a dreadful moment to me.

She expostulated on such a step, as if it led to destruction: she offered to save me from it, as if the peace of my life depended on averting it; and she menaced me with its bad consequences, as if life itself, removed from these walls, would become an evil.

I plainly recapitulated the suffering state in which I had lived for the last three months; the difficulty with which I had waded through even the most common fatigues of the day; the constraint of attendance, however

honourable, to an invalid; and the impracticability of pursuing such a life, when thus enfeebled, with the smallest chance of ever recovering the health and strength which it had demolished.

To all this she began a vehement eulogium on the superior happiness and blessing of my lot, while under such a protection; and angrily exhorted me not to forfeit what I could never regain.

I then frankly begged her to forbear so painful a discussion, and told her the memorial was from my father as well as myself—that I had no right or authority to hesitate in delivering it—that the Queen herself was prepared to expect it—and that I had promised my father not to go again to Windsor till it was presented. I entreated her, therefore, to have the goodness to show it at once.

This was unanswerable, and she left me with the paper in her hand, slowly conveying it to its place of destination.

Just as she was gone, I was called to Dr. Gisburne; or, rather, without being called, I found him in my room, as I returned to it.

Think if my mind, now, wanted not medicine the most! I told him, however, my corporeal complaints; and he ordered me opium and three glasses of wine in the day, and recommended rest to me, and an application to retire to my friends for some weeks, as freedom from anxiety was as necessary to my restoration as freedom from attendance.

During this consultation I was called to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Do you think I breathed as I went along?—No!

She received me, nevertheless, with complacency and smiles; she began a laboured panegyric of her own friendly zeal and goodness, and then said she had a pro-

posal to make me, which she considered as the most fortunate turn my affairs could take, and as a proof that I should find her the best friend I had in the world. She then premised that she had shown the paper,—that the Queen had read it, and said it was very modest, and nothing improper.

Her proposal was, that I should have leave of absence for six weeks, to go about and change the air, to Chelsea, and Norbury Park, and *Capitan* Phillips, and Mr. Francis, and Mr. Cambrick, which would get me quite well; and, during that time, she would engage Mlle. Montmollin to perform my office.

I was much disturbed at this; and though rejoiced and relieved to understand that the Queen had read my memorial without displeasure, I was grieved to see it was not regarded as final. I only replied I would communicate her plan to my father.

Soon after this we set out for Windsor.

Here the first presenting myself before the Queen was a task the heaviest, if possible, of any. Yet I was ill enough, Heaven knows, to carry the apology of my retreat in my countenance. However, it was a terrible effort. I could hardly enter her room. She spoke at once, and with infinite softness, asking me how I did after my journey? "Not well, indeed," I simply answered. "But better?" she cried; "are you not a little better?"

I only shook my head; I believe the rest of my frame shook without my aid.

"What! not a little?—not a little bit better?" she cried, in the most soothing voice.

"To-day, ma'am," I said, "I did indeed not expect to be better."

I then muttered something, indistinctly enough, of the pain I had suffered in what I had done: she opened, how-

ever, upon another subject immediately, and no more was said upon this. But she was kind, and sweet, and gentle, and all consideration with respect to my attendance.

I wrote the proposal to my poor father. I received, by return of post, the most truly tender letter he ever wrote me. He returns thanks for the clemency with which my melancholy memorial has been received, and is truly sensible of the high honour shown me in the new proposition; but he sees my health so impaired, my strength so decayed, my whole frame so nearly demolished, that he apprehends anything short of a permanent resignation, that would ensure lasting rest and recruit, might prove fatal. He quotes a letter from Mr. Francis, containing his opinion that I must even be speedy in my retiring, or risk the utmost danger; and he finishes a letter filled with gratitude towards the Queen, and affection to his daughter, with his decisive opinion that I cannot go on, and his prayers and blessings on my retreat.'

The term "speedy," in Mr. Francis's opinion, deterred me from producing this letter, as it seemed indelicate and unfair to hurry the Queen, after offering her the fullest time. I therefore waited till Mrs. Schwellenberg came to Windsor before I made any report of my answer.

A scene almost horrible ensued, when I told Cerbera the offer was declined. She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes.

For the rest of this gloomy month and gloomy year, a few detached paragraphs must suffice.

Mr. Turbulent, as I have told you, won now all my good will by a visit in this my sinking and altered state, in which, with very unaffected friendliness, he counselled and exhorted me to resign my office, in order to secure my recovery.

He related to me, also, his own most afflicting story—his mortifications, disappointments, and ill-treatment; and perhaps my concern for his injuries contributed to his complete restoration in my good will.

Another confidence soon followed, of a sort far more pleasant: my good friend '*Pon m'honneur*,—Mlle. Montmollin,—informed me of her engagements with M. d'Espère-en-Dieu, and with her hopes of his speedily coming over to England to claim her, and carry her to his château en Languedoc. I sincerely wish her happy, and her prospects wear all promise of her fulfilling my wish. Adieu, my dear friends!

Adieu—undear December!

Adieu—and away for ever, most painful 1790!

PART V.

1791.

CONTENTS.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Queen and Madame Schwellenberg—Verses to Lord Harcourt by Queen Charlotte and Miss Burney—Serious Illness of Miss Burney—Conference with the Queen—Her Opinion of Miss Burney's Character—Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Lord Cardigan—Mrs. Garrick—Hannah More—Mrs. Lock—Projected Tour with Mrs. Ord—Conference with the Queen on Miss Burney's Retirement from Office—Mr. Twining—Haydn—Dr. Willis—A Day at the Trial of Warren Hastings—Defence of Hastings—Old Acquaintance—Mr. Windham—Treatment of Hastings by the Ministers—The Duke of Clarence—Birthday Etiquette—Conversations with the King and Queen on Boswell's 'Johnson'—The Pleasures of Literary Composition—Arrival of Miss Burney's Successor—Her final Retirement—Liberality of the Queen.

PART V.

1791.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

January, 1791.

MOST DEAR SIR,—I had no opportunity to put in practice my plan of the *montre*. I found, by circumstances, a full expectation of some conceding and relenting plan to follow my Chelsea visit. A blank disappointment sat on the face I revere; a sharper austerity on that I shrink from.

Comfortless enough this went on till this morn: an incident then occurred that enabled me to say I had shown the *montre* to you.—"And how does he like it?" I was asked, very gently. "It made him, as me, almost melancholy," was my true answer. It was felt and understood instantly. "But you must not encourage melancholy thoughts," was very benignly spoken. This has revived me—I was drooping; and I am not much better in my strength for this suspensive state! Yet, I trust, I am now finally comprehended, and that we are mutually believed to be simple and single in what is proposed, and, consequently, steady and unalterable.

Adieu, dearest of dear padres!—This is the sum total of all: the detail must await our meeting; and we do not go to town till the day before the birthday.—What a hurry it will be!

I was asked what I had bought for the birthday? That, therefore is of course expected!

Well; "God's above all,"—as you love to quote; so I must keep up my spirits with that.

I thank Heaven, there was much softness in the manner of naming you this morning. I see no ill-will mixed with the reluctance; which much consoles me. I do what is possible to avoid all discussion; I see its danger still so glaring. How could I resist, should the Queen condescend to desire, to ask, that I would yet try another year?—and another year would but be uselessly demolishing me; for never could I explain to her that a situation which unavoidably casts all my leisure into the presence of Mrs. Schwellenberg must necessarily be subversive of my health, because incompatible with my peace, my ease, my freedom, my spirits, and my affections. The Queen is probably kept from any suspicion of the true nature of the case, by the praises of Mrs. Schwellenberg, who, with all her asperity and persecution, is uncommonly partial to my society; because, in order to relieve myself from sullen gloom, or apparent dependency, I generally make my best exertions to appear gay and chatty; for when I can do this, she forbears both rudeness and imperiousness. She then, I have reason to believe, says to the Queen, as I know she does to some others, "The Bernan bin reely agribble;" and the Queen, not knowing the incitement that forces my elaborate and painful efforts, may suppose I am lively at heart, when she hears I am so in discourse. And there is no developing this without giving the Queen the severest embarrassment as well as chagrin. I would not turn informer for the world. Mrs. Schwellenberg, too, with all her faults, is heart and soul devoted to her Royal Mistress, with the truest faith and loyalty. I hold, therefore, silence on this subject to be a sacred duty. To return to you, my dearest padre, is the only road that is

open for my return to strength and comfort, bodily and mental. I am inexpressibly grateful to the Queen, but I burn to be delivered from Mrs. Schwellenberg, and I pine to be again in the arms of my padre.

Most dear Sir, your F.B.

You may suppose my recovery was not much forwarded by a ball given at the Castle on Twelfth-Day. The Queen condescended to say that I might go to bed, and she would content herself with the wardrobe-woman, in consideration of my weak state; but then she exhorted me not to make it known to the Schwellenberg, who would be quite wretched at such a thing.

I returned my proper thanks, but declined the proposal, so circumstanced, assuring Her Majesty that it would make me wretched to have an indulgence that could produce an impropriety which would make Mrs. Schwellenberg so through my means.

And now to enliven a little: what will you give me, fair ladies, for a copy of verses written between the Queen of Great Britain and your most small little journalist?

The morning of the ball the Queen sent for me, and said she had a fine pair of old-fashioned gloves, white, with stiff tops and a deep gold fringe, which she meant to send to her new Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who was to be at the dance. She wished to convey them in a copy of verses, of which she had composed three lines, but could not get on. She told me her ideas, and I had the honour to help her in the metre; and now I have the honour to copy them from her own Royal hand:—

To the Earl of Harcourt.

Go, happy gloves, bedeck Earl Harcourt's hand,
And let him know they come from fairy-land,
Where ancient customs still retain their reign ;
To modernize them all attempts were vain.
Go, cries Queen Mab, some noble owner seek,
Who has a proper taste for the antique.

Now, no criticising, fair ladies!—the assistant was neither allowed a pen nor a moment, but called upon to help finish, as she might have been to hand a fan. The Earl, you may suppose, was sufficiently enchanted.

How, or by whom, or by what instigated, I know not, but I heard that the newspapers, this winter, had taken up the cause of my apparent seclusion from the world, and dealt round comments and lamentations profusely. I heard of this with much concern.

* * * * *

I have now nothing worth scribbling before my terrible illness, beginning about four o'clock in the morning of the day preceding the Queen's birthday: and of that, and its various adventures, you, my kind and tender nurses, are fully apprised.

FEBRUARY.—This month, my dearest Susanna, has no memorial but in my heart; which amply you supplied with never-dying materials for recollection.

MARCH.—And here may I gratefully say ditto, ditto, ditto, to the above three lines, inserting the name of my kindest, dearest Frederica.

APRIL.—Now, though I have kept memorandums since the departure of my dear Fredy, they are not chronological, and therefore you must pardon the omission of my former regularity.

* * * * * *

In the course of this month I had two conferences

with my Royal Mistress upon my resignation, in which I spoke with all possible openness upon its necessity. She condescended to speak very honourably of my dear father to me; and, in a long discourse upon my altered health with Mrs. De Luc, she still further condescended to speak most graciously of his daughter, saying, in particular, these strong words, in answer to something kind uttered by that good friend in my favour: "O, as to character, she is what we call in German 'true as gold;' and, in point of heart, there is not, all the world over, one better"—and added something further upon sincerity very forcibly. This makes me very happy.

She deigned, also, in one of these conferences, to consult with me openly upon my successor, stating her difficulties, and making me enumerate various requisites. It would be dangerous, she said, to build upon meeting in England with one who would be discreet in point of keeping off friends and acquaintances from frequenting the palace; and she graciously implied much commendation of my discretion, in her statement of what she feared from a new person.

* * * * * *

This Easter we lost from our house-establishment Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave; her sister, Lady Caroline, and Lady Mary Howe, are united to supply her place, which required more attendance than could reasonably be expected from one. Lady Elizabeth is amiable and gentle and sensible; I wish her happy; and as she loves show and grandeur, and I believe was extremely worn by her attendance, perhaps Lord Cardigan's fondness and munificence joined may obliterate in her consideration his roughness of manner.

SUNDAY, MAY 1ST, TO SATURDAY, MAY 7TH.—I feel happy in those little occasions, so seldom occurring, of

calling to mind my existence in the bosoms of those friends from whom my long absence might else banish it, or, at least, incline a belief that I had myself lost all care about them.

My sweet Fredy afforded me opportunities of this kind, in the frame pattern for roses which she left me for Mrs. Garrick. I waited some time in hopes of conveying it through Mrs. Ord; but, that scheme failing, I enclosed it in a letter to Mrs. Garrick, in which I expressed my obligation to my Fredy for thus enabling me to lay claim to her continued kindness, by reminding her that what in me she had excited was unabated.

I had an answer from Miss More, written at the request of Mrs. Garrick; very affectionate indeed, full of thanks to my dear Mrs. Lock, and professing all I could wish for myself. Miss More adds the strongest expressions of her own regard, and the most flattering solicitude about the bad state of my health.

That dear and valuable Mrs. Ord will now very rarely come near me. She fears suspicion of influencing my proceedings. I assured her, as I did Miss Cambridge, how clear I had kept all manner of people from any involvement.

A most kind plan she has since formed, which still remains unfixed: this is to take me on a tour with her, for the effect of gentle travelling and change of air, this summer; and she said she would put the map of England in my hand, if I agreed to her scheme, and make me mark our route myself. Her goodness is indeed of the most genuine worth and sincerity, and I love her now as much as I have respected her always. What a treasure is such a friend! one who has grown in my esteem and affection by every added year of intimacy! In this first —this essence of human happiness, how peculiar has

been my lot! and how has it softened all other bitter ingredients in it!

As no notice whatever was taken, all this time, of my successor, or my retirement, after very great harass of suspense, and sundry attempts to conquer it, I had at length again a conference with my Royal Mistress. She was evidently displeased at again being called upon, but I took the courage to openly remind her that the birthday was her Majesty's own time, and that my father conceived it to be the period of my attendance by her especial appointment. And this was a truth which flashed its own conviction on her recollection. She paused, and then, assentingly, said, "Certainly." I then added, that as, after the birthday, their Majesties went to Windsor, and the early prayers began immediately, I must needs confess I felt myself wholly unequal to encountering the fatigue of rising for them in my present weakened state. She was now very gracious again, conscious all this was fair and true. She told me her own embarrassments concerning the successor, spoke confidentially of her reasons for not engaging an Englishwoman, and acknowledged a person was fixed upon, though something yet remained unarranged. She gave me, however, to understand that all would be expedited: and foreign letters were despatched, I know, immediately.

This painful task over, of thus frequently reminding my Royal Mistress that my services were ending, I grew easier. She renewed, in a short time, all her old confidence and social condescension, and appeared to treat me with no other alteration than a visible regret that I should quit her—shown rather than avowed, or much indeed it would have distressed me.

Mrs. Schwellenberg was now invariable in kindness;

but with regard to my servants, I could obtain no other satisfaction than that they must each have a month's wages, as Her Majesty would not consent to making my resignation known. William, she told me, might probably become the footman of my successor; poor little Goter has little chance! and I fear it will be a real tragedy when she knows her doom. She now improves daily, and I am quite sorry for her.

FROM SUNDAY, MAY 8TH, TO MAY 15TH.—I have again been very unwell—low, faint, and feeble. The sweet Princess Elizabeth has taken an animated interest about me; I have been prescribed for by Mrs. De Luc, and her Royal Highness has insisted on my performance of injunctions. Miss Planta has also been extremely friendly and assisting.

* * * * * *

FROM SUNDAY, MAY 15TH, TO SUNDAY, MAY 22ND.—The trial of the poor persecuted Mr. Hastings being now again debating and arranging for continuance, all our house, I found, expected me now to come forth, and my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg thought I should find it irresistible. Indeed it nearly was so, from my anxious interest in the approaching defence; but when I considered the rumours likely to be raised after my retreat, by those terrifying watchers of court transactions who inform the public of their conjectures, I dreaded the probable assertion that I must needs be disgusted or discontented, for health could not be the true motive of my resignation, since I was in public just before it took place. I feared, too, that even those who promoted the enterprise might reproach me with my ability to do what I wished. These considerations determined me to run no voluntary risks; especially as I should so ill know how to parry Mr. Windham, should he now attack me

upon a subject concerning which he merits thanks so nobly, that I am satisfied my next interview with him must draw them forth from me. Justice, satisfaction in his exertions, and gratitude for their spirited willingness, all call upon me to give him that poor return. The danger of it, however, now, is too great to be tried, if avoidable: and I had far rather avoid seeing him, than either gratify myself by expressing my sense of his kindness, or unjustly withhold from him what I think of it.

These considerations determined me upon relinquishing all public places, and all private visits, for the present.

The trial, however, was delayed, and the Handelian commemoration came on. My beloved Mr. and Mrs. Lock will have told my Susan my difficulties in this business, and I will now tell all three how they ended.

The Queen, unexpectedly, having given me a ticket, and enjoined me to go the first day, that I might have longer time to recruit against the King's birthday, I became, as you will have heard, much distressed what course to pursue.

I took the first moment I was alone with Her Majesty to express my father's obligation to her for not suffering me to sit up on her own birthday, in this week, and I besought her permission to lay before her my father's motives for hitherto wishing me to keep quiet this spring, as well as my own, adding I was sure Her Majesty would benignly wish this business to be done as peaceably and unobserved as possible.

She looked extremely earnest, and bid me proceed.

I then briefly stated that whoever had the high honour of belonging to their Majesties were liable to comments upon all their actions; that, if the comment was only founded in truth, we had nothing to fear, but that, as the world was much less addicted to veracity than to mis-

chief, my father and myself had an equal apprehension that, if I should now be seen in public so quickly before the impending change, reports might be spread, as soon as I went home, that it could not be for health I resigned.

She listened very attentively and graciously, and instantly acquiesced, giving me the ticket for my own disposal, and another for little Sarah, who was to have accompanied me. The other, therefore, I gave to James. And thus ended, most favourably, this dilemma.

My dear Fredy will have mentioned the circumstances of the Queen's real birthday, and her insistance that I should not sit up for the ball, and the most kind interference of the King to prevent my opposing her order, in which all the three elder Princesses joined, with looks of benevolent delight that I should thus be spared an exertion for which I was really most unequal. This once, therefore, the Queen had only Mrs. Thielky, and I had an admirable night's repose and recruit—most unpleasantly, however, circumstanced by the consciousness it was deemed a high impropriety. I told the Queen afterwards that, though I was most sensible of her gracious consideration in sparing me a fatigue which I believed would wholly have overpowered me, I yet never more thoroughly felt the necessity of my retreat, that my place might be supplied by one who could better perform its office. She was not much pleased with this speech; but I owed it to truth and justice, and could not repress it.

FROM SUNDAY, 22ND, TO THE END OF MAY.—This Sunday, the birthday of the lovely and amiable Princess Elizabeth, found me very ill again; but as I am that now very frequently, and always come round to the same state as before these little occasional attacks, I will leave them unmentioned, except where they hang to other circumstances.

Poor Mr. Smelt, who had spent his melancholy winter at Kew, with his two deserving daughters, Mrs. Cholmley and Mrs. Goulton, was now preparing to return, for the summer,* to their dwellings in the north. It seemed a species of duty on my part to acquaint him with my intended resignation, as he had been employed by Her Majesty to bring me the original proposition of the office: but I have no permission—on the contrary, repeated exhortations to tell no one; and therefore, from the time the transaction has become the Queen's, I have made no new confidence whatsoever.

When the trial actually recommenced, the Queen grew anxious for my going to it: she condescended to intimate that my accounts of it were the most faithful and satisfactory she received, and to express much ill-will to giving them up. The motives I had mentioned, however, were not merely personal; she could not but see any comments must involve more than myself, and therefore I abided steadily by her first agreement to my absenting myself from all public places, and only gently joined in her regret, which I forcibly enough felt in this instance, without venturing any offer of relinquishing the prudential plan previously arranged. She gave me tickets for Charles for every day that the Hall was opened, and I collected what I could of information from him for her satisfaction.

I had the pleasure, one evening at Chelsea, of meeting our ever-valued Mr. Twining, and seeing the justly renowned Haydn. There was some sweet music of his performed; but Esther, his best exhibitor, was not well, and we all missed her in all ways.

I had a most friendly visit in my apartment from Dr. Willis, a man whom I as cordially like as I admire, and whose noble open heart is as worthy reverence as his

truly original talents in his own art. He came to offer me his counsel for my health, telling me he really could not endure to see me look so wan and altered. I assured him very sincerely there was no medical advice I could receive in the whole world which would have such assistance with me from faith as his; but that, as I was the formal and official patient of Dr. Gisburne, I feared he would be much offended at my indulging my private opinion by changing my physician.

"Why, now, I really think," cried he, "which you'll say is very vain, that I could cure you; and why should not we consult without his knowing it? I give you my word I would not offend any man; but you may take my word for it, for all that, I would affront all the college of doctors, and all the world beside, rather than not do you good if it is in my power."

When I thanked him for this exceeding kindness, which was uttered with a cordiality of manner that doubled its warmth, he said, "Why, to tell you the truth, I don't quite know how I could have got on at Kew, in the King's illness, if it had not been for seeing you in a morning. I assure you they worried me so, all round, one way or other, that I was almost ready to go off. But you used to keep me up prodigiously. Though, I give you my word, I was afraid sometimes to see you, with your good-humoured face, for all it helped me to keep up, because I did not know what to say to you, when things went bad, on account of vexing you."

He then examined me, and wrote me a prescription, and gave me directions, and told me I must write him word, into Lincolnshire, how his advice agreed. "If you were to do me the honour to send me a letter," he cried, "I'll assure you I should be very much pleased; but you would give me a very bad opinion of you, which would

be no easy thing to do neither, if you were to offer me a fee, except it be a letter, and now don't be stingy of that."

I tried his medicines, but they were too violent, and required rest and nursing; however, I really believe they will prove effectual.

Queen's House, London.

JUNE.—On the opening of this month Her Majesty told me that the next day Mr. Hastings was to make his defence, and warmly added, "I would give the world you could go to it!"

This was an expression so unusual in animation, that I instantly told her I would write to my father, who could not possibly, in that case, hesitate.

"Surely," she cried, "you may wrap up, so as not to catch cold that once?"

I told Her Majesty that, as my father had never thought going out would be really prejudicial to my health, he had only wished to have his motive laid fairly before Her Majesty, and then to leave it to her own command.

Her Majesty accepted this mode of consent, and gave me tickets for Charles and Sarah to accompany me, and gave leave and another ticket for Mr. De Luc to be of the party.

After this the Royal Family went to the Abbey, for which, also, the Queen graciously gave me a ticket for whom I pleased.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND.—I went once more to Westminster Hall. Charles and Sarah came not to their time, and I left directions and tickets, and set off with only Mr. De Luc, to secure our own, and keep places for them.

The Hall was more crowded than on any day since the

trial commenced, except the first. Peers, commoners, and counsel, peeresses, commoneresses, and the numerous indefinites crowded every part, with a just and fair curiosity to hear one day's defence, after seventy-three of accusation.

Unfortunately I sat too high up to hear the opening, and when, afterwards, the departure of some of my obstacles removed me lower, I was just behind some of those unfeeling enemies who have not even the decorum due to themselves, of appearing to listen to what is offered against their own side. I could only make out that this great and persecuted man, upon a plan all his own, and at a risk impossible to ascertain, was formally making his own defence, not with retaliating declamation, but by a simple, concise, and most interesting statement of facts, and of the necessities accompanying them in the situation to which the House then impeaching had five times called him. He spoke with most gentlemanly temper of his accusers, his provocation considered, yet with a firmness of disdain of the injustice with which he had been treated in return for his services, that was striking and affecting, though unadorned and manly.

His spirit, however, and the injuries which raised it, rested not quietly upon his particular accusers: he arraigned the late minister, Lord North, of ingratitude and double-dealing, and the present minister, Mr. Pitt, of unjustifiably and unworthily forbearing to sustain him.

Here Mr. Fox, artfully enough, interrupted him, to say the King's ministers were not to be arraigned for what passed in the House of Parliament.

Mr. Burke rose also to enter his protest.

But Mr. Hastings then lost his patience and his temper: he would not suffer the interruption; he had never, he said, interrupted their long speeches; and when Mr.

Burke again attempted to speak, Mr. Hastings, in an impassioned but affecting manner, extended his arms, and called out loudly, "I throw myself upon the protection of your Lordships!—I am not used to public speaking, and cannot answer them; what I wish to submit to your Lordships I have committed to paper; but, if I am punished for what I say, I must insist upon being heard! —I call upon you, my Lords, to protect me from this violence!"

This animated appeal prevailed; the managers were silenced by an almost universal cry of "Hear, hear, hear!" from the Lords; and by Lord Kenyon, who represented the Chancellor, and said, "Mr. Hastings, proceed."

The angry orators, though with a very ill grace, were then silenced. They were little aware what a compliment this intemperate eagerness was paying to Mr. Hastings, who for so many long days manifested that fortitude against attack, and that patience against abuse, which they could not muster, without any parallel in provocation, even for three short hours.

I rejoiced with all my heart to find Mr. Windham was not in their box. He did not enter with them in procession, nor appear as a manager or party concerned, further than as a member of the House of Commons. I could not distinguish him in so large a group, and he either saw not, or knew not, me.

The conclusion of the defence I heard better, as Mr. Hastings spoke considerably louder from this time; the spirit of indignation animated his manner and gave strength to his voice. You will have seen the chief parts of his discourse in the newspapers; and you cannot, I think, but grow more and more his friend as you peruse it. He called pathetically and solemnly for instant judgment; but the Lords, after an adjournment, decided to

hear his defence by evidence, and in order, the next sessions. How grievous such continual delay to a man past sixty, and sighing for such a length of time for redress from a prosecution as yet unparalleled in our annals!

When it was over, Colonel Manners came round to speak to me, and talk over the defence. He is warmly for Mr. Hastings. He inquired about Windsor; I should have made him stare a little, had I told him I never expected to see him there again.

Mrs. Kenedy and the Miss Coopers knew me as passed them; but I saw they read the history of my long illness in my face, by the expression of their eyes: and Mr. Nicholls, whom I had not met for two or three years, though I observed him looking hard at me, let me go on, without sufficiently recollecting to speak to me.

When we came down-stairs into the large waiting-hall, Mr. De Luc went in search of William and chairs. Sally then immediately discerned Mr. Windham with some ladies. He looked at me without at first knowing me.

Mr. Nicholls, however, now knew my voice: he came and chatted with his accustomed good humour and ease, and frankly owned he had thought it was me, but felt too insecure to venture to speak earlier. He then very openly exhorted me to take more care of my health, and try change of air; Twickenham, for example, he said he thought would prove serviceable, for, ill as I looked in health, he thought it was not incurably.

While this was going on, Sarah whispered me that Mr. Windham was looking harder and harder; and presently, at a pause with Mr. Nicholls, he came up to me, and in a tone of very deep concern, and with a look that fully concurred with it, he said, "Do I see Miss Burney?"

I could not but feel the extent of the interrogation, and my assent acknowledged my comprehension.

"Indeed," he cried, "I was going to make a speech —not very—gallant!"

"But it is what I should like better," I cried, "for it is kind, if you were going to say I look miserably ill, as that is but a necessary consequence of feeling so,—and miserably ill enough I have felt this long time past."

He would not allow quite that, he said; but I flew from the subject, to tell him I had been made very happy by him.

He gave me one of his starts,—but immediately concluded it was by no good, and therefore would not speak an inquiry.

"Why, I did not see you in the box," I cried, "and I had been very much afraid I should have seen you there. But now my fears are completely over, and you have made me completely happy!"

He protested, with a comic but reproachful smile, he knew not how to be glad, if it was still only in the support of a bad cause, and if still I really supported it.

And then he added he had gone amongst the House of Commons instead of joining the managers, because that enabled him to give his place to a friend, who was not a member.

"You must be sure," said I, "you would see me here to-day."

I had always threatened him with giving fairest play to the defence, and always owned I had been most afraid of his harangue; therefore to find the charges end without his making it saved me certainly a shake,—either for Mr. Hastings or himself,—for one of them must thenceforth have fallen in my estimation.

I believe, however, this was a rather delicate point, as he made me no answer, but a grave smile; but I am

sure he instantly understood his relinquishing his intended charge was my subject of exultation. And, to make it plainer, I then added, "I am really very generous to be thus made happy, considering how great has been my curiosity."

"But, to have gratified that curiosity," cried he, "would have been no very particular inducement with me; though I have no right to take it for a compliment, as there are two species of curiosity,—yours, therefore, you leave wholly ambiguous."

"O, I am content with that," cried I: "so long as I am gratified, I give you leave to take it which way you please."

He murmured something I could not distinctly hear, of concern at my continued opinion upon this subject; but I do not think, by his manner, it much surprised him.

"You know," cried I, "why, as well as what, I feared—that fatal candour, of which so long ago you warned me to beware. And, indeed, I was kept in alarm to the very last moment; for at every figure I saw start up, just now,—Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Grey,—I concluded yours would be the next."

"You were prepared, then," cried he, with no little malice, "for a 'voice issuing from a distant pew.'"

This unexpected turn put me quite out, whereupon he seized his opportunity to put himself in. For, after a little laugh at his victory, he very gravely, and even almost solemnly, said, "But, there is another subject,—always uppermost with me,—which I have not ventured to speak of to you; though, to others,—you know not how I have raved and raged! But I believe,—I am sure,—you know what I allude to."

'Twas impossible, thus challenged, to dissemble. "Yes,"

I answered, "I own,—I believe,—I understand you; and, indeed, I should be tempted to say farther,—if you would forget it when heard, and make no implications,—that, from what has come round to me from different quarters, I hold myself to be very much obliged to you."

I was sorry, as things are still circumstanced, to say this; but it would have been graceless, after all his zeal and kindness, thus called upon, to say less.

He looked very much pleased, and, entering instantly into the sort of inference I feared, mildly said, "But without any implication, now,—surely it is time! Now,—obviously,—strikingly,—all implication apart,—there is reason substantial, uncontrovertible——"

Mr. De Luc came to say something of the chair, and I dreaded his hearing what I felt coming, so turned off; but Mr. Windham's looks strongly finished his meaning concerning mine, as announcing a necessity of resignation. I ventured at no answer whatsoever.

He looked a little blank, and then I could not resist, in a very low voice, saying, "I should not have expected, Mr. Windham, from you, a generosity such as this, for one you regard as a captive!"

He was obliged to swallow this allusion; but began, with double eagerness, upon the subject uppermost; but I really heard nothing, from seeing Mr. De Luc's fixed attention, and dreading his discovering our topic: I therefore made the parting courtesy; he returned it with a bow, but, as I stood back, came on, very earnestly indeed, saying, "When shall I see you again?"

I was sure, by the expression of his voice, he meant, when should I again be visible in the world? I dared make no answer, but a little shook my head and still retreated.

"When?" he cried again, perseveringly, and still more forcibly.

Still no answer could I make. Upon which, in a tone most emphatic, he answered himself, exclaiming "Never!" and, with a look that implied all the raving and raging he had acknowledged internally reviving, and with an air almost in heroics, he walked away.

I was really very much vexed not to be able to deal more openly with a champion whose sincere warmth in my service so much engages my real gratitude, and gives me so much real pleasure; but it was every way impossible. Mr. De Luc, much struck with his eager manner, did not let him be out of hearing before he cried, "Pray, ma'am, who is it, that gentleman?"

I told him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, astonished to find him one of that party; "and, really, he has an honest face of his own! But you both spoke so adroitly, under the cover, that I could not make it out, very well, what you were talking upon it; but I suppose the French revolution."

What gave him this idea I know not, but I was glad the adroitness so well succeeded.

When we came home I was immediately summoned to Her Majesty, to whom I gave a full and fair account of all I had heard of the defence; and it drew tears from her expressive eyes, as I repeated Mr. Hastings's own words, upon the hardship and injustice of the treatment he had sustained.

Afterwards, at night, the King called upon me to repeat my account; and I was equally faithful, sparing nothing of what had dropped from the persecuted defendant relative to His Majesty's Ministers. I thought official accounts might be less detailed there than against the Managers, who, as open enemies, excite not so much

my "high displeasure" as the friends of Government, who so insidiously elected and panegyrised him while they wanted his assistance, and betrayed and deserted him when he was no longer in a capacity to serve them. Such, at least, is the light in which the defence places them.

The King listened with much earnestness and a marked compassion. He had already read the account sent him officially, but he was as eager to hear all I could recollect, as if still uninformed of what had passed. The words may be given to the eye, but the impression they make can only be conveyed by the ear; and I came back so eagerly interested, that my memory was not more stored with the very words than my voice with the intonations of all that had passed.

With regard to my bearing this sole unofficial exertion since my illness, I can only say the fatigue I felt bore not any parallel with that of every drawing-room day, because I was seated.

JUNE 4TH.—Let me now come to the 4th, the last birthday of the good, gracious, benevolent King I shall ever, in all human probability, pass under his Royal roof.

The thought was affecting to me, in defiance of my volunteer conduct, and I could scarce speak to the Queen when I first went to her, and wished to say something upon a day so interesting. The King was most gracious and kind when he came into the State Dressing-Room at St. James's, and particularly inquired about my health and strength, and if they would befriend me for the day. I longed again to tell him how hard I would work them, rather than let them, on such a day, drive me from my office; but I found it better suited me to be quiet; it was safer not to trust to any ex-

pression of loyalty, with a mind so full, and on a day so critical.

With regard to health, my side is all that is attended with any uneasiness, and that is sometimes a serious business. Certainly there is nothing premature in what has been done.

And—O picquet!—life hardly hangs on earth during its compulsion, in these months succeeding months, and years creeping, crawling, after years.

At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. De Luc and Stanhope dined with us; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a Royal sailor.

We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs while the footmen left the room; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk His Majesty's health?"

"No, your Roy'l Highness: your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"O, by —— will I! Here, you (to the footman); bring Champagne! I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it! Yet, I have done pretty well already: so has the King, I promise you! I believe His Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!"

Princess Mary made her first appearance at Court to-day: she looked most interesting and unaffectedly lovely: she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which Princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the Prince of Wales.

Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table, and called out, "O, by ——, you shall drink it!"

There was no resisting this. We all stood up, and the Duke sonorously gave the Royal toast.

"And now," cried he, making us all sit down again, "where are my rascals of servants? I sha'n't be in time for the ball; besides, I've got a deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye hear? Scamper off!"

Off ran William.

"Come, let's have the King's health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, Champagne to De Luc!"

I wish you could have seen Mr. De Luc's mixed simper—half pleased, half alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the Duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time.

"Poor Stanhope!" cried he: "Stanhope shall have a glass too! Here, Champagne! what are you all about? Why don't you give Champagne to poor Stanhope?"

Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the Duke again accompanied him.

"Come hither, do you hear?" cried the Duke to the servants; and on the approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth's man, he hit him a violent slap on the back, calling out, "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?"

Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults, "Hark'ee! bring another glass of Champagne to Mr. De Luc!"

Mr. De Luc knows these Royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The Duke did the same.

"And now, poor Stanhope," cried the Duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?"

"Is not your Royal Highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?"

"Not at all! you can't get drunk in a better cause. I'd get drunk myself if it was not for tne ball. Here, Champagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, gaining courage as he drank, "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on,—quite droll!"

"So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another glass of Champagne for the Queen's philosopher!"

Mr. De Luc obeyed, and the Duke then addressed

Mrs. Schwellenberg's George. "Here! you! you! why, where is my carriage? run and see, do you hear?"

Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly.

"If it was not for that deuced tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with Princess Royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the Queen."

The Queen meant to spend one day at Windsor, on account of a review which carried the King that way.

Some talk then ensued upon the Duke's new carriage, which they all agreed to be the most beautiful that day at Court. I had not seen it, which, to me, was some impediment against praising it.

He then said it was necessary to drink the Queen's health.

The gentlemen here made no demur, though Mr. De Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences.

"A bumper," cried the Duke, "to the Queen's gentleman-usher."

They all stood up and drank the Queen's health.

"Here are three of us," cried the Duke, "all belonging to the Queen: the Queen's philosopher, the Queen's gentleman-usher, and the Queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I'm nearest!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the Queen's gentleman-usher; I am the Queen's equerry, sir."

"A glass more of Champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of Champagne for the Queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily.

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope; "I am equerry now, sir."

"And another glass to the Queen's philosopher!"

Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your Royal Highness, I am afraid for the ball!"

"Hold you your potato-jaw, my dear," cried the Duke, patting her; but, recollecting himself, he took her hand and pretty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud, and called out, "There! that will make amends for anything, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of Champagne for the Queen's philosopher and the Queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good!"

Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my deuced tailor."

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!"

Off, however, he went. And is it not a curious scene? All my amaze is, how any of their heads bore such libations.

In the evening I had by no means strength to encounter the ball-room. I gave my tickets to Mrs. and Miss Douglas.

Mrs. Stainforth was dying to see the Princess Mary in her Court dress. Mr. Stanhope offered to conduct her to a place of prospect. She went with him. I thought this preferable to an unbroken evening with my fair companion, and, Mr. De Luc thinking the same, we both left Mrs. Schwellenberg to unattire, and followed. But we were rather in a scrape by trusting to Mr. Stanhope after

all this Champagne: he had carried Mrs. Stainforth to the very door of the ball-room, and there fixed her—in a place which the King, Queen, and suite must brush past in order to enter the ball-room. I had followed, however, and the crowds of beef-eaters, officers, and guards that lined all the state-rooms through which we exhibited ourselves, prevented my retreating alone. I stood, therefore, next to Mrs. Stainforth, and saw the ceremony.

The passage was made so narrow by attendants, that they were all forced to go one by one. First, all the King's great state-officers, amongst whom I recognised Lord Courtown, Treasurer of the Household; Lord Salisbury carried a candle!—'tis an odd etiquette.—These being passed, came the King—he saw us and laughed; then the Queen's Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who did ditto; then some more.

The Vice-Chamberlain carries the Queen's candle, that she may have the arm of the Lord Chamberlain to lean on; accordingly, Lord Aylesbury, receiving that honour, now preceded the Queen: she looked amazed at sight of us. The kind Princesses one by one acknowledged us. I spoke to Princess Mary, wishing her Royal Highness joy: she looked in a delight and an alarm nearly equal. She was to dance her first minuet. Then followed the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Harcourt was particularly civil. Then the Maids of Honour, every one of whom knew and spoke to us. I peered vainly for the Duke of Clarence, but none of the Princes passed us. What a crowd brought up the rear! I was vexed not to see the Prince of Wales.

Well, God bless the King! and many and many such days may he know!

I was now so tired as to be eager to go back; but the Queen's philosopher, the good and most sober and tem-

perate of men, was really a little giddy with all his bumpers, and his eyes, which were quite lustrous, could not fix any object steadily; while the poor gentleman-usher —equerry, I mean—kept his mouth so wide open with one continued grin,—I suppose from the sparkling beverage,—that I was every minute afraid its pearly ornaments, which never fit their case, would have fallen at our feet. Mrs. Stainforth gave me a significant look of making the same observation, and, catching me fast by the arm, said, "Come, Miss Burney, let's you and I take care of one another;" and then she safely toddled me back to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who greeted us with saying, "Vell! bin you much amused? Dat Prince Villiam—oders de Duke de Clarence—bin raelly ver merry—oders vat you call tipsy."

Brief must be my attempt at the remnant of this month, my dearest friends; for it was spent in so much difficulty, pain, and embarrassment, that I should have very little to relate that you could have any pleasure to hear; and I am weary of dwelling on evils that now, when I write, are past! I thank God!

June 5th.—The day following the birthday, you cannot be surprised to hear that I was really very ill. I stood with such infinite difficulty in the Queen's presence at noon that I was obliged to be dismissed, and to go to bed in the middle of the day. I soon got better, however, and again attended in the evening, and in a few days I was much the same as before the gala.

My orders, which I punctually obeyed, of informing no one of my impending departure, were extremely painful to adhere to, as almost everybody I saw advised me strenuously to beg leave of absence to recruit, and pressed so home to me the necessity of taking some step for my health, that I was reduced to a thousand unplea-

sant evasions in my answers. But I was bound; and I never disengage myself from bonds imposed by others, if once I have agreed to them.

Mr. Turbulent at this time outstayed the tea-party one evening, not for his former rhodomontading, but to seriously and earnestly advise me to resign. My situation, he said, was evidently death to me.

He was eager to inquire of me who was Mrs. Lenox? He had been reading, like all the rest of the world, Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' and the preference there expressed of Mrs. Lenox to all other females had filled him with astonishment, as he had never even heard her name.

These occasional sallies of Dr. Johnson, uttered from local causes and circumstances, but all retailed verbatim by Mr. Boswell, are filling all sort of readers with amaze, except the small party to whom Dr. Johnson was known, and who, by acquaintance with the power of the moment over his unguarded conversation, know how little of his solid opinion was to be gathered from his accidental assertions.

The King, who was now also reading this work, applied to me for explanations without end. Every night at this period he entered the Queen's dressing-room, and delayed Her Majesty's proceedings by a length of discourse with me upon this subject. All that flowed from himself was constantly full of the goodness and benevolence of his character; and I was never so happy as in the opportunity thus graciously given me of vindicating, in instances almost innumerable, the serious principles and various excellences of Dr. Johnson from the clouds so frequently involving and darkening them, in narrations so little calculated for any readers who were strangers to his intrinsic worth, and therefore worked

upon and struck by what was faulty in his temper and manners.

I regretted not having strength to read this work to Her Majesty myself. It was an honour I should else have certainly received; for so much wanted clearing! so little was understood! However, the Queen frequently condescended to read over passages and anecdotes which perplexed or offended her; and there were none I had not a fair power to soften or to justify. Dear and excellent Dr. Johnson! I have never forgot nor neglected his injunction given me when he was ill—to stand by him and support him, and not hear him abused when he was no more, and could not defend himself! but little—little did I think it would ever fall to my lot to vindicate him to his King and Queen.

At this time Colonel Manners was in waiting, and Colonel Goldsworthy was on a visit, as was Mr. Fairly. They all little enough thought how near we were to a separation. Lords Chesterfield, Harrington, and Cathcart drank tea with us almost constantly. The two latter I liked extremely, and shall be glad if hereafter I should meet them.

* * * * *

Her Majesty, the day before we left Windsor, gave me to understand my attendance would be yet one more fortnight requisite, though no longer. I heard this with a fearful presentiment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so weak and languishing and painful a state of health. However, I could but accede, though I fear with no very courtly grace. So melancholy indeed was the state of my mind, from the weakness of my frame, that I was never alone but to form scenes of "foreign woe;" when my own disturbance did not occupy me wholly. I began—almost whether I would or not—an-

other tragedy! The other three all unfinished! not one read! and one of them, indeed, only generally sketched as to plan and character. But I could go on with nothing; I could only suggest and invent.

The power of composition has to me indeed proved a solace, a blessing! When incapable of all else, that, unsolicited, unthought of, has presented itself to my solitary leisure, and beguiled me of myself, though it has not of late regaled me with gayer associates.

JULY.—I come now to write the last week of my Royal residence. The Queen honoured me with the most uniform graciousness, and though, as the time of separation approached, her cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, live or die, than to quit her,—yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve.

The King was more courteous, more communicative, more amiable, at every meeting; and he condescended to hold me in conversation with him by every opportunity, and with an air of such benevolence and goodness, that I never felt such ease and pleasure in his notice before. He talked over all Mr. Boswell's book, and I related to him sundry anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, all highly to his honour, and such as I was eager to make known. He always heard me with the utmost complacency, and encouraged me to proceed in my accounts, by every mark of attention and interest.

He told me once, laughing heartily, that, having seen my name in the Index, he was eager to come to what was said of me; but when he found so little, he was surprised and disappointed.

I ventured to assure him how much I had myself been rejoiced at this very circumstance, and with what satisfaction I had reflected upon having very seldom met Mr. Boswell, as I knew there was no other security against all manner of risks in his relations.

I must have told you long since of the marriage of Mlle. Montmollin to M. d'Espère-en-Dieu? Her niece, another Mlle. Montmollin, has succeeded her. I was not inclined to make new acquaintance on the eve of my departure; but she came one morning to my room, in attendance upon the Princess Mary, who called in to ask me some question. She seems agreeable and sensible. The Princess Mary then stayed and chatted with me over her own adventures on the Queen's birthday, when she first appeared at court. The history of her dancing at the ball, and the situation of her partner and brother, the Duke of Clarence, she spoke of with a sweet ingenuousness and artless openness which mark her very amiable character. And not a little did I divert her when I related the Duke's visit to our party! "O," cried she, "he told me of it himself the next morning, and said, 'You may think how far I was gone, for I kissed the Schwellenberg's hand!'"

About this time Mr. Turbulent made me a visit at tea-time when the gentlemen were at the Castle; and the moment William left the room he eagerly said, "Is this true, Miss Burney, that I hear? Are we going to lose you?"

I was much surprised, but could not deny the charge. He, very good-naturedly, declared himself much pleased at a release which he protested he thought necessary to my life's preservation.

I made him tell me the channel through which a busi-

ness I had guarded so scrupulously myself had reached him; but it is too full of windings for writing.

With Mr. De Luc I was already in confidence upon my resignation, and with the knowledge of the Queen, as he had received the intelligence from Germany, whence my successor was now arriving.

I then also begged the indulgence of writing to Mr. Smelt upon the subject, which was accorded me.

My next attack was from Miss Planta. She expressed herself in the deepest concern at my retiring, though she not only acknowledged its necessity, but confessed she had not thought I could have performed my official duty even one year! She broke from me while we talked, leaving me abruptly in a violent passion of tears.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

DEAREST SIR, July 3rd, '91.

Mademoiselle Jacobi, my destined successor, is come. This moment I have been told it by the Queen. And in truth I am again falling so unwell that I had fully expected, if the delay had been yet lengthened, another dreadful seizure for its termination. But I hope now to avoid this: and my mind is very full, very agitated; nothing has yet been said of my day of dismission.

I conclude I return not till Thursday, after the drawing-room. I fancy my attendance will be required at St. James's till that ceremony is over. It will be highly disagreeable, and even painful, to conclude in such full congress and fine trappings, &c., for I know I shall feel a pang at parting with the Queen, in the midst of the soul's satisfaction with which I shall return to my beloved

father—that dear parental protection under which, if my altered health should even fail of restoration, my mind will be composed, and my best affections cherished, soothed, and returned. My eyes fill while I write; my dearest father, I feel myself already in your kind arms. I shall write instantly to my good Mrs. Ord; I have many reasons for knowing her plan of excursion as wise to follow as it was kind to propose; and if you go to Crewe Hall, we may set off almost at the same moment.

All the sweet Princesses seem sorry I am going. Indeed the most flattering marks of attention meet me from all quarters. I feel heavy-hearted at the parting scene, especially with the Queen, in the midst of all my joy and relief to return to my beloved father. And the King—the benevolent King—so uniformly, partially, and encouragingly good to me—I can hardly look at with dry eyes. Mrs. Schwellenberg has been forced to town by ill health; she was very friendly, even affectionate, in going!

The business with my servants is quite a tragedy to me—they so much liked their places: they have both been crying, even the man; Goter cannot keep from sobbing.

I flatter myself, dearest sir, we shall still have near a month together before our first branching off; and such rest as that, with peace, my long-postponed medical trial of Dr. W.'s prescription, and my own most wished regimen of affection in domestic life, will do all that can be done towards recruiting my shattered frame; and the frequent gentle changes of air, with such a skilful directress as Mrs. Ord, will be giving me, indeed, every possible chance.

Adieu, most dear sir: to the world's end, and I hope after the world's end, dutifully and affectionately, your

F. B.

* * * * * *

I had soon the pleasure to receive Mdlle. Jacobi. She brought with her a young German, as her maid, who proved to be her niece, but so poor she could not live when her aunt left Germany! Mr. Best, a messenger of the King's, brought her to Windsor, and Mrs. Best, his wife, accompanied him.

I was extremely pleased with Mdlle. Jacobi, who is tall, well made, and nearly handsome, and of a humour so gay, an understanding so lively, and manners so frank and ingenuous, that I felt an immediate regard for her, and we grew mutual good friends. She is the daughter of a dignified clergyman of Hanover, high in theological fame.

They all dined with me; and, indeed, Mdlle. Jacobi, wanting a thousand informations in her new situation, which I was most happy to give her, seldom quitted me an instant.

* * * * *

Tuesday morning I had a conversation, very long and very affecting to me, with Her Majesty. I cannot pretend to detail it. I will only tell you she began by speaking of Mdlle. Jacobi, whom I had the satisfaction to praise, as far as had appeared, very warmly; and then she led me to talk at large upon the nature and requisites and circumstances of the situation I was leaving. I said whatever I could suggest that would tend to render my successor more comfortable, and had the great happiness to represent with success the consolation and very innocent pleasure she might reap from the society of the young relation she had brought over, if she might be permitted to treat her at once as a companion, and not as a servant. This was heard with the most humane

complacency, and I had leave given me to forward the plan in various ways.

She then conversed upon sundry subjects, all of them confidential in their nature, for near an hour; and then, after a pause, said, "Do I owe you anything, my dear Miss Burney?"

I acquainted her with a debt or two amounting to near 70*l*. She said she would settle it in the afternoon, and then paused again; after which, with a look full of benignity, she very expressively said, "As I don't know your plan, or what you propose, I cannot tell what would make you comfortable, but you know the size of my family."

I comprehended her, and was immediately interrupting her with assurances of my freedom from all expectation or claim; but she stopped me, saying, "You know what you now have from me:—the half of that I mean to continue."

Amazed and almost overpowered by a munificence I had so little expected or thought of, I poured forth the most earnest disclaimings of such a mark of her graciousness, declaring I knew too well her innumerable calls to be easy in receiving it; and much more I uttered to this purpose, with the unaffected warmth that animated me at the moment. She heard me almost silently; but, in conclusion, simply, yet strongly, said, "I shall certainly do that!" with a stress on the "that" that seemed to kindly mean she would rather have done more.

The conference was in this stage when the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. The Queen then retired to the ante-chamber. My eyes being full, and my heart not very empty, I could not then forbear saying to her Royal Highness how much the goodness of the Queen had penetrated me. The Princess spoke feelings

I could not expect, by the immediate glistening of her soft eyes. She condescended to express her concern at my retiring; but most kindly added, "However, Miss Burney, you have this to comfort you, go when you will, that your behaviour has been most perfectly honourable."

This, my last day at Windsor, was filled with nothing but packing, leave-taking, bills-paying, and lessoning to Mdlle. Jacobi, who adhered to my side through everything, and always with an interest that made its own way for her.

All the people I had to settle with poured forth for my better health good wishes without end; but amongst the most unwilling for my retreat stood poor Mrs. Astley: indeed she quite saddened me by her sadness, and by the recollections of that sweet and angelic being her mistress, who had so solaced my early days at that place.

Mr. Bryant, too, came this same morning; he had an audience of the Queen: he knew nothing previously of my design. He seemed quite thunderstruck. "Bless me!" he cried, in his short and simple but expressive manner; "so I shall never see you again—never have the honour to dine in that apartment with you more!" &c. I would have kept him to dinner this last day, but he was not well, and would not be persuaded. He would not, however, bid me adieu, but promised to endeavour to see me some time at Chelsea.

I had then a little note from Miss Gomme, desiring to see me in the garden. She had just gathered the news. I do not believe any one was more disposed to be sorry, if the sight and sense of my illness had not checked her concern. She highly approved the step I was taking, and was most cordial and kind.

Miss Planta came to tell me she must decline dining with me, as she felt she should cry all dinner-time, in re-

flecting upon its being our last meal together at Windsor, and this might affront Mdlle. Jacobi.

The Queen deigned to come once more to my apartment this afternoon. She brought me the debt. It was a most mixed feeling with which I now saw her.

In the evening came Madame de la Fîte. I need not tell you, I imagine, that her expressions were of "la plus vive douleur;" yet she owned she could not wonder my father should try what another life would do for me.

My dear Mrs. De Luc came next; she, alone, knew of this while impending. She rejoiced the time of deliverance was arrived, for she had often feared I should outstay my strength, and sink while the matter was arranging. She rejoiced, however, with tears in her kind eyes; and, indeed, I took leave of her with true regret.

It was nine o'clock before I could manage to go down the garden to the Lower Lodge, to pay my duty to the younger Princesses, whom I could not else see at all, as they never go to town for the court-days.

I went first up-stairs to Miss Gomme, and had the mortification to learn that the Princess Amelia was already gone to bed. This extremely grieved me. When or how I may see her lovely little Highness more, Heaven only knows!

Miss Gomme kindly accompanied me to Miss Goldsworthy's apartment, and promised me a few more last words before I set out the next morning.

I found Mrs. Cheveley, at whose door, and at Miss Neven's, her sister's, I had tapped and left my name, with Miss Goldsworthy and Dr. Fisher: that pleasing and worthy man has just taken a doctor's degree.

I waited with Miss Goldsworthy till the Princesses Mary and Sophia came from the Upper Lodge, which

is when the King and Queen go to supper. Their Royal Highnesses were gracious even to kindness; they shook my hand again and again, and wished me better health, and all happiness, with the sweetest earnestness. Princess Mary repeatedly desired to see me whenever I came to the Queen's house, and condescended to make me as repeatedly promise that I would not fail. I was deeply touched by their goodness, and by leaving them.

WEDNESDAY.—In the morning Mrs. Evans, the housekeeper, came to take leave of me; and the housemaid of my apartment, who, poor girl! cried bitterly that I was going to give place to a foreigner; for Mrs. Schwellenberg's severity with servants has made all Germans feared in the house.

O, but let me first mention that, when I came from the Lower Lodge, late as it was, I determined to see my old friends the equerries, and not quit the place without bidding them adieu. I had never seen them since I had dared mention my designed retreat.

I told William, therefore, to watch their return from the castle, and to give my compliments to either Colonel Gwynn or Colonel Goldsworthy, and an invitation to my apartment.

Colonel Goldsworthy came instantly. I told him I could not think of leaving Windsor without offering first my good wishes to all the household. He said that, when my intended departure had been published, he and all the gentlemen then with him had declared it ought to have taken place six months ago. He was extremely courteous, and I begged him to bring to me the rest of his companions that were known to me.

He immediately fetched Colonel Gwynn, General Grenville, Colonel Ramsden, and Colonel Manners. This was the then party. I told him I sent to beg their bless-

ing upon my departure. They were all much pleased, apparently, that I had not made my exit without seeing them: they all agreed in the urgency of the measure, and we exchanged good wishes most cordially.

My Wednesday morning's attendance upon the Queen was a melancholy office. Miss Goldsworthy as well as Miss Gomme came early to take another farewell. I had not time to make any visits in the town, but left commissions with Mrs. De Luc and Madame de la Fîte. Even Lady Charlotte Finch I could not call upon, though she had made me many kind visits since my illness. I wrote to her, however, by Miss Gomme, to thank her, and bid her adieu.

Thursday, July 7th.—This, my last day of office, was big and busy,—joyful, yet affecting to me in a high degree.

In the morning, before I left Kew, I had my last interview with Mrs. Schwellenberg. She was very kind in it, desiring to see me whenever I could in town, during her residence at the Queen's house, and to hear from me by letter meanwhile.

She then much surprised me by an offer of succeeding to her own place, when it was vacated either by her retiring or her death. This was, indeed, a mark of favour and confidence I had not expected. I declined, however, to enter upon the subject, as the manner in which she opened it made it very solemn, and, to her, very affecting.

She would take no leave of me, but wished me better hastily, and, saying we should soon meet, she hurried suddenly out of the room. Poor woman! If her temper were not so irascible, I really believe her heart would be by no means wanting in kindness.

I then took leave of Mrs. Sandys, giving her a token

of remembrance in return for her constant good behaviour, and she showed marks of regard, and of even grief, I was sorry to receive, as I could so ill return.

But the tragedy of tragedies was parting with Goter: that poor girl did nothing but cry incessantly from the time she knew of our separation. I was very sorry to have no place to recommend her to, though I believe she may rather benefit by a vacation that carries her to her excellent father and mother, who teach her nothing but good. I did what I could to soften the blow, by every exertion in my power in all ways; for it was impossible to be unmoved at her violence of sorrow.

I then took leave of Kew Palace—the same party again accompanying me, for the last time, in a Royal vehicle going by the name of *Miss Burney's coach.*

I should mention that the Queen graciously put into my hands the power of giving every possible comfort and kind assurances of encouragement to Mlle. Jacobi and her poor little Bettina; and all was arranged in the best manner for their accommodation and ease. Her Majesty made me also the happy conveyancer of various presents to them both, and gave to me the regulation of their proceedings.

When we arrived in town I took leave of Mr. De Luc. I believe he was as much inclined to be sorry as the visible necessity of the parting would permit him. For me, I hope to see every one of the establishment hereafter, far more comfortably than ever I have been able to do during the fatigues of a life to which I was so ill suited.

I come now near the close of my Court career.

At St. James's all was graciousness; and my Royal Mistress gave me to understand she would have me stay to assist at her toilet after the drawing-room; and much

delighted me by desiring my attendance on the Thursday fortnight, when she came again to town. This lightened the parting in the pleasantest manner possible.

When the Queen commanded me to follow her to her closet I was, indeed, in much emotion; but I told her that, as what had passed from Mrs. Schwellenberg in the morning had given me to understand Her Majesty was fixed in her munificent intention, notwithstanding what I had most unaffectedly urged against it—

"Certainly," she interrupted, "I shall certainly do it."

"Yet so little," I continued, "had I thought it right to dwell upon such an expectation, that, in the belief your Majesty would yet take it into further consideration, I had not even written it to my father."

"Your father," she again interrupted me, "has nothing to do with it; it is solely from *me* to *you*."

"Let me then humbly entreat," I cried, "still in some measure to be considered as a servant of your Majesty, either as reader, or to assist occasionally if Mlle. Jacobi should be ill."

She looked most graciously pleased, and immediately closed in with the proposal, saying, "When your health is restored,—perhaps sometimes."

I then fervently poured forth my thanks for all her goodness, and my prayers for her felicity.

She had her handkerchief in her hand or at her eyes the whole time. I was so much moved by her condescending kindness, that as soon as I got out of the closet I nearly sobbed. I went to help Mlle. Jacobi to put up the jewels, that my emotion might the less be observed. The King then came into the room. He immediately advanced to the window, where I stood, to speak to me. I was not then able to comport myself steadily. I was forced to turn my head away from him. He stood still

and silent for some minutes, waiting to see if I should turn about; but I could not recover myself sufficiently to face him, strange as it was to do otherwise; and perceiving me quite overcome he walked away, and I saw him no more.

His kindness, his goodness, his benignity, never shall I forget—never think of but with fresh gratitude and reverential affection.

They were now all going—I took, for the last time, the cloak of the Queen, and, putting it over her shoulders, slightly ventured to press them, earnestly, though in a low voice, saying, "God Almighty bless your Majesty!"

She turned round, and, putting her hand upon my ungloved arm, pressed it with the greatest kindness, and said, "May you be happy!"

She left me overwhelmed with tender gratitude. The three eldest Princesses were in the next room: they ran in to me the moment the Queen went onward. Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them; but they repeated, "I wish you happy!—I wish you health!" again and again, with the sweetest eagerness.

They then set off for Kew.

Here, therefore, end my Court Annals; after having lived in the service of Her Majesty five years within ten days—from July 17, 1768, to July 7, 1791.

PART VI.

1791.

CONTENTS.

Return home—Congratulations—Letter from Mr. Windham to Dr. Burney—Diary of a Southern Tour—Journey to Sidmouth—A Country Waiting-woman—Winchester—The Bishop's Castle—The King's House—A Party of Emigrants—The King of France and the Aristocrats—Liberty in France—Winchester Cathedral—The New Forest—Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge—Wilton House—Blandford—Milton Abbey—Dorchester—Bridport—Lyme—Sidmouth—Village Loyalty—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—House of Sir Francis Drake—Bridgewater—Glastonbury Abbey—The Monks' Kitchen—Abbot Dunstan—Wells—Bath Fifty Years ago—Remin scences—Dr. Harrington—Lady Spencer and her Daughters—Lady Duncannon—Ladies Georgiana and Harriet Cavendish—Miss Trimmer—Lord Spencer—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Elizabeth Forster—Gibbon—Bishop of Dromore—Mrs. Montagu—Edmund Burke—Miss Burney's Return to her Family—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Mr. Beckford—Major Rennell—Dr. Robertson—Miss Burney's Literary Pursuits renewed—Mr. Merry—Miss Brunton—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mrs. Schwellenberg—Dr. Gillies—Mrs. Montagu—Mrs. Garrick—Lady Rothes—Sir Lucas Pepys—Mrs. Chapone.

PART VI.

1791.

Chelsea College:

ONCE more I have the blessing to address my beloved friends from the natal home!—with a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable. All smaller evils shall now give way to the one great good; and I shall not, I hope, be forgetful, when the world wags ill, that scarce any misfortune, scarce misery itself, can so wastefully desolate the very soul of my existence as a banishment, even the most honourable, from those I love.

But I must haste to the present time, and briefly give the few facts that occurred before my Susanna came to greet my restoration, and the few that preceded my journey to the south-west afterwards, in July.

My dear father was waiting for me in my apartment at St. James's when their Majesties and their fair Royal daughters were gone. He brought me home, and welcomed me most sweetly. My heart was a little sad, in spite of its contentment. My joy in quitting my place extended not to quitting the King and Queen; and the final marks of their benign favour had deeply impressed me. My mother received me according to my wishes, and Sarah most cordially.

My dear James and Charles speedily came to see me; and one precious half-day I was indulged with my kind Mr. Lock and his Fredy. If I had been stouter and stronger in health, I should then have been almost flightily

happy; but the weakness of the frame still kept the rest in order. My ever-kind Miss Cambridge was also amongst the foremost to hasten with congratulations on my return to my old ways, and to make me promise to visit Twickenham after my projected tour with Mrs. Ord.

I could myself undertake no visiting at this time; rest and quiet being quite essential to my recovery. But my father did the honours for me amongst those who had been most interested in my resignation. He called instantly upon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Burke; and he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Windham, and my Worcester uncle. Mr. Walpole wrote the most charming of answers, in the gallantry of the old court, and with all its wit, concluding with a warm invitation to Strawberry Hill. Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer sent me every species of kind exultation. Mr. Burke was not in town. Mr. Seward wrote very heartily and cordially, and came also when my Susanna was here. Mrs. Crewe immediately pressed me to come and recruit at Crewe Hall in Cheshire, where she promised me repose, and good air and good society.

Mr. Windham to Dr. Burney.

DEAR SIR, July, 1791.

I am shocked that circumstances of different sorts—among which one has been the hope of visiting you at Chelsea—should have delayed so long my acknowledgments for your very kind letter. I not only received with infinite satisfaction the intelligence which it contained, but I was gratified by being distinguished as one to whom such intelligence would be satisfactory. It was the common cause of every one interested in the concerns of

genius and literature. I have been alarmed of late, however, by hearing that the evil has not ended with the occasion, but that Miss B.'s health is still far from being re-established. I hope the fact is not true in the extent in which I heard it stated. There are few of those who only admire Miss Burney's talents at a distance, and have so little the honour of her acquaintance, who feel more interested in her welfare; nor could I possibly be insensible to a concern in which *you* must be so deeply affected.

I should be very happy if, at any time when you are in this neighbourhood, you would give me the chance of seeing you, and of hearing, I hope, a more favourable account than seemed to be the amount of what I heard lately.

W. W.

* * * * *

Sidmouth, Devonshire.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST.—I have now been a week out upon my travels, but have not had the means or the time, till this moment, to attempt their brief recital.

Mrs. Ord called for me about ten in the morning. I left my dearest father with the less regret, as his own journey to Mrs. Crewe was very soon to take place.

It was a terribly rainy morning, but I was eager not to postpone the excursion.

As we travelled on towards Staines, I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that I was but making again my usual journey to Windsor; and I could with difficulty forbear calling Mrs. Ord Miss Planta during the whole of that well-known road. I did not, indeed, take her maid, who was our third in the coach, for Mr. De Luc, or Mr. Turbulent; but the place she occupied made me

think much more of those I so long had had for my *vis-à-vis* than of herself.

We went on no farther than to Bagshot: thirty miles was the extremity of our powers; but I bore them very tolerably, though variably.

We put up at the best inn, very early, and then inquired what we could see in the town and neighbourhood.

"Nothing!" was the concise answer of a staring housemaid. We determined, therefore, to prowl to the churchyard, and read the tombstone inscriptions: but when we asked the way, the same woman, staring still more wonderingly, exclaimed, "Church! There's no church nigh here!—There's the Prince of Wales's, just past the turning. You may go and see that, if you will."

So on we walked towards this hunting villa: but after toiling up a long unweeded avenue, we had no sooner opened the gate to the parks than a few score of dogs, which were lying in ambush, set up so prodigious a variety of magnificent barkings, springing forward at the same time, that, content with having caught a brief view of the seat, we left them to lord it over the domain they regarded as their own, and, with all due submission, pretty hastily shut the gate, without troubling them to give us another salute. We returned to the inn, and read B——'s 'Lives of the Family of the Boyles.'

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—We proceeded to Farnham to breakfast, and thence walked to the Castle. The Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North, and the whole family, are gone abroad. The Castle is a good old building, with as much of modern elegance and fashion intermixed in its alterations and fitting up as Mrs. North could possibly contrive to weave into its ancient grandeur. They date the Castle from King Stephen, in

whose reign, as Norbury will tell us, the land was almost covered with such strong edifices, from his imprudent permission of building them, granted to appease the Barons, who were turned aside from the Empress Maud. I wished I could have climbed to the top of an old tower, much out of repair, but so high, that I fancied I could thence have espied the hills of Norbury. However, I was ready to fall already, from only ascending the slope to reach the Castle.

We arrived early at Winchester; but the town was so full, as the judges were expected the next morning, that we could only get one bed-chamber, in which Mrs. Ord, her maid, and myself reposed.

Just after we had been obliged to content ourselves with this scanty accommodation, we saw a very handsome coach and four horses, followed by a chaise and outriders, stop at the gate, and heard the mistress of the house declare she could not receive the company; and the postilions, at the same time, protested the horses could go no farther. They inquired for fresh horses; there were none to be had in the whole city; and the party were all forced to remain, in their carriages, without horses, at the inn-gate, for the chance of what might pass on the road.

We asked who they were, and our pity was doubled in finding them foreigners.

We strolled about the upper part of the city, leaving the Cathedral for the next morning. We saw a large, uniform, handsome palace, which is called by the inhabitants "The King's House," and which was begun by Charles II. We did not, therefore, expect the elegant architecture of his father's days. One part, they told us, was particularly designed for Nell Gwynn. It was never finished, and neglect has taken place of time

in rendering it a most ruined structure, though, as it bears no marks of antiquity, it has rather the appearance of owing its destruction to a fire than to the natural decay of age. It is so spacious, however, and stands so magnificently to overlook the city, that I wish it to be completed for an hospital or infirmary. I have written Mrs. Schwellenberg an account of its appearance and state, which I am sure will be read by Her Majesty.

When we returned to the inn, still the poor travellers were in the same situation: they looked so desolate, and could so indifferently make themselves understood, that Mrs. Ord good-naturedly invited them to drink tea with us.

They most thankfully accepted the offer, and two ladies and two gentlemen ascended the stairs with us to our dining-room. The chaise had the female servants.

The elder lady was so truly French—so *vive* and so *triste* in turn—that she seemed formed from the written character of a Frenchwoman, such, at least, as we English write them. She was very forlorn in her air, and very sorrowful in her countenance; yet all action and gesture, and of an animation when speaking nearly fiery in its vivacity: neither pretty nor young, but neither ugly nor old; and her smile, which was rare, had a *finesse* very engaging; while her whole deportment announced a person of consequence, and all her discourse told that she was well-informed, well-educated, and well-bred.

The other lady, whom they called *Mademoiselle*, as the first *Madame*, was young, dark, but clear and bright in her eyes and complexion, though without good features, or a manner of equal interest with the lady she accompanied. Sensible she proved, however, and seemed happy in the general novelty around her. She spoke English pretty well, and was admired without mercy by

the rest of the party, as a perfect mistress of the language. The Madame spoke it very ill indeed, but pleasingly.

Of the two gentlemen, one they called only Monsieur, and the other the Madame addressed as her brother. The Monsieur was handsome, rather tonnish, and of the high haughty ton, and seemed the devoted attendant or protector of the Madame, who sometimes spoke to him almost with asperity, from eagerness, and a tinge of wretchedness and impatience, which coloured all she said; and, at other times, softened off her vehemence with a smile the most expressive, and which made its way to the mind immediately, by coming with sense and meaning, and not merely from good humour and good spirits, as the more frequent smiles of happier persons.

The brother seemed lively and obliging, and entirely at the devotion of his sister, who gave him her commands with an authority that would not have brooked dispute.

They told us they were just come from Southampton, which they had visited in their way from seeing the fleet at the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, and they meant to go on now to Bath.

We soon found they were aristocrats, which did better for them with Mrs. Ord and me than it would have done with you republicans of Norbury and Mickleham; yet I wish you had all met the Madame, and heard her indignant unhappiness. They had been in England but two months. They all evidently belonged to Madame, who appeared to me a fugitive just before the flight of the French King, or in consequence of his having been taken. She entered upon her wretched situation very soon, lamenting that he was, in fact, no King, and bewailing his want of courage for his trials. The Queen she never mentioned. She spoke once or twice of *son mari*, but did not say who or what he was, nor where.

"They say," she cried, "in France they have now liberty! Who has liberty, *le peuple*, or the mob? Not *les honnêtes gens*; for those whose principles are known to be aristocratic must fly, or endure every danger and indignity. *Ah! est-ce là la liberté?*"

The Monsieur said he had always been the friend of liberty, such as it was in England; but in France it was general tyranny. "In England," he cried, "he was a true democrat, though *bien aristocrate* in France."

"At least," said the poor Madame, "formerly, in all the sorrows of life, we had *nos terres* to which we could retire, and there forget them, and dance, and sing, and laugh, and fling them all aside, till forced back to Paris. But now our villas are no protection: we may be safe, but the first offence conceived by *le peuple* is certain destruction; and, without a moment's warning, we may be forced to fly our own roofs, and see them and all we are worth burnt before our eyes, in horrible triumph."

This was all said in French. But the anguish of her countenance filled me with compassion, though it was scarcely possible to restrain a smile when, the moment after, she said she might be very wrong, but she hoped I would forgive her if she owned she preferred Paris incomparably to London; and pitied me very unreservedly for never having seen that first of cities.

Her sole hope, she said, for the overthrow of that anarchy in which the unguarded laxity of the King had plunged the first country in the world,—*vous me pardonnerez, mademoiselle*,—was now from the German Princes, who, she flattered herself, would rise in their own defence.

She told me, the next moment, of *les spectacles* I should find at Southampton, and asked me what she might expect at Bath of public amusement and buildings.

I was travelling, I said, for my health, and should visit no theatres, ball-rooms, &c., and could recommend none.

She did not seem to comprehend me; yet, in the midst of naming these places, she sighed as deeply from the bottom of her heart as if she had been forswearing the world for ever in despair. But it was necessary, she said, when unhappy, to go abroad the more, *pour se distraire*.

In parting, they desired much to renew acquaintance with us when we returned to London. Mrs. Ord gave her direction to the Monsieur, who, in return, wrote theirs—"The French ladies, No. 30, Gerrard-street, Soho."

They stayed till our early hour of retiring made Mrs. Ord suffer them to go. I was uneasy to know what would become of them. I inquired of a waiter: he unfeelingly laughed, and said, "O! they do well enough; they've got a room." I asked if he could yet let them have beds to stay, or horses to proceed? "No," answered he, sneeringly; "but it don't matter; for, now they've got a room, they are as merry and capering as if they were going to dance."

Just after this, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Ord's maid, came running in. "La! ma'am," she cried, "I've been so frighted, you can't think: the French folks sent for me on purpose to ask t'other lady's name, they said; and they had asked William before, so they knew it; but they said I must write it down, and where she lived; so I was forced to write 'Miss Burney, Chelsea,' and they fell a smiling so at one another."

'Twas impossible to help laughing; but we desired her, in return, to send for one of their maids and ask their names also.

She came back, and said she could not understand the maids, and so they had called one of the gentlemen, and he had written down "Madame la Comtesse de Menage, et Mlle. de Beaufort."

We found, afterwards, they had sat up till two in the morning, and then procured horses and journeyed towards Oxford.

Ah! is this liberty, where one side alone predominates thus fiercely? Liberty! the first, best, noblest gift for mankind, is mutual, reciprocal for all parties: in France it seems to me but a change of despotism. I rejoice with my whole heart to see those redressed who have been injured; but I feel horror, not joy, to see those oppressed who are guiltless. I have much, I own, to learn ere I can account for the predilection I see taken for a demolition of tyranny by tyranny. They say I have heard but one side: it appears to me they think there is but one side.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—We walked to the Cathedral, and saw it completely. Part of it remains from the original Saxon building, though neglected, except by travellers, as the rest of the church is ample for all uses, and alone kept in repair. The bones of eleven Saxon Kings are lodged in seven curious old chests, in which they were deposited after being dug up and disturbed in civil wars and ensuing confusions. The small number of chests is owing to the small proportion remaining of some of the skeletons, which occasioned their being united with others. The Saxon characters are in many inscriptions preserved, though in none entire. They were washing a plaster from the walls, to discern some curious old painting, very miserable, but very entertaining, of old legends, which some antiquaries are now endeavouring to discover.

William of Wykham, by whom the Cathedral was built in its present form, lies buried, with his effigy and whole monument in very fine alabaster, and probably very like, as it was done, they aver, before he died.

Its companion, equally superb, is Cardinal Beaufort, uncle of Harry VI. William Rufus, slain in the neighbouring forest, is buried in the old choir: his monument is of plain stone, without any inscription or ornament, and only shaped like a coffin. Hardyknute had a much more splendid monument preserved for him; but Harry I. had other business to attend, I presume, than to decorate the tomb of one brother while despoiling of his kingdom another.

An extremely curious old chapel and monument remain of Archbishop Langton, of valuable Gothic workmanship. The altar, which is highly adorned with gold, was protected in Cromwell's time by the address and skill of the Winton inhabitants, who ran up a slight wall before it, and deceived the Reformists, *soi-disants*. I could hardly quit this poor dear old building, so much I was interested with its Saxon chiefs, its little queer niches, quaint images, damp cells, mouldering walls, and mildewed pillars. One chest contains the bones entire of Egbert, our first King. Edred, also, I distinguished.

The screen was given to this church by King Charles, and is the work of Inigo Jones. It is very simple in point of ornament, very complete in taste and elegance; nevertheless, a screen of Grecian architecture in a cathedral of Gothic workmanship was ill, I think, imagined.

* * * * *

We travelled through a most delicious country in parts of the New Forest, to Southampton. As I have twice been there before, what I had to say I suppose said.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—We proceeded to break-

fast at Romsey. What a contrast this journey to that I took two years ago in attendance upon Her Majesty! The roads now so empty, the towns so quiet; and then, what multitudes! what tumults of joy! and how graciously welcomed!

We went on to dine at Salisbury, a city which, with their Majesties, I could not see for people. It seemed to have neither houses nor walls, but to be composed solely of faces. We strolled about the town, but the Cathedral was shut up to be repaired, much to our regret.

Friday, August 5th.—We went to Stonehenge. Here I was prodigiously disappointed, at first, by the huge masses of stone so unaccountably piled at the summit of Salisbury Plain. However, we alighted, and the longer I surveyed and considered them, the more augmented my wonder and diminished my disappointment.

We then went on to Wilton. There I renewed my delight over the exquisite Vandykes, and with the statues, busts, and pictures, which again I sighingly quitted, with a longing wish I might ever pass under that roof time enough to see them more deliberately. We stopped in the Hans Holbein porch, and upon the Inigo Jones bridge, as long as we could stand, after standing and staring and straining our eyes till our guide was quite fatigued. 'Tis a noble collection; and how might it be enjoyed if, as an arch rustic old labouring man told us, fine folks lived as they ought to do!

Sunday, August 7th.—We heard the service performed very well at Blandford Church, which is a very pretty edifice of late date, built, after the old one, with the whole town, had been totally consumed by fire, about a century ago.

After an early dinner we set off for Milton Abbey, the

seat of Lord Milton. We arrived, through very bad roads, at a village built by his Lordship, very regularly, of white plaster, cut stone fashion and thatched, though every house was square and meant to resemble a gentleman's abode: a very miserable mistake in his good Lordship, of an intended fine effect; for the sight of the common people and of the poor, labouring or strolling in and about these dwellings, made them appear rather to be reduced from better days than flourishing in a primitive or natural state.

Milton Abbey Chapel, however, made amends for all deficiencies. It is a beautiful old building, erected in the reign of Athelstan, of whom there is a terrible carved image in the act of presenting the church to a kneeling monk, who takes it into his hand.

Lord Milton is now restoring this building, under the direction of Wyatt. It is a really sweet structure, in the lightest and most pleasing style of Gothic taste.

The Mansion-house, partly constructed from the old Abbey and partly new, is spacious and superb. There is a magnificent hall in excellent preservation, of evident Saxon workmanship, and extremely handsome, though not of the airy beauty of the chapel. There are, also, some good pictures of the Dutch school, and some of admirable architectural perspective; but the housekeeper could tell no names of painters.

The situation of this Abbey is truly delicious: it is in a vale of extreme fertility and richness, surrounded by hills of the most exquisite form, and mostly covered with hanging woods, but so varied in their growth and groups, that the eye is perpetually fresh caught with objects of admiration. 'Tis truly a lovely place.

Hence we proceeded to Dorchester, which again diverted me much by its comic, irregular, odd old houses.

But the town, after having seen it with the King and Queen, appeared quite depopulated.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—We proceeded to Bridport, a remarkably clean town, with the air so clear and pure, it seemed a new climate. Hence we set out, after dinner, for Lyme, and the road through which we travelled is the most beautiful to which my wandering destinies have yet sent me. It is diversified with all that can compose luxuriant scenery, and with just as much of the approach to sublime as is in the province of unterrific beauty. The hills are the highest, I fancy, in the south of this country—the boldest and noblest; the vales of the finest verdure, wooded and watered as if only to give ideas of finished landscapes; while the whole, from time to time, rises into still superior grandeur, by openings between the heights that terminate the view with the splendour of the British Channel.

There was no going on in the carriage through such enchanting scenes; we got out upon the hills, and walked till we could walk no longer.

The descent down to Lyme is uncommonly steep; and indeed is very striking, from the magnificence of the ocean that washes its borders. Chidiock and Charmouth, two villages between Bridport and Lyme, are the very prettiest I have ever seen.

During the whole of this post I was fairly taken away, not only from the world but from myself, and completely wrapped up and engrossed by the pleasures, wonders, and charms of animated nature, thus seen in fair perfection.

Lyme, however, brought me to myself; for the part by the sea, where we fixed our abode, was so dirty and fishy that I rejoiced when we left it.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—We travelled to Sidmouth.

And here we have taken up our abode for a week. It was all devoted to rest and sea-air.

Sidmouth is built in a vale by the sea-coast, and the terrace for company is nearer to the ocean than any I have elsewhere seen, and therefore both more pleasant and more commodious. The little bay is of a most peaceful kind, and the sea was as calm and gentle as the Thames. I longed to bathe, but I am in no state now to take liberties with myself, and, having no advice at hand, I ran no risk.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure since I came to this place as our landlady's account of her own and her town's loyalty. She is a baker, a poor widow woman, she told us, who lost her husband by his fright in thinking he saw a ghost, just after her mother was drowned. She carries on the business, with the help of her daughter, a girl about fifteen. We could get no other lodgings, so full was the town; and these are near the sea, though otherwise not desirable.

I inquired of her if she had seen the Royal Family when they visited Devonshire? "Yes, sure, ma'am!" she cried; "there was ne'er a soul left in all this place for going out to see 'em. My daughter and I rode a double horse, and we went to Sir George Young's, and got into the park, for we knew the housekeeper, and she gave my daughter a bit to taste of the King's dinner when they had all done, and she said she might talk on it when she was a old woman."

I asked another good woman, who came in for some flour, if she had been of the party? "No," she said, "she was ill, but she had had holiday enough upon the King's recovery, for there was such a holiday then as the like was not in all England."

"Yes, sure, ma'am," cried the poor baker-woman, "we

all did our best then, for there was ne'er a town in all England like Sidmouth for rejoicing. Why, I baked a hundred and ten penny loaves for the poor, and so did every baker in town, and there's three; and the gentry subscribed for it. And the gentry roasted a bullock and cut it all up, and we all eat it, in the midst of the rejoicing. And then we had such a fine sermon, it made us all cry; there was a more tears shed than ever was known, all for over-joy. And they had the King drawed, and dressed up all in gold and laurels, and they put un in a coach and eight horses, and carried un about; and all the grand gentlemen in the town, and all abouts, come in their own carriages to join. And they had the finest band of music in all England singing 'God save the King,' and every soul joined in the chorus, and all not so much because he was a King, but because they said a was such a worthy gentleman, and that the like of him was never known in this nation before; so we all subscribed for the illuminations for that reason,—some a shilling, some a guinea, and some a penny,—for no one begrudged it, as a was such a worthy person."

The other woman and the daughter then united in the recital, and gave it with such heartiness and simplicity, that at last I was forced to leave them a little abruptly, for I fairly lost all voice to answer them, from the lively sensations of pleasure which such proofs of the popularity of the good and dear King always give me. The two women both cried also, and that was far more wonderful.

This good Mrs. Dare has purchased images of all the Royal Family, in her great zeal, and I had them in my apartment—King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge; Princess Royal, and Princesses Augusta, Eliza, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. God bless them all!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—We quitted Sidmouth, and proceeded through the finest country possible to Exmouth, to see that celebrated spot of beauty.

The next morning we crossed the Ex and visited Powderham Castle. Its appearance, noble and antique without, loses all that character from French finery and minute elegance and gay trappings within. The present owner, Lord Courtney, has fitted it up in the true Gallic taste, and every room has the air of being ornamented for a gala. Some few good pictures, however, were worth all the rest, but the housekeeper knew nothing of their masters, though their merit seemed to me highly and greatly to deserve appropriation. A connoisseur would require no name, and I am as happy in amusing myself with turning nomenclator as if I had studied under Mr. Lock.

In the great room is a family picture by Sir Joshua. The late Lord and Lady, and all the present race, consisting, I think, of thirteen, are exhibited: but the picture has too much glare of beauty, and beauty of one style and character, to make it of great effect. Contrast seems so essential, that an ugly boy or girl would render the piece delightful! 'Tis pity one cannot maim one part of a family to show off the rest to advantage!

The housekeeper did not let us see half the castle; she only took us to those rooms which the present Lord has modernized and fitted up in the sumptuous French taste; the old part of the castle she doubtless thought would disgrace him; forgetting—or rather never knowing—that the old part alone was worth a traveller's curiosity, since the rest might be anticipated by a visit to any celebrated cabinet-maker.

Thence we proceeded to Star Cross to dine; and saw on the opposite coast the house of Sir Francis Drake, which was built by his famous ancestor.

Here we saw a sight that reminded me of the drawings of Webber from the South Sea Isles; women scarce clothed at all, with feet and legs entirely naked, straw bonnets of uncouth shapes tied on their heads, a sort of man's jacket on their bodies, and their short coats pinned up in the form of concise trousers, very succinct! and a basket on each arm, strolling along with wide mannish strides to the borders of the river, gathering cockles. They looked, indeed, miserable and savage.

Hence we went, through very beautiful roads, to Exeter. That great old city is too narrow, too populous, too dirty, and too ill-paved, to meet with my applause. We saw the cathedral, in which there is but little to be seen, though Athelstan was its patron, who was patron also of the exquisite chapel of Milton Abbey.

Next morning we breakfasted at Collumpton, and visited its church. Here we saw the remains of a once extremely rich Gothic structure, though never large. There is all the appearance of its having been the church of an abbey before the Reformation. It is situated in a deep but most fertile vale; its ornaments still retain so much of gilding, painting, and antique splendour, as could never have belonged to a mere country church. The wood carving, too, though in ruins, is most laboriously well done; the roof worked in blue and gold, lighter, but in the style of the Royal Chapel at St. James's. We were quite surprised to find such a structure in a town so little known or named. One aisle was added by a clothier of the town in the reign of Edward VI.; probably upon its first being used as a Protestant and public place of worship. This is still perfect, but very clumsy and inelegant compared with the ancient part. The man, to show he gloried in the honest profession whence he derived wealth for this good purpose, has his arms at one

corner, with his name, J. Lane, in Gothic characters, and on the opposite corner his image, terribly worked in the wall, with a pair of shears in one hand, so large as to cut across the figure downwards, almost obscuring all but his feet. Till the Cicerone explained this, I took the idea for a design of Death, placed where most conspicuously he might show himself, ready to cut in two the poor objects that entered the church.

A statue of Edward VI., very young, is in front without. He repaired the old church.

There was only a poor wretched ragged woman, a female clerk, to show us this church. She pays a man for doing the duty, while she receives the salary, in right of her deceased husband!

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—To vary the scenery we breakfasted at Bridgewater, in as much dirt and noise, from the judges filling the town, as at Taunton we had enjoyed neatness and quiet. We walked beside the river, which is navigable from the Bristol Channel; and a stream more muddy, and a quay more dirty and tarry and pitchy, I would not covet to visit again. It is here called the Perrot.

Thence, however, we proceeded to what made amends for all—the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. These are the most elegant remains of monkish grandeur I have ever chanced to see,—the forms, designs, ornaments,—all that is left is in the highest perfection of Gothic beauty. Five hundred souls, the people told us, were supported in this abbey and its cloisters.

A chapel of Joseph of Arimathea has the outworks nearly entire, and I was quite bewitched with their antique beauty. But the entrance into the main front of the abbey is stupendous; its height is such that the eye aches to look up at it, though it is now curtailed, by no part of

its arch remaining, except the first inclination towards that form, which shows it to have been the entrance. Not a bit of roof remains in any part. All the monuments that were not utterly decayed or destroyed have been removed to Wells. Mere walls alone are left here, except the monks' kitchen.

This is truly curious: it is a circular building, with a dome as high—higher I fancy—than the Pantheon's; four immense fireplaces divide it into four parts at the bottom, and an oven still is visible. One statue is left in one niche, which the people about said was of the abbot's chief cook!

If this monastery was built by the famous old cruel hypocrite abbot, Dunstan, I shall grieve so much taste was bestowed on such a wretch. We had only labourers for our informants. But one boy was worth hearing: he told me there was a well of prodigious depth, which he showed me; and this well had long been dried up, and so covered over as to be forgotten, till his grandfather dreamed a dream that the water of this well would restore him from a bad state of health to good; so he dug, and the well was found, and he drank the water and was cured! And since then the poor came from all parts who were afflicted with diseases, and drank the water and were cured. One woman was now at Glastonbury to try it, and already almost well!

What strange inventions and superstitions even the ruins of what had belonged to St. Dunstan can yet engender! The Glastonbury thorn we forgot to ask for.

Hence we proceeded to Wells. Here we waited, as usual, upon the cathedral, which received our compliments with but small return of civility. There was little to be seen without, except old monuments of old abbots removed from Glastonbury, so inferior in workmanship

and design to the abbey once containing them, that I was rather displeased than gratified by the sight. They have also a famous clock, brought from the abbey at its general demolition. This exhibits a set of horses with riders, who curvet a dance round a bell by the pulling a string, with an agility comic enough, and fitted to serve for a puppet-show; which, in all probability, was its design, in order to recreate the poor monks at their hours of play.

There is also a figure of St. Dunstan, who regularly strikes the quarters of every hour by clock-work, and who holds in his hand a pair of tongs,—the same I suppose as those with which he was wont to pull the devil by the nose, in their nocturnal interviews.

The outside of this cathedral is the most perfect of any I have seen, for not a niche has lost its "unhappy divinity."

The old castle of Wells is now the palace for the bishop. It is moated still, and looks dreary, secluded, and in the bad old style.

At night, upon a deeply deliberate investigation in the medical way, it was suddenly resolved that we should proceed to Bath instead of Bristol, and that I should try there first the stream of King Bladud. So now, at this moment, here we are.

Queen Square, Bath.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH.—Bath is extremely altered since I last visited it. Its circumference is perhaps trebled; but its buildings are so unfinished, so spread, so everywhere beginning and nowhere ending, that it looks rather like a space of ground lately fixed upon for erecting a town, than a town itself, of so many years' duration.

It is beautiful and wonderful throughout. The hills are built up and down, and the vales so stocked with

streets and houses, that, in some places, from the ground-floor on one side a street, you cross over to the attic of your opposite neighbour. The white stone, where clean, has a beautiful effect, and, even where worn, a grand one. But I must not write a literal Bath Guide, and a figurative one Anstey has all to himself. I will only tell you in brief, yet in truth, it looks a city of palaces, a town of hills, and a hill of towns.

O how have I thought, in patrolling it, of my poor Mrs. Thrale! I went to look (and sigh at the sight) at the house on the North Parade where we dwelt, and almost every old place brings to my mind some scene in which we were engaged;—in the Circus, the houses then Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Cholmley's; in Brock-street, Mrs. Vanbrugh's; in Church-street, Mrs. Lambart's; in the Crescent, Mr. Whalley's; in Alfred-street, Mrs. Bowdler's; at the Belvidere, Mrs. Byron, Miss Leigh, and Lord Mulgrave, &c. &c. &c.

Besides the constant sadness of all recollections that bring fresh to my thoughts a breach with a friend once so loved, how are most of the families altered and dispersed in these absent ten years! From Mrs. Montagu's, Miss Gregory, by a marriage disapproved, is removed for ever; from Mrs. Cholmley's, by the severer blow of death, Lady Mulgrave is separated; Mrs. Lambart, by the same blow, has lost the brother, Sir Philip Clerke, who brought us to her acquaintance; Mr. Bowdler and his excellent eldest daughter have yielded to the same stroke; Mrs. Byron has followed; Miss Leigh has been married and widowed; Lord Mulgrave has had the same hard lot; and, besides these, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's aunt, Lady Millar, and Mr. Thrale himself, are no more.

In another ten years, another writer, perhaps, may make a list to us of yet deeper interest. Well, we live

but to die, and are led but to follow. 'Tis best, therefore, to think of these matters till they occur with slackened emotion.

AUGUST 31ST.—I have kept no regular memorandums; but I shall give you the history of the Bath fortnight of this month as it rises in my memory.

I found I had no acquaintance here, except Dr. Harrington, who is ill, Mrs. Hartley, who is too lame for visiting, and the Vanbrughs; and though Mrs. Ord, from her frequent residence here, knows many of the settled inhabitants, she has kindly complied with my request of being dispensed from making new visits.

Soon after we came, while I was finishing some letters, and quite alone, Mrs. Ord's servant brought me word Lady Spencer would ask me how I did, if I was well enough to receive her. Of course I begged she might come up-stairs.

I have met her two or three times at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, where I met, also, with marked civilities from her. I knew she was here, with her unhappy daughter, Lady Duncannon, whom she assiduously nurses, aided by her more celebrated other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire.

She made a very flattering apology for coming, and then began to converse upon my beloved Mrs. Delany, and thence to subjects more general. She is a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite, and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions, and more of forbearance in publishing them. My dear oracle, however, once said, vainglory must not be despised or discouraged, when it operated but as a human engine for great or good deeds.

She spoke of Lady Duncannon's situation with much sorrow, and expatiated upon her resignation to her fate, her prepared state for death, and the excellence of her principles, with an eagerness and feeling that quite overwhelmed me with surprise and embarrassment.

Her other daughter she did not mention; but her grand-daughter, Lady Georgiana Cavendish, she spoke of with rapture. Miss Trimmer, also, the eldest daughter of the exceeding worthy Mrs. Trimmer, she named with a regard that seemed quite affectionate. She told me she had the care of the young Lady Cavendishes, but was in every respect treated as if one of themselves.

The name of Mrs. Trimmer led us to talk of the Sunday-schools and Schools of Industry. They are both in a very flourishing state at Bath, and Lady Spencer has taken one school under her own immediate patronage.

The next day, of course, I waited on her; she was out. But the following day, which was Sunday, she sent me a message up-stairs to say she would take me to see the Sunday-school, if I felt well enough to desire it.

She waited below for my answer, which, of course, I carried down in my proper person, ready hatted and cloaked.

It was a most interesting sight. Such a number of poor innocent children, all put into a way of right, most taken immediately from every way of wrong, lifting up their little hands, and joining in those prayers and supplications for mercy and grace, which, even if they understand not, must at least impress them with a general idea of religion, a dread of evil, and a love of good; it was, indeed, a sight to expand the best hopes of the heart.

I felt very much obliged to my noble conductress, with whom I had much talk upon the subject in our walk back. Her own little school, of course, engaged us the

most. She told me that the next day six of her little girls were to be new clothed, by herself, in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Devonshire's second daughter, Lady Harriot Cavendish, who was to come to her grand-mamma's house to see the ceremony. To this sight she also invited me, and I accepted her kindness with pleasure.

The following day, therefore, Monday, I obeyed Lady Spencer's time, and at six o'clock was at her house in Gay-street. My good Mrs. Ord, to make my leaving her quite easy, engaged herself to go at the same hour to visit Mrs. Hartley.

Lady Spencer had Mrs. Mary Pointz and Miss Trimmer with her; and the six children, just prepared for Lady Harriot, in their new gowns, were dismissed from their examination, upon my arrival, and sent down-stairs to wait the coming of her little Ladyship, who, having dined with her mamma, was later than her appointment.

Lady Spencer introduced me to Miss Trimmer, who is a pleasing, but not pretty young woman, and seems born with her excellent mother's amiableness and serenity of mind.

Lady Georgiana is just eight years old. She has a fine, animated, sweet, and handsome countenance, and the form and figure of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. Lady Harriot, who this day was six years old, is by no means so handsome, but has an open and pleasing countenance, and a look of the most happy disposition. Lady Spencer brought her to me immediately.

I inquired after the young Marquis of Hartington. Lady Spencer told me they never trusted him from the Upper Walks, near his house, in Marlborough-buildings. He has a house of his own near the Duke's, and a carriage entirely to himself; but you will see the necessity

of these appropriations, when I remind you he is now fourteen months old.

Lady Spencer had now a lottery—without blanks, you will suppose—of playthings and toys for the children. She distributed the prizes, and Lady Duncannon held the tickets.

During this entered Lord Spencer, the son of Lady Spencer, who was here only for three days, to see his sister Duncannon. They had all dined with the little Lady Harriot. The Duke is now at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

I thought of Lord Spencer's kindness to Charles, and I recollected he was a favourite of Mr. Windham. I saw him, therefore, with very different ideas to those raised by the sight of his poor sister Duncannon, to whom he made up with every mark of pitying affection; she, meanwhile, receiving him with the most expressive pleasure, though nearly silent. I could not help feeling touched, in defiance of all obstacles.

Presently followed two ladies. Lady Spencer, with a look and manner warmly announcing pleasure in what she was doing, then introduced me to the first of them, saying, "Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney."

She made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering; and Lady Spencer then, slightly, and as if unavoidably, said, "Lady Elizabeth Forster."

I have neglected to mention, in its place, that the six poor little girls had a repast in the garden, and Lady Georgiana earnestly begged leave to go down and see and speak with them. She applied to Lady Spencer. "O grandmamma," she cried, "pray let me go! Mamma says it all depends upon you." The Duchess expressed some fear lest there might be any illness or disorder amongst

the poor things: Lady Spencer answered for them; and Lady Georgiana, with a sweet delight, flew down into the garden, all the rest accompanying, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess soon following.

It was a beautiful sight, taken in all its dependencies, from the windows. Lord Spencer presently joined them.

To return to the Duchess. I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of accounts; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her.

There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness of good-humour and obligingness, that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition; joined to an openness of countenance that announces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes.

She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you; not from prudery—I have none, in these records, methinks!—but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most avowed compassion and respect.

She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with her Grace before; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express herself very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit from it, and, finally, inquire my direction.

Poor Mrs. Ord is quite in dismay at this acquaintance, and will believe no good of them, and swallows all that is said of evil. In some points, however, I have found her so utterly misinformed, that I shall never make over into her custody and management my opinion of the world. She thinks the worst, and judges the most severely, of all mankind, of any person I have ever known; it is the standing imperfection of her character, and so ungenial, so nipping, so blighting, it sometimes damps all my pleasure in her society, since my living with her has shown the extent of her want of all charity towards her fellows.

I always wonder how people, good themselves as she is, can make up their minds to supposing themselves so singular.

Lady Elizabeth, however, has the character of being so alluring, that Mrs. Holroyd told me it was the opinion of Mr. Gibbon no man could withstand her, and that, if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience!

Not long after our settling at Bath, I found, upon returning from the Pump-room, cards left for me of the Bishop of Dromore (Dr. Percy), Mrs. and the Miss

Percys. I had met them formerly once at Miss Reynolds's, and once visited them when Dr. Percy was Dean of Carlisle. The collector and editor of the beautiful reliques of ancient English poetry, I could not but be happy to again see. I returned the visit: they were out; but the Bishop soon after came when I was at home. I had a pleasant little chat with him. He told me he had heard of my arrival at Bath by Lady Spencer. He renewed an acquaintance after this with Mrs. Ord, and we have all visited and been visited by them.

The Bishop is perfectly easy and unassuming, very communicative, and, though not very entertaining because too prolix, he is otherwise intelligent and of good commerce. Mrs. Percy is ill, and cannot make visits, though she sends her name and receives company at home. She is very uncultivated and ordinary in manners and conversation, but a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly a nurse. Miss Percy is a natural and very pleasing character.

Queen's Square, Bath.

SEPTEMBER.—With what pleased and full sensations do I here begin a month I shall end with my beloved readers! O that such a time should be really approaching! when in peace, with ease, in natural spirits, and with a mind undisturbed, I may visit Mickleham, and revisit Norbury Park.

I shall attempt now no journal; but just give a few memorandums for my own dilating upon at our meeting.

About a week ago I was surprised with a visit from Mrs. and Miss Preston. The former was daughter of a most intimate friend of Mrs. Delany. I have met her at the house of that lady, who also brought her once to my apartment at the Queen's Lodge, that she

might see the Royal Family from my windows. Anything that relates to Mrs. Delany is claim enough for me; otherwise she is not pleasing, and she has too much pretension, under a forced veil of humility, to improve upon acquaintance. I was much more satisfied with her daughter, who is sister of young Mrs. Talbot, in your neighbourhood. She is very pretty, and seems lively and sensible. I do not wonder I was struck with her, for I have since heard from Mrs. Vanbrugh that Mr. Windham, when at Bath, was quite in love with her; that is, such love as belongs to admiration, and as leads to flirtation, and ends in nothing at all.

* * * * *

One evening I spent at an acquaintance of Mrs. Ord's when I grew too well for longer refusal; and this was to visit Mrs. Horseman, a very old, very little, very civil, very ancient-familied, good, quaint old lady. She talked to me of nothing but the Court, having known Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Stainforth when they were at Bath.

* * * * * *

Three days before we left Bath, as I was coming with Mrs. Ord from the Pump-room, we encountered a chair from which a lady repeatedly kissed her hand and bowed to me. I was too nearsighted to distinguish who she was, till, coming close, and a little stopped by more people, she put her face to the glass, and said "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" and I recollected the Duchess of Devonshire.

About an hour after I had again the honour of a visit from her, and with Lady Dowager Spencer. I was luckily at home alone, Mrs. Ord having dedicated the rest of the morning to her own visits. I received them, therefore, with great pleasure. I now saw the Duchess

far more easy and lively in her spirits, and, consequently, far more lovely in her person. Vivacity is so much her characteristic, that her style of beauty requires it indispensably; the beauty, indeed, dies away without it. I now saw how her fame for personal charms had been obtained; the expression of her smiles is so very sweet, and has an ingenuousness and openness so singular, that, taken in those moments, not the most rigid critic could deny the justice of her personal celebrity. She was quite gay, easy, and charming: indeed, that last epithet might have been coined for her.

The last person I saw at Bath was Lady Spencer, who, late in the evening, and in the midst of our packing, came and sat for a very pleasant half-hour.

This has certainly been a singular acquaintance for me—that the first visit I should make after leaving the Queen should be to meet the head of the opposition public, the Duchess of Devonshire!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH.—We left Bath in a beautiful morning, in Mrs. Ord's coach and four, and arrived at very good dinner-time at Dunstan Park, where my sweet and most lovely Mrs. ——— received us with open arms.

The next day, Sunday, we spent at Sandleford, the place of Mrs. Montagu. She lives but a few miles from Dunstan Park, and sent over to invite us. We found no company but Mrs. Mathew, who continues as much a favourite with me as ever, and her four noble little children, all born since my Royal abode. We had a delightful day here; and here we left Mrs. Ord. She was to spend two nights at Sandleford, and then to return to Bath. I took leave of her with the most affectionate gratitude for her extraordinary and most active friendship; and the remem-

brance of the almost only foible she has, a cynical spirit, was nearly buried in a better and fuller sense of her nobler qualities, as well as of her distinguishing kindness.

Mrs. Mathew most heartily invited me to spend a little time with her and her sposo in Kent, which, if it can be contrived, I shall do with pleasure.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—My dear M——, as I still always call her when I speak or write to her, accompanied me near forty miles on my way to Mickleham.

Here I stop.—I came to my dearest Susan,—I was received by my dearest Fredy,—and, at length, just where I most wished, I finished.

N.B. As our frequent interruptions prevented my reading you and my Fredy a paragraph from my father concerning Mr. Burke, which, for my sake, I know you will like, I will here copy it:—

"I dined with Sir Joshua last week, and met Mr. Burke, his brother, Mr. Malone, the venerable Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, and a French Abbé or Chevalier. I found Mr. Burke in the room on my arrival, and after the first very cordial civilities were over, he asked me, with great eagerness, whether I thought he might go in his present dress to pay his respects to Miss Burney; and was taking up his hat, till I told him you were out of town. He imagined, I suppose, you were in St. Martin's-street, where he used to call upon you. In talking over your health, the recovery of your liberty and of society, he said, if Johnson had been alive, your history would have furnished him with an additional and interesting article to his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' He said he had never been more mistaken in his life. He thought the Queen had never behaved more amiably, or shown more good sense, than in appropriating you to her service; but what a service had it turned out!—a confinement to such a

companion as Mrs. Schwellenberg!—Here exclamations of severity and kindness in turn lasted a considerable time."

If ever I see Mr. Burke where he speaks to me upon this subject, I will openly state to him how impossible it was that the Queen should conceive the subserviency expected, so unjustly and unwarrantably, by Mrs. Schwellenberg; to whom I ought only to have belonged officially, and at official hours, unless the desire of further intercourse had been reciprocal. The Queen had imagined that a younger and more lively colleague would have made her faithful old servant happier; and that idea was merely amiable in Her Majesty, who could little suspect the misery inflicted on that poor new colleague.

From Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

MY DEAR FANNY, Chelsea College, 8th October, 1791.

* * * *

And so prepare for your departure on Thursday: we shall expect you here to dinner by four.—The great grubbery will be in nice order for you, as well as the little; both have lately had many accessions of new books. The ink is good, good pens in plenty, and the most pleasant and smooth paper in the world!

"Come, Rosalind, oh come and see,
What quires are in store for thee," &c.

I have scribbled nothing but letters lately, save a touch at Mr. J——n's pert and arrogant pamphlet. Poor Metastasio lies stock still, and has ever since I lost my amanuensis, Bessy Young, now Hoole. I have idly got into miscellaneous reading—the Correspondence of Voltaire, Soame Jenyns's works, Aikin's Poems, Mr. Beckford's 'Jamaica,' two volumes.—How I want Mr. Lock to read them! and how he wants him to see the

drawings he had made there,—in Spain, Italy, &c.,—that he has preserved from the wreck of his all during the hurricane at Jamaica! "But," says he, "Mr. L. will never think of coming to such a place as this!" (the Fleet Prison.)

I intend to try to get Sir Joshua and Sir Joseph Banks, his old acquaintances, to visit him there with me. I was with the dear, worthy, and charming man, two hours on Wednesday, and love him and honour him more than ever. What a place—surrounded with fresh horrors!—for the habitation of such a man!

My most worthy and good nephew Charles, of Titchfield-street, goes to him generally once a week, and dines, and plays to him on a miserable pianoforte or five or six hours at a time. What a long parenthesis!—

Major Rennell has been so kind as to give me a copy of the memoir belonging to his admirable map of Hindoostan, which is out of print. It teaches more about India than all the books besides that have ever been written. I think you will voraciously devour this. It is Dr. Robertson's great resource in the disquisitions he has lately published on India. I have likewise just got Rochon's 'Voyage à Madagascar, et aux Indes Orientales,' which I like very much.

Say millions of kindnesses to dear Susey for us all; I have neither time nor space to say more myself than that

I am yours very affectionately,

C. B.

Chelsea College.

OCTOBER.—Though another month is begun since I left my dearest of friends, I have had no journalising spirit; but I will give all heads of chapters, and try to do better.

My meeting with Miss Cambridge at Kingston I

have told already; and I soon afterwards set my good aunts safely down at their new Richmond abode. I found my beloved father in excellent health, spirits, and good humour; my mother tolerably, and Sarah well and affectionate. James was at dinner with them, and in perfect good plight, except when he ruminated upon his little godson's having three names; that I fancy he regards as rather aristocrat, for he made as grave a remonstrance against it as he endeavoured to do at the very moment they were pronounced in the midst of the christening.

I have lived altogether in the most quiet and retired manner possible. My health gains ground, gradually, but very perceptibly, and a weakness that makes me soon exhausted in whatever I undertake is all of illness now remaining.

I have never been so pleasantly situated at home since I lost the sister of my heart and my most affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost constantly within. Indeed, I now live with him wholly; he has himself appropriated me a place, a seat, a desk, a table, and every convenience and comfort, and he never seemed yet so earnest to keep me about him. We read together, write together, chat, compare notes, communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and affection; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens almost incessantly, in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great: and though I have gone no further than to let him know, from time to time, the species of matter that occupies

me, he is perfectly contented, and patiently waits till something is quite finished, before he insists upon reading a word. This " suits my humour well," as my own industry is all gone when once its intent is produced.

For the rest, I have been going on with my third tragedy. I have two written, but never yet have had opportunity to read them; which, of course, prevents their being corrected to the best of my power, and fitted for the perusal of less indulgent eyes; or rather of eyes less prejudiced.

Believe me, my dear friends, in the present composed and happy state of my mind, I could never have suggested these tales of woe; but, having only to connect, combine, contract, and finish, I will not leave them undone. Not, however, to sadden myself to the same point in which I began them, I read more than I write, and call for happier themes from others, to enliven my mind from the dolorous sketches I now draw of my own.

The library or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have nothing to wish. Thus, my beloved sisters and friends, you see me, at length, enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment, for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny, and present blessings of my lot; and you, my beloved Susan and Fredy, for whose prayers I have so often applied in my sadness, suffering, and despondence, afford me now the same community of thanks and acknowledgments.

November.—I spent one evening with Mrs. Ord, and met our Esther, and heard sweet music from her sweet

soul-touching finger. The respectable Mrs. Bateman was there also, and we had much Windsor chattery. Miss Merry, too, was of the party; she is sister of the "Liberty" Mr. Merry, who wrote the ode for our revolution club, and various other things; and a tragedy called 'Lorenzo,' in which Miss Brunton performed his heroine so highly to his satisfaction, that he made his addresses to her, and forthwith married her.

The sister and her aunt, with whom she lives, were much hurt by this alliance; and especially by his continuing his wife on the stage, and with their own name. She remonstrated against this indelicacy; but he answered her, she ought to be proud he had brought a woman of such virtue and talents into the family. Her virtue, his marrying her proved; and her talents would all be thrown away by taking her off the stage.

Miss Merry seems past thirty, plain, but sensible in her face, and very much the gentlewoman in her manners, with a figure remarkably good and well made. She sat next me, and talked to me a great deal. She extremely surprised me by entering speedily into French affairs, which I would not have touched upon for the world, her brother's principles being notorious. However, she eagerly gave me to understand her own were the reverse: she spoke of Mr. Burke's pamphlets with the highest praise; the first of them, she said, though eloquently written, could only soothe those who already felt with him; but the appeal to the New Whigs she considered as framed to make converts of whoever was unprejudiced. Perhaps she is one of the number herself. She inveighed against the cruelties of the let-loose mob of France, and told me some scenes that had lately passed in Avignon, that were so terrible I excused myself from dwelling on the subject

She is a sensible, cultivated, and well-read woman, and very well mannered.

Another evening, after visiting our Esther, my father took me to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I had long languished to see that kindly zealous friend, but his ill health had intimidated me from making the attempt; and now my dear father went up stairs alone, and inquired of Miss Palmer if her uncle was well enough to admit me. He returned for me immediately. I felt the utmost pleasure in again mounting his staircase.

Miss Palmer hastened forward and embraced me most cordially. I then shook hands with Sir Joshua. He had a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. "I am very glad," he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, "to see you again, and I wish I could see you better! but I have only one eye now,—and hardly that."

I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly; not, however, inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express, either my concern for his altered situation since our meeting, or my joy in again being with him: but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself, and recommended to Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose; probably, indeed, no inclination.

Dr. Lawrence, one of the counsel in the impeachment against Mr. Hastings, and Miss Lawrence, his sister, Mr. King, and Dr. Blagden, were the company. Some days no one is admitted.

Mr. King is brother to our lost Captain.

One other time we called again, in a morning. Sir Joshua and his niece were alone, and that invaluable

man was even more dejected than before. How grievous to me it is to see him thus changed!

I called also one morning upon Mrs. Schwellenberg. She received me with much profession of regard, and with more than profession of esteem—since she evinced it by the confidential discourse into which she soon entered upon the Royal Family and herself. However, I easily read that she still has not forgiven my resignation, and still thinks I failed in loyalty of duty, by not staying, though to die, rather than retire, though to live.

This, however, is so much a part of her very limited knowledge, and very extensive prejudice, that I submit to it without either wonder or resentment.

She trusted me, nevertheless, just as usual, in speaking of the Court affairs. I entreated her permission to venture to trouble her with "laying my humblest duty at the Queen's feet;" for that is the phrase now allowed. She told me I had a "reelly right" to that, and promised to do it, with great good humour. When she settled in town for the winter, she desired to see me often; she said she should return to Windsor in two days. The family were all there, as usual. We had much talk of the Duke of York and his marriage, &c.

I then called upon Mrs. Stainforth: none other of my friends were in town. She also received me with great civility, and hardly would let me quit her, opening her heart in the old way, upon her sufferings from the tyranny of Mrs. Schwellenberg.—'Tis dreadful that power thus often leads to every abuse!—I grow democratic at once on these occasions. Indeed, I feel always democratic where I think power abused, whether by the great or the little.

These are all my visits abroad, except calls upon

Esther. At home we saw Dr. Gillies once ; he was very communicative and informing, and I enjoyed his conversation. He is now occupied in writing a 'History of the World to the Decline of the Roman Empire, from the Days of Alexander.' It is a stupendous undertaking. He allows himself five years : I shall give him joy if he completes it in ten.

Mrs. Bogle dined here another day. She seems altered much for the worse. Her playful wit seems turning into biting sarcasm, and her affectionate and pleasing manners are wholly changed. I was very sorry. Perhaps this may wear off when I see more of her.

I rejoiced extremely in again meeting with good old Mr. Hutton, whose health and spirits are much better than when I saw him last. He has fallen into the hands of two ladies of fortune and fashion,—Miss Biscoe and Miss * * * *,—who live, very much at their ease, together, and who call him father, and treat him with the tenderness of children. How singularly he merits this singular happy fortune! so good, so active, so noble, as he is in all exertions for the benefit of others, and so utterly inattentive to his own interest. He was heartily glad, he said, to see me at home again.

The younger Latrobe and his wife have dined here. His wife seems a natural, cheerful, good character, rather unformed, though with very good and even sharp natural parts. She told me she supposed I had forgotten her. I had never seen her, I answered. "O yes," she said, "before I was married I met you at Mrs. Montagu's. I was Miss Sellon. I should have known you again, because I took such good note of you, as Mrs. Montagu said you were an authoress, before you came in, which made me look at you."

M. La Blancherie, whose note to me, long ago at Windsor, you may remember, now comes here perpetually, and nearly wears us out with his visits. Of late, we have agreed, since we cannot get rid of him, to make him read. He has given us Corneille's 'Rodagune,' which I found less exquisite than when I read it with my Susan; Voltaire's 'Mort de César,' which I think far more *féroce* than Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' as Voltaire makes Cæsar previously acknowledge Brutus for his son, which renders the parricide a deed to shock even democratic ears!—and he has begun 'Polyeucte.' This is surely the best thing we can do with the man.

I go on with various writings, at different times, and just as the humour strikes. I have promised my dear father a Christmas-box and a New Year's gift upon my return from Norbury Park; and therefore he now kindly leaves me to my own devices.

DECEMBER.—I most gladly accepted an invitation to my good Mrs. Ord, to meet a circle of old friends.

The day proved extremely pleasant. We went to dinner, my father and I, and met Mrs. Montagu, in good spirits, and very unaffectedly agreeable. No one was there to awaken ostentation, no new acquaintance to require any surprise from her powers; she was therefore natural and easy, as well as informing and entertaining.

Mrs. Garrick embraced me again and again, to express a satisfaction in meeting me once more in this social way, that she would have thought it indecorous to express by words. I thanked her exactly in the same language; and, without a syllable being uttered, she said, "I rejoice you are no longer a courtier;" and I answered, "I love you dearly for preferring me in my old state!"

Major Rennell, whose East India geographical erudition you must have heard of from Captain Phillips, was full of characteristic intelligence, simply and clearly delivered*; and made us all wiser by his matter, if we remembered it, and gayer by his manner, whether we remembered it or not. I hope to meet him often. He is a gay little wizen old man, in appearance, from the eastern climate's dilapidations upon his youth and health; but I believe not old in years, any more than in spirits.

Dr. Russel, whose odd comic humour my dear Susan is acquainted with, contributed, by its vein and freedom, to the general good humour and conviviality of the table.

The two Ords and two Burneys complete the dinner account: and much pleasant conversation passed.

In the evening we were joined by Lady Rothes, with whom I had my peace to make for a long-neglected letter upon my "restoration to society," as she termed it, and who was very lively and pleasant.

Sir Lucas Pepys (whom alone of the party I had ever met under the Royal auspices—during the King's illness how often! and during poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave's very recently) frankly told me he could not be surprised at my resignation, having seen my declining health, and remarked my insufficiency for my occupation.

Mr. Pepys, who came just that instant from Twickenham, which he advanced eagerly to tell me, talked of Mr. Cambridge, and his admirable wit and spirits, and Miss Cambridge, and her fervent friendship for me, and the charm and agreeability of the whole house, with an ardour so rapid, there scarce needed any reply.

Lastly, let me mention Mr. Batt, who gave me a most kindly congratulatory bow upon his entrance. I knew his opinion of my retreat, and understood it: but I was encircled till the concluding part of the evening by the

Pepys and Lady Rothes, &c.; and then Mr. Batt seated himself by my elbow, and began, almost as bad as Mr. Windham—nay, worse than Mr. Windham has ventured to speak to me.

"How I rejoice," he cried, "to see you at length out of thraldom!"

"Thraldom?" quoth I, "that's rather a strong word! I assure you 'tis the first time I have heard it pronounced."

"O, but," cried he, laughing, "I may be allowed to say so, because you know my principles. You know me to be loyal—you could not stand it from an opposition-man—but saints may do much!"

He is a professed personal friend of Mr. Pitt.

I then began some exculpation of my late fatigues, assuring him they were the effect of a situation not understood, and not of any hardness of heart.

"Very probably," cried he; "but I am glad you have ended them: I applaud—I honour the step you have taken. Those who suffer, yet still continue in fetters, I never pity;—there is a want of integrity, as well as spirit, in such submission."

"Those they serve," cried I, "are not the persons to blame; they are commonly uninformed there is anything to endure, and believe all is repaid by the smiles so universally solicited."

"I know it," cried he; "and it is that general base subservience that makes me struck with your opposite conduct."

"My conduct," quoth I, "was very simple; though I believe it did not the less surprise; but it all consisted in not pretending, when I found myself sinking, to be swimming."

He said many other equally good-natured things, and

finished them with "But what a pleasure it is to me to see you here in this manner, dressed no more than other people! I have not seen you these five years past but looking dizened out for the drawing-room, or something as bad!"

This is all the account I can possibly spare of this day, which was a lively and agreeable one completely.

A day or two after Mr. Smelt called, and sent in his card upon being denied. He came to ask me to Kew, to spend a few days with Mrs. Cholmley. My father was at home, and readily complied.

I found poor Mrs. Cholmley rather better than I expected; solitude, and patience, and religion, have now quietized both father and daughter into tolerable contentment. They live wholly together, and determine by death alone to be separated. Miss Phipps, the last dying legacy of Mr. Cholmley's charming daughter, Lady Mulgrave, is under their care: she is a very fine handsome little girl, about three years old, and extremely entertaining.

I was much gratified in making this visit, because I saw this excellent father and daughter revived from their late disconsolate state, and though no longer able to contribute to cheering life, very willing to receive what comfort and alleviation the cheerfulness of others can bestow. I wish I could see them more frequently.

Our visit to Mrs. Montagu turned out very unmarked. I met my good Mrs. and Miss Ord, and a little chat with them was all my entertainment; for though Mrs. Boscawen and Dr. Russel were also there, the circle was formalised, and never broken into. The Pepys and Dr. Blagden were of the party, but no one ventured to break the ring.

I was pleased in seeing Miss Fanny Williams, as she

is called, the young person who was left an infant at the door of Lady Amherst, and who is reputed to be the daughter of every woman of rank whose character, at that date, was susceptible of suspicion. She looks a modest and pretty young creature, and Lady Amherst brings her up with great kindness and propriety.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis.

MY BELOVED CHARLOTTA,

* * * * *

I think you quite right for giving up all mere card visits that you are able to decline, for the best of all reasons of concurrence—that I should do the same myself. 'Tis a miserable waste of existence to do what judgment and reason never approve, when even inclination and pleasure are at the same time averse; and I am sure by morning calls, and open, though moderated, confessions of disaffection to the employment, you may avoid both that and offence at once; and offence is the only terror that could spur me into an occupation so distasteful to me.

We are now in almost daily expectation of seeing good Mr. Sleepe; but I feel no haste, as I think he must be happier under your roof than, perhaps, under any other. We have again seen his daughter Hetty, who is quite well, and as discreet and sensible as any young woman need be wished to be, even by a father.

I really stared a little at the pretty broad hint you gave to Lady V., which I own I think scarce worth while, as it may make you enemies, yet answer no purpose. It will be better to shame them by publishing the contrary conduct of their superior, which may more influence them. A lady who was at the late Cumberland House

ball told me the Duchess of York never sat down till she had done every duty of attention to every couple she danced with. Yet she is very delicate, and soon fatigued; and she is a princess born and married.

I called upon poor Mlle. Jacobi yesterday, at Brompton. I found her in a small room, with a Madame Warmai, a German, who speaks English, and issues all orders and directions; and Mlle. Wincklemann, whom she calls *La Betti*, and who attends her as her maid, though she is her niece. She has had a dreadful illness; she has sprained her ankle; and her vexation, joined to painful exertion, threw her into a nervous fever. She has now conquered the fever, though her leg is still on bolsters, and she cannot put her foot to the ground. What a misfortune for a Royal attendant!

She told me much of Mr. D., who attends her. She says she asked him, one day, what she could do?

"Sit still," he smilingly answered.

"But not always," she cried; "tell me what I am to do by-and-by?"

"O," cried he, still smiling, "I never think of the future."

How consoling! She added, that he once found her eating some leveret, and said he "rejoiced to see her now so well;" and from that time he had never felt her pulse nor looked at her tongue. Tired out with her lingering complaints, little advance, and no comfort, she at last reproached him with this, and bluntly said, "Sir, you never can tell how I do; you never feel my pulse!"

He smiled still more, and, putting out his arm, held it close to her hand, and said, "Feel mine!"

Quite affronted, she answered, "Never! so long as I breathe—never I feel that pulse!"

Do you not know him again?

Mrs. Chapone to Miss Burney.

ARE you in town, my dear Miss Burney, and do you remember an old soul that used to love your company? If you will give it me next Thursday evening, you will meet Pepys, Boscawen, &c.; so you may put on your blue stockings. If you have got any boots to walk about in the mornings, I shall like you as well in them.

I hope all the family are well. I need not say that Dr. Burney's company would be an additional pleasure on Thursday.

I am, dear Madam,
Your affectionate servant,
H. CHAPONE.

No. 17, Carlisle Street, Dean Street,
December 27.

PART VII.

1792.

CONTENTS.

A Day at St. James's Palace—Reception by the Queen and Princesses—The Royal Family at the Theatre—Interviews with the King and Queen—Court Attendance—Mr. Jacob Bryant—A Day at the Trial of Warren Hastings—His Defence by Mr. Law—A Conversation with Mr. Windham—Mr. Beckford—Lally Tollendal—Death of Sir Joshua Reynolds—His Funeral—Visit to the Queen—Mrs. Montagu—Hastings's Trial—Mr. Windham—Mr. Plomer—Lord Stormont—Mrs. Schwellenberg—The Princess Royal—The Queen—Opinions of Burke, Fox, and Windham, on the French Revolution—Interview with the King—Lord Cornwallis—Major Rennell—Lord Inchiquin—Madame de Genlis's strange Establishment at Bury—Tom Paine—A Public Breakfast at Mrs. Montagu's—Sir George Howard—Mr. Seward—Lord Falmouth—Old Acquaintance—Mrs. Hastings—Lord Mulgrave—Michael Angelo Taylor—Mr. Boswell—The ill Effects of his 'Life of Johnson'—His Mimicry of Dr. Johnson—Mrs. Garrick—A Dinner at Mrs. Ord's—Doings of the National Assembly—Interview with the Royal Family—Appeal of Warren Hastings—Visit to Mrs. Crewe—The Burke Family—Edmund Burke—His Table-talk on the French Revolution—Fox's Opinion of Burke—Burke's Opinion of Fox—Mrs. Delany—Burke's Description of her—A Wild Irish Girl—Lord Loughborough—Mr. Erskine—His Egotism—Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory'—Caen Wood—Lord Mansfield—Portrait of Pope by himself—Mr. Pelham—Singular Adventure at the Shakespeare Gallery—Mrs. Wells the Actress—Arthur Young to Miss Burney—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Porson.

PART VII.

1792.

JANUARY.—I had a very civil note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, telling me that Miss Goldsworthy was ill, which made Miss Gomme necessary to the Princesses, and therefore, as Mlle. Jacobi was still lame, Her Majesty wished for my attendance on Wednesday noon.

I received this little summons with very sincere pleasure, and sent a warm acknowledgment for its honour. I was engaged for the evening to Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford, by my father, who promised to call for me at the Queen's house.

At noon I went thither, and saw, by the carriages, their Majesties were just arrived from Windsor. In my way up-stairs I encountered the Princess Sophia. I really felt a pleasure at her sight, so great that I believe I saluted her; I hardly know; but she came forward, with her hands held out, so good humoured and so sweetly, I was not much on my guard. How do I wish I had gone that moment to my Royal Mistress, while my mind was fully and honestly occupied with the most warm satisfaction in being called again into her presence!

The Princess Sophia desired me to send her Miss Gomme, whom she said I should find in my own room. Thither I went, and we embraced very cordially; but she a little made me stare by saying "Do you sleep in your old bed?" "No," I answered, "I go home after

dinner;" and she said no more, but told me she must have two hours' conference alone with me, from the multiplicity of things she had to discuss with me.

We parted then, and I proceeded to Mrs. Schwellenberg. There I was most courteously received, and told I was to go at night to the play.

I replied I was extremely sorry, but I was engaged.

She looked deeply displeased, and I was forced to offer to send an excuse. Nothing, however, was settled; she went to the Queen, whither I was most eager to follow, but I depended upon her arrangement, and could not go uncalled.

I returned to my own room, as they all still call it, and Miss Gomme and Miss Planta both came to me. We had a long discourse upon matters and things.

By and by Miss Gomme was called out to Princesses Mary and Amelia; she told them who was in the old apartment, and they instantly entered it. Princess Mary took my hand, and said repeatedly, "My dear Miss Burney, how glad I am to see you again!" and the lovely little Princess Amelia kissed me twice, with the sweetest air of affection. This was a very charming meeting to me, and I expressed my real delight in being thus allowed to come amongst them again, in the strongest and truest terms.

I had been but a short time alone, when Westerhaults came to ask me if I had ordered my father's carriage to bring me from the play.

I told him I was engaged, but would give up that engagement, and endeavour to secure being fetched home after the play.

Mrs. Schwellenberg then desired to see me.

"What you mean by going home?" cried she, somewhat deridingly: "know you not you might sleep here?"

I was really thunderstruck; so weak still, and so unequal as I feel to undertake night and morning attendance, which I now saw expected. I was obliged, however, to comply; and I wrote a note to Sarah, and another note to be given to my father, when he called to take me to Lord Orford. But I desired we might go in chairs, and not trouble him for the carriage.

This arrangement, and my dread of an old attendance I was so little refitted for renewing, had so much disturbed me before I was summoned to the Queen, that I appeared before her without any of the glee and spirits with which I had originally obeyed her commands. I am still grieved at this circumstance, as it must have made me seem cold and insensible to herself, when I was merely chagrined at the peremptory mismanagement of her agent. Mr. De Luc was with her. She was gracious, but by no means lively or cordial. She was offended, probably,—and there was no reason to wonder, and yet no means to clear away the cause. This gave me much vexation, and the more I felt it the less I must have appeared to merit her condescension.

Nevertheless, after she was dressed she honoured me with a summons to the White Closet, where I presently felt as much at home as if I had never quitted the Royal residence. She inquired into my proceedings, and I began a little history of my south-west tour; which she listened to till word was brought the King was come from the Levee: dinner was then ordered, and I was dismissed.

At our dinner, the party, in the old style, was Mr. De Luc, Miss Planta, Mrs. Stainforth, and Miss Gomme; Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well enough to leave her own apartment, except to attend the Queen.

We were gay enough, I own; my spirits were not

very low in finding myself a guest at that table, where I was so totally unfit to be at home, and whence, nevertheless, I should have been very much and deeply concerned to have found myself excluded, since the displeasure of the Queen could alone have procured such a banishment. Besides, to visit, I like the whole establishment, however inadequate I found them for supplying the place of all I quitted to live with them. O, who could succeed there?

During the dessert the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. I was very glad, by this means, to see all this lovely female tribe.

As soon as she was gone I made off to prepare for the play, with fan, cloak, and gloves. At the door of my new old room who should I encounter but Mr. Stanhope? He was all rapture, in his old way, at the meeting, and concluded me, I believe, reinstated. I got off as fast as possible, and had just shut myself in, and him out, when I heard the voice of the King, who passed my door to go to the dining-room.

I was quite chagrined to have left it so unseasonably, as my whole heart yearned to see him. He stayed but a minute, and I heard him stop close to my door, and speak with Mr. De Luc. The loudness of his voice assuring me he was saying nothing he meant to be unheard, I could not resist softly opening my door. I fancy he expected this, for he came up to me immediately, and with a look of goodness almost amounting to pleasure—I believe I may say quite—he inquired after my health, and its restoration, and said he was very glad to see me again. Then turning gaily to Mr. De Luc, "And you, Mr. De Luc," he cried, "are not you, too, very glad to see Miss Beurni again?"

I told him, very truly, the pleasure with which I had

re-entered his roof.—He made me stand near a lamp, to examine me, and pronounced upon my amended looks with great benevolence: and, when he was walking away, said aloud to Mr. De Luc, who attended him, "I dare say she was very willing to come!"

I heard afterwards from Miss Gomme that the King came to the eating-room purposely to see me, as he told the Princesses. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for such condescending goodness; and how invariably I experienced it during my whole residence under his roof.

Our party in the box for the Queen's attendants consisted of Lady Catherine Stanhope, Miss Planta, Major Price, Greville Upton, and Mr. Frank Upton.

The King and Queen and six Princesses sat opposite. It was to me a lovely and most charming sight. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York and his bride, with the Duke of Clarence, sat immediately under us. I saw the Duchess now and then, and saw that she has a very sensible and marked countenance, but no beauty. She was extremely well received by the people, and smiled at in the most pleasing manner by her opposite new relations.

The play was 'Cymon,' with alterations, &c.

At night I once more attended the Queen, and it seemed as strange to me as if I had never done it before.

The next day, Thursday, the Queen gave up the drawing-room, on account of a hurt on her foot. I had the honour of another very long conference in the White Closet, in which I finished the account of my late travels, and during which, though she was very gracious, she was far less communicative than heretofore, saying little herself, and making me talk almost all.

When I attended the Queen again to-night, the

strangeness was so entirely worn away, that it seemed to me as if I had never left my office! And so again on Friday morning.

At noon the Royal Family set off for Windsor.

The Queen graciously sent for me before she went, to bid me good by, and condescended to thank me for my little services. I would have offered repetition with all my heart, but I felt my frame unequal to such business. Indeed I was half dead with only two days' and nights' exertion. 'Tis amazing how I ever went through all that is passed.

FEBRUARY.—I shall begin this month at the 13th, the day I left my dearest friends.

I found our small family at home in much the same state I had left it; my dear father, however, rather worse than better, and lower and more depressed about himself than ever. To see him dejected is, of all sights, to me the most melancholy, his native cheerfulness having a character of such temperate sweetness, that there is no dispensing with any of it, as its utmost vigour never a moment overpowers.

Among the tickets I found of visitors during my absence, I was much pleased to see the name of Mr. Bryant. Good and kind old man! how much I should like to see him again!

And I found also, waiting my return, a note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, with an offer of a ticket for Mr. Hastings's trial, the next day, if I wished to go to it.

I did wish it exceedingly, no public subject having ever so deeply interested me; but I could not recollect any party I could join, and therefore I proposed to Captain Phillips to call on his Court friend, and lay before her my difficulty. He readily declared he would do more, for he would frankly ask her for a ticket for himself, and

stay another day, merely to accompany me. You know well the kind pleasure and zeal with which he is always ready to discover and propose expedients in distress.

His visit prospered, and we went to Westminster Hall together.

All the managers attended at the opening, but the attendance of all others was cruelly slack. To hear the attack, the people came in crowds; to hear the defence, they scarcely came in *tête-à-têtes!* 'Tis barbarous there should be so much more pleasure given by the recital of guilt than by the vindication of innocence!

Mr. Law spoke the whole time; he made a general harangue in answer to the opening general harangue of Mr. Burke, and he spoke many things that brought forward conviction in favour of Mr. Hastings; but he was terrified exceedingly, and his timidity induced him to so frequently beg quarter from his antagonists, both for any blunders and any deficiencies, that I felt angry with even modest egotism, when I considered that it was rather his place to come forward with the shield and armour of truth, undaunted, and to have defied, rather than deprecated, the force of talents when without such support.

None of the managers quitted their box, and I am uncertain whether or not any of them saw me. Mr. Windham, in particular, I feel satisfied either saw me not, or was so circumstanced, as manager, that he could not come to speak with me; for else, this my first appearance from that parental roof under which he has so largely contributed to replace me would have been the last time for his dropping my acquaintance. Mr. Sheridan I have no longer any ambition to be noticed by; and Mr. Burke, at this place, I am afraid I have already displeased, so unavoidably cold and frigid did I feel myself when he came here to me formerly. Anywhere else, I should bound

forward to meet him, with respect, and affection, and gratitude.

In the evening I went to the Queen's house. I found Mrs. Schwellenberg, who instantly admitted me, at cards with Mr. De Luc. Her reception was perfectly kind; and when I would have given up the tickets, she told me they were the Queen's, who desired, if I wished it, I would keep them for the season.

This was a pleasant hearing upon every account, and I came away in high satisfaction.

A few days after, I went again to the trial, and took another Captain for my esquire—my good and ever-affectionate James. The Hall was still more empty, both of Lords and Commons, and of ladies too, than the first day of this session. I am quite shocked at the little desire there appears to hear Mr. Hastings's defence.

When the managers entered, James presently said, "Here's Mr. Windham coming to speak to you." And he broke from the procession, as it was descending to its cell, to give me that pleasure.

His inquiries about my health were not, as he said, *mere* common inquiries; but, without any other answer to them than a bow, I interrupted their course by quickly saying "You have been excursioning and travelling all the world o'er since I saw you last."

He paid me in my own coin with only a bow, hastily going back to myself: "But your tour," he cried, "to the West, after all that—"

I saw what was following, and, again abruptly stopping him, "But here you are returned," I cried, "to all your old labours and toils again."

"No, no," cried he, half laughing, "not labours and toils always; they are growing into pleasures now."

"That's being very good, very liberal, indeed," quoth

I, supposing him to mean hearing the defence made the pleasure; but he stared at me with so little concurrence, that, soon understanding he only meant bringing their charges home to the confusion of the culprit, I stared again a little while, and then said, "You sometimes accuse me of being ambiguous; I think you seem so yourself, now!"

"To nobody but you," cried he, with a rather reproachful accent.

"O, now," cried I, "you are not ambiguous, and I am all the less pleased."

"People," cried James, *bonnement*, "don't like to be convinced."

"Mr. Hastings," said Mr. Windham, "does not convince, he does not bring conviction home."

"Not to you," quoth I, returning his accent pretty fully.

"Why, true," answered he very candidly; "there may be something in that."

"How is it all to be?" cried James. "Is the defence to go on long, and are they to have any evidence; or how?"

"We don't know this part of the business," said Mr. Windham, smiling a little at such an upright downright question; "it is Mr. Hastings's affair now to settle it: however, I understand he means to answer charge after charge as they were brought against him, first by speeches, then by evidence: however, this is all conjecture."

We then spoke of Mr. Law, Mr. Hastings's first counsel, and I expressed some dissatisfaction that such attackers should not have had abler and more equal opponents.

"But do you not think Mr. Law spoke well?" cried he; "clear, forcible?"

"Not forcible," cried I. I would not say not clear.

"He was frightened," said Mr. Windham, "he might not do himself justice. I have heard him elsewhere, and been very well satisfied with him; but he looked pale and alarmed, and his voice trembled."

"I was very well content with his materials," quoth I, "which I thought much better than the use he made of them; and, once or twice, he made an opening that, with a very little skill, might most adroitly and admirably have raised a laugh against you all."

He looked a little askew, I must own, but he could not help smiling: and shall I now lose my privileged sincerity when I made it the basis of speaking with him on this subject? Certainly not.

I gave him an instance in point, which was the reverse given by Mr. Law to the picture drawn by Mr. Burke of Tamerlane, in which he said those virtues and noble qualities bestowed upon him by the honourable manager were nowhere to be found but on the British stage.

Now this, seriously, with a very little ingenuity, might have placed Mr. Burke at the head of a company of comedians. This last notion I did not speak, however; but enough was understood, and Mr. Windham looked straight away from me, without answering; nevertheless, his profile, which he left me, showed much more disposition to laugh than to be incensed.

Therefore I proceeded; pointing out another lost opportunity that, well saved, might have proved happily ridiculous against them; and this was Mr. Law's description of the real state of India, even from its first discovery by Alexander, opposed to Mr. Burke's flourishing representation of its golden age, its lambs and tigers associating, &c., &c.

Still he looked askew; but I believe he is truth itself, for he offered no defence, though, of course, he would not enter into the attack. And surely at this critical period I must not spare pointing out all he will submit to hear, on the side of a man of whose innocence I am so fully persuaded.

"I must own, however," continued I, finding him still attentive, though silent, "Mr. Law provoked me in one point—his apologies for his own demerits. Why should he contribute his humble mite to your triumphs? and how little was it his place to extol your superior talents! as if you were not self-sufficient enough already, without his aid!"

Unless you had heard the speech of Mr. Law, you can hardly imagine with what timid flattery he mixed every exertion he ventured to make in behalf of his client; and I could not forbear this little observation, because I had taken notice with what haughty derision the managers had perceived the fears of their importance, which were felt even by the very counsel of their prisoner. Mr. Windham, too, who himself never looks either insolent or deriding, must be sure what I meant for his associates could not include himself. He did not, however, perfectly welcome the remark; he still only gave me his profile, and said not a word,—so I went on. Mr. Hastings little thinks what a pleader I am become in his cause, against one of his most powerful adversaries.

"There was still another thing," quoth I, "in which I felt vexed with Mr. Law: how could he be so weak as to beg quarter from you, and to humbly hope that, if any mistake, any blunder, any improvident word escaped him, you would have the indulgence to spare your ridicule? O yes, to be sure! when I took notice at the moment of his supplication, and before any error committed, that

every muscle of every face amongst you was at work from the bare suggestion."

He could not even pretend to look grave now, but, turning frankly towards me, said, "Why, Mr. Fox most justly observed upon that petition, that, if any man makes a blunder, a mistake, 'tis very well to apologize: but it was singular to hear a man gravely preparing for his blunders and mistakes, and wanting to make terms for them beforehand."

"I like him for this," cried James again *bonnement*, "that he seems so much interested for his client."

"Will you give me leave to inquire," quoth I, "one thing? You know my old knack of asking strange questions."

He only bowed—archly enough, I assure you.

"Did I fancy, or was it fact, that you were a flapper to Mr. Burke, when Mr. Law charged him with disingenuity, in not having recanted the accusation concerning Devy Sing? He appeared to me in much perturbation, and I thought by his see-saw he was going to interrupt the speech: did you prevent him?"

"No, no," he answered, "I did not: I did not think him in any danger."

He rubbed his cheek, though, as he spoke, as if he did not much like that circumstance. O that Mr. Burke—so great, so noble a creature—can in this point thus have been warped!

I ran off to another scene, and inquired how he had been amused abroad, and, in particular, at the National Assembly?

"Indeed," he answered, "it was extremely curious for a short time; but there is little variety in it, and therefore it will not do long."

I was in a humour to be just as sincere here, as about the trial; so you democrats must expect no better.

"I understand," quoth I, "there is a great dearth of abilities in this new Assembly; how then should there be any variety?"

"No, I cannot say that: they do not want abilities; but they have no opportunity to make their way."

"O!" quoth I, shaking my wise head, "abilities, real abilities, make their own way."

"Why, that's true; but, in that Assembly, the noise, the tumult——"

"Abilities," again quoth I, "have power to quell noise and tumult."

"Certainly, in general; but not in France. These new legislative members are so solicitous to speak, so anxious to be heard, that they prefer uttering any tautology to listening to others; and when once they have begun, they go on with what speed they may, and without selection, rather than stop. They see so many ready to seize their first pause, they know they have so little chance of a second hearing, that I never entered the Assembly without being reminded of the famous old story of the man who patiently bore hearing a tedious harangue, by saying the whole time to himself, 'Well, well, 'tis his turn now; but let him beware how he sneezes.'"

James now again asked some question of their intentions with regard to the progress of the trial. He answered, "We have nothing to do with its present state. We leave Mr. Hastings now to himself, and his own set. Let him keep to his cause, and he may say what he will. We do not mean to interfere, nor avail ourselves of our privileges."

Mr. Hastings was just entered; I looked down at

him, and saw his half-motion to kneel; I could not bear it, and, turning suddenly to my neighbour, "O, Mr. Windham," I cried, "after all, 'tis, indeed, a barbarous business!"

This was rather further than I meant to go, for I said it with serious earnestness; but it was surprised from me by the emotion always excited at sight of that unmerited humiliation.

He looked full at me upon this solemn attack, and with a look of chagrin amounting to displeasure, saying, "It is a barbarous business *we* have had to go through."

I did not attempt to answer this, for, except through the medium of sport and raillery, I have certainly no claim upon his patience. But, in another moment, in a tone very flattering, he said, "I do not understand, nor can any way imagine, how you can have been thus perverted!"

"No, no!" quoth I, "it is you who are perverted!"

Here Mr. Law began his second oration, and Mr. Windham ran down to his cell.

I fancy this was not exactly the conversation he expected upon my first enlargement. However, though it would very seriously grieve me to hurt or offend him, I cannot refuse my own veracity, nor Mr. Hastings's injuries, the utterance of what I think truth.

Mr. Law was far more animated and less frightened, and acquitted himself so as to merit almost as much éloge as, in my opinion, he had merited censure at the opening. It was all in answer to Mr. Burke's general exordium and attack.

I had the satisfaction some days after to see again the good, and much-injured, and most unfortunate Mr. Beckford.* He is at length released from unjust confinement,

* It may be necessary to remind the reader that this is not the Beckford of Fonthill.

but he has an air of dejection, a look, a voice, a manner, that all speak the term of his sufferings to have been too long for his spirits to recruit. How hard a case! I wish to read his account of Jamaica; I hear it much commended. He is now writing a History of France. I understand both to have been compiled in his prison! How praiseworthy to have made such an exertion of his abilities, which sorrow and resentment must else have soured and corroded for life!

At Mrs. Ord's, one morning, I had the happiness to meet Mr. Smelt; he looks again very ill. He supports, he told me, a fevered being, that will soon dissolve, to his ultimate joy. No man could ever more completely devote his whole mind to the object of his affection; his happiness was all centred in her life, and is wholly buried with her ashes!

I met, that same morning, Miss Fanshaw: she had spent the preceding evening, she said, very singularly; she had heard the famous M. Lally Tolendahl read a French tragedy upon an English subject, written by himself! The subject was the death of Strafford. He read it to a large but chosen company, at Lady Herries's. I should much like to have heard it.

* * * * * *

Upon the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds's death I was in my bed, with two blisters, and I did not hear of it till two days after. I shall enter nothing upon this subject here; our current letters mentioned the particulars, and I am not desirous to retrace them. His loss is as universally felt as his merit is universally acknowledged, and, joined to all public motives, I had myself private ones of regret that cannot subside. He was always peculiarly kind to me, and he had worked at my deliverance from a life he conceived too laborious for me, as if I had been

his own daughter; yet, from the time of my coming forth, I only twice saw him. I had not recovered strength for visiting before he was past receiving me. I grieve inexpressibly never to have been able to pay him the small tribute of thanks for his most kind exertions in my cause. I little thought the second time I saw him would be my last opportunity, and my intention was to wait some favourable opening.

Miss Palmer is left heiress, and her unabating attendance upon her inestimable uncle in his sickroom makes everybody content with her great acquisition. I am sure she loved and admired him with all the warmth of her warm heart. I wrote her a few lines of condolence, and she has sent me a very kind answer. She went immediately to the Burkes, with whom she will chiefly, I fancy, associate.

March.—Sad for the loss of Sir Joshua, and all of us ill ourselves, we began this month. Upon its 3rd day was his funeral. My dear father could not attend; but Charles was invited and went. All the Royal Academy, professors and students, and all the Literary Club, attended as family mourners. Mr. Burke, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Metcalf, are executors. Miss Palmer has spared nothing, either in thought or expense, that could render the last honours splendid and grateful. It was a very melancholy day to us; though it had the alleviation and softening of a letter from our dear Charlotte, promising to arrive the next day.

April.—This wayward month opened upon me with none of its smiles: sickness and depression pervaded our household.

I shall now pass from the 8th, when the combined forces of Mrs. Ord's rhetoric and Charles's activity removed me from sickness and sinking to the salubrious

hills of Norbury, and the balsamic medicine of social tenderness, to my return to my dear father, April 18th, when I found him but little better, and far from such a state as could have made me happy in absence. Gradually, however, he has been recruiting, though I have no hope of his entire restoration before the dog-days.

I paid my duty at the Queen's house, in inquiring after Her Majesty, where I was extremely well received by Mrs. Schwellenberg, and saw Miss Planta and Mr. De Luc.

My next visiting opportunity carried me to Mrs. Montagu: she let me in, and showed me her new room, which was a double gratification to me, from the elegant paintings by our ingenious Edward. You will have heard this fine room described by Mr. Lock; my Susanna, and you, my Fredy, I hope have seen it. 'Tis a very beautiful house indeed, and now completely finished.

There was a lady with Mrs. Montagu whose name I never gathered, but who frequently addressed herself to me, in talking of my dearest Fredy, and making inquiries about her health. So I liked her very well, though else she was but a commonish, non-nothingish sort of a good-humoured and sensiblish woman!

Then I went to Lady Mary Duncan, who was grotesquely comic, and remarkably vulgar, and zealously kind, and ludicrously sarcastic, as usual.

* * * * * *

Have you read Miss Knight's 'Dinarbas, or Continuation of Rasselas'? If you can forgive the presumption of the idea, I think you must be pleased with the execution. She has now just published a new work, 'Marcus Flaminius, or the Life of the Romans.' She has much surprised me by sending me a very elegantly bound copy, by Mr. Hoole, who has been her editor. I think it a work of great merit, though wanting in variety, and not

very attractive from much interesting the feelings. But to Italian travellers, who are classic readers, I imagine it must be extremely welcome, in reviving images of all they have seen, well combined and contrasted with former times of which they have read. The sentiments interspersed are so good I wish for more; and the principles that are meant to be recommended are both pure and lofty. It is not a work which you will read quickly through, or with ardour, but it is one, I think, of which you will not miss a word.

April 23rd.—I thought myself equal to again going to the trial, which recommenced after six or seven weeks' cessation, on account of the Judges going the circuit. Sarah went with me: I am now so known in the Chamberlain's box that the door-keepers and attendants make way for me without looking at my ticket. And to be sure, the Managers on one side, and Mr. Hastings's friends and counsel on the other, must pretty well have my face by heart. I have the faces of all them, most certainly, in full mental possession; and the figures of many whose names I know not are so familiar now to my eyes, that should I chance hereafter to meet them, I shall be apt to take them for old acquaintances.

There was again a full appearance of Managers to accompany Mr. Burke in his entry; and again Mr. Windham quitted the procession, as it descended to the box, and filed off to speak with me.

He made the most earnest inquiries after the health of my dearest father, as well as after my own. He has all the semblance of real regard and friendship for us, and I am given to believe he wears no semblance that has not a real and sympathetic substance couched beneath. His manner instantly revived in my mind my intent not to risk, with him, the loss of making those

poor acknowledgments for his kindness, that I so much regret omitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In return to his inquiries about my renovating health, I answered that I had again been very ill since I saw him last, and added, "Indeed, I believe I did not come away too soon."

"And now," cried I, "I cannot resist giving myself the pleasure of making my acknowledgments for what I owe to you upon this subject. I have been, indeed, very much obliged, by various things that have come round to me, both to you and to Sir Joshua.——O what a loss is that!"

"What a wretched loss!" cried he: and we then united our warmest suffrages in his favour, with our deepest regret for our deprivation.

Here I observed poor Mr. Hastings was brought in. I saw he was fixing him. "And can you," I cried, fixing *him*, "can you have so much compassion for one captive, and still have none for another?"

"Have you, then, still," cried he, "the same sentiments?"

"Have you,' cried I, "heard all thus far of the defence, and are you still unmoved?"

"Unmoved?" cried he, emphatically; "shall I be moved by a lion? You see him there in a cage, and pity him; look back to when you might have seen him with a lamb in his claws!"

I could only look dismayed for a moment. "But, at least," I said, "I hope what I hear is not true, though I now grow afraid to ask?"

"If it is anything about me," he answered, "it is certainly not true."

"I am extremely glad, indeed," cried I, "for it has been buzzed about in the world that you were to draw

up the final charge. This I thought most cruel of all; that you, who have held back all this time——"

"Yes! pretty completely," interrupted he, laughing.

"No, not completely," I continued; "but yet you have made no direct formal speech, nor have come forward in any positive and formidable manner; therefore, as we have now heard all the others, and—almost enough——"

I was obliged to stop a moment, to see how this adventurous plainness was taken; and he really, though my manner showed me only rallying, looked I don't know how, at such unexampled disrespect towards his brother orators. But I soon went quietly on: "To come forth now, after all that has passed, with the éclat of novelty, and,—for the most cruel part of all,—that which cannot be answered."

"You think," cried he, "'tis bringing a fresh courser into the field of battle, just as every other is completely jaded?"

"I think," cried I, "that I am very generous to wish against what I should so much wish for, but for other considerations."

"O, what a flattering way," cried he, "of stating it! however, I can bear to allow you a little waste of compliments, which you know so well how to make; but I cannot bear to have you waste your compassion."

Mr. Plomer now rose to speak, and he only added, "O! I must go down to help the show:" and away he ran.

Mr. Plomer spoke in a clear and manly manner, and brought forward truths and facts in favour of Mr. Hastings, the most satisfactory. What amends can that persecuted man ever receive?

MAY.—The 1st of this month I went again to Westminster Hall, with our cousin Elizabeth. Evidence was brought forward by the counsel for Mr. Hastings, and Lord Stormont was called upon as a witness. This produced some curious debating among the Lords, and with the Chancellor. They spoke only for the ears of one another, as it was merely to settle some ceremonial, whether he was to be summoned to the common place where the witnesses stood, or had the claim of a peer to speak in his place, robed. This latter prevailed: and then we expected his speech; but no, a new debate ensued, which, as we gathered from the rumour about us, was that his Lordship should have the Prayer Book, for his oath, belonging to the House of Peers. Here, also, his dignity was triumphant, though it cost the whole assembly a full quarter of an hour; while another Prayer Book was officially at hand, in the general post for plebeian witnesses.

Well! aristocrat as I am, compared with you, I laughed heartily at all this mummery; and yet it was possibly wise, at this period of pulling down all law and order, all privilege and subordination, however frivolous was its appearance.

His testimony was highly favourable to Mr. Hastings, with regard to authenticating the intelligence he had received of an opening war with France, upon which hung much justification of the measures Mr. Hastings had pursued for raising supplies.

All the rest of the day was upon the same business, and bringing forward the same clearing.

Thence I went to the Queen's house, where I have a most cordial general invitation from Mrs. Schwellenberg to go by all opportunities; and there is none so good as after the trial, that late hour exactly according with her dinner-time.

She is just as she was in respect to health; but in all other respects, O how amended! all civility, all obligingness, all courtesy! and so desirous to have me visit her, that she presses me to come incessantly.

Mr. De Luc and Miss Mawer were of the party.

During coffee, the Princess Royal came into the room. She condescended to profess herself quite glad to see me; and she had not left the room five minutes before, again returning, she said, "Mrs. Schwellenberg, I am come to plague you, for I am come to take away Miss Burney."

I give you leave to guess whether this plagued me.

* * * * *

MAY 2.—The following week I again went to Westminster Hall. Mlle. Jacobi had made a point of accompanying me, that she might see the show, as James called it to General Burgoyne, and I had great pleasure in taking her, for she is a most ingenuous and good creature, though—alas!—by no means the same undaunted, gay, open character as she appeared at first. Sickness, confinement, absence from her friends, submission to her coadjutrix, and laborious watching, have much altered her.

The trial of this day was all written evidence in favour of Mr. Hastings, and violent quarrelling as to its admissibility on the part of Mr. Burke. Mr. Windham took his place, during some part of the controversy, and spoke ably and clearly as to the given point in dispute, but with the most palpable tremor and internal struggle. I wonder, so "tremblingly" as he is "alive all o'er," how he ever made the first effort to become a public speaker; but, having conquered that opening horror, I wonder yet more, with such ability, readiness, knowledge, facility, and command of language, he has not totally vanquished the difficulties of public exhibition. I can only suppose that

by nature he is extremely diffident, and by inclination equally ambitious; and if so, the conflict may last through life.

I attended Mlle. Jacobi to the Queen's house, where I dined; and great indeed was my pleasure, during coffee, to see the Princess Elizabeth, who, in the most pleasing manner and the highest spirits, came to summon me to the Queen.

I found Her Majesty again with all her sweet daughters but the youngest. She was gracious and disposed to converse.

We had a great deal of talk upon public concerns, and she told me a friend of mine had spoken very well the day before, and so had Mr. Burke. She meant Mr. Windham. It was against the new societies*, and in favour of the Proclamation. Mr. Burke, of course, would here come forth in defence of his own predictions and opinions; but Mr. Windham, who had rather abided hitherto with Charles Fox, in thinking Mr. Burke too extreme, well as he loves him personally, was a new convert highly acceptable. He does not, however, go all lengths with Mr. Burke; he is only averse to an unconstitutional mode of reform, and to sanctioning club powers, so as to enable them, as in France, to overawe the state and senate.

Soon after, to my infinite joy, the King entered. O, he spoke to me so kindly!—he congratulated me on the better looks which his own presence and goodness gave me, repeatedly declaring he had never seen me in such health. He asked me after my father, and listened with interest when I mentioned his depression, and told him that all he had done of late to soothe his retirement and pain had been making canons to solemn words, and with

* The "London Corresponding Societies," &c.

such difficulties of composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings.

"I, too," said the King, after a very serious pause, "have myself sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations."

He also condescended to ask after little Norbury, taking off the eager little fellow while he spoke, and his earnest manner of delivery. He then inquired about my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lock, and their expectations of the return of Mr. William.

He inquired how I lived, whom I saw, what sort of neighbours I had in the college, and many other particulars, that seemed to desire to know how I went on, and whether I was comfortable. His looks, I am sure, said so, and most kindly.

They kept me till they went to the Japan Room, where they meet the officers and ladies who attend them in public. They were going to the Ancient Music.

This dear King, nobly unsuspicious where left to himself, and where he has met no doubleness, spoke also very freely of some political matters before me—of the new association in particular. It gratified me highly.

* * * * *

One day again, in the following week, I went to Mr. Hastings's defence: Sarah was with me. Just before us sat Mrs. Kennedy, of Windsor, with whom I renewed a meeting acquaintance, but evaded a visiting one.

Soon after a grave man's voice behind me said, "Is not that Miss Burney?" I twirled round and saw the Bishop of Dromore, and Mrs. Percy and her two

daughters. We immediately renewed our Bath acquaintance.

The defence to-day was by Mr. Markham, son of the Archbishop of York, who has repeatedly been summoned, and who bears most honourable testimony to the character, the conduct, and the abilities of Mr. Hastings.

Soon after I spent a day with Mrs. Ord, by invitation, for meeting the Percy family. She had also assembled Major Rennell, the Dickensons, Lady Herries, and Mr. Selwin.

Mr. Selwin I had not seen for many years. Streatham and Mrs. Thrale, our constant themes, were uppermost, first and last, in all we said and all we thought. His most amiable behaviour in poor Mr. Thrale's unhappy state of health I shall never forget. I met him with a glad cordiality from its remembrance, and it was very apparently mutual. He still visits, occasionally, at Streatham; but he says the place, the inhabitants, the visitors, the way of life, are all so totally changed, it would make me most melancholy again to tread those boards.

All the public talk was upon the East India letters from Lord Cornwallis, and Major Rennell was there our oracle. He has a plain, unadorned way of giving information, that is both pleasant and masterly.

Mrs. Dickenson told me that Miss Palmer is certainly engaged to Lord Inchiquin. He is sixty-nine; but they say he is remarkably pleasing in his manners, and soft and amiable in his disposition. I am sure she has merited my wishes for her happiness, by her deep interest, upon all occasions, in mine, and I am sure she has them.

Mrs. Bunbury was with her sister, and looking as beautiful as she would let herself look; for she uses so much art, that, in my eyes, she loses more by such assistance than she could do, with features so fine as hers, by the fading of those years she means to conceal.

The Colonel came in while we stayed, and we had much old talk upon past services in common.

I got home to dinner to meet Mrs. and Miss Mary Young, who are in town for a few weeks. Miss Mary is sensible, and quick, and agreeable.

They give a very unpleasant account of Madame De Genlis, or De Sillery, or Brulard, as she is now called. They say she has established herself at Bury, in their neighbourhood, with Mlle. la Princesse d'Orléans and Pamela, and a *Circe*, another young girl under her care. They have taken a house, the master of which always dines with them, though Mrs. Young says he is such a low man he should not dine with her daughter. They form twenty with themselves and household. They keep a botanist, a chemist, and a natural historian always with them. These are supposed to have been common servants of the Duke of Orleans in former days, as they always walk behind the ladies when abroad; but, to make amends in the new equalising style, they all dine together at home. They visit at no house but Sir Thomas Gage's, where they carry their harps, and frequently have music. They have been to a Bury ball, and danced all night; Mlle. d'Orléans with anybody, known or unknown to Madame Brulard.

What a woful change from that elegant, amiable, high-bred Madame De Genlis I knew six years ago! the apparent pattern of female perfection in manners, conversation, and delicacy.

There are innumerable democrats assembled in Suffolk; among them the famous Tom Paine, who herds with all the farmers that will receive him, and there propagates his pernicious doctrines.

* * * * * *

The next time I went to Westminster I took Miss Mary Young. It was again upon the same evidence of Mr. Markham, which proves very important indeed in Mr. Hastings's favour.

FRIDAY, MAY 25TH.—This morning I went to a very fine public breakfast, given by Mrs. Montagu. The instant I came into the gallery I had the melancholy satisfaction of being seen by Sir George Howard. There is no affectation mixed with his sorrow for poor Lady Effingham. I had not met him since her loss. He had tears in his eyes immediately; but he spoke with cheerfulness, and asked after my dear father very kindly.

Mrs. Montagu I saw next, and she was extremely courteous. They were all very sorry to miss my father, who, indeed, has everywhere been missed this winter and spring.

When I came into the Feather Room I was accosted by Mr. Seward, and he entered into a gay conversation upon all sorts of subjects, which detained me, agreeably enough, in a very pleasant station by one of the windows. He had a gentleman with him, whom I half recollected, and whom he soon introduced by the name of "my friend Mrs. Boscawen's son." It was Lord Falmouth, with whom I had dined at Commissioner La Forey's, at Plymouth Dock. He was as entertaining here as he had been there.

I then made for the dining-room, which was filled for a breakfast, upon this occasion, and very splendidly,

though, to me, who have so long been familiar to sights and decorations, no show of this sort is new or striking.

A sight that gave me far more pleasure was Mrs. Ord and her daughter, and I immediately joined them for the rest of the morning.

The table was not a matter of indifference to the guests at large; and it was so completely occupied by company seated round it, that it was long before one vacant chair could be seized, and this fell to the lot of Miss Ord.

The crowd of company was such that we could only slowly make way in any part. There could not be fewer than four or five hundred people. It was like a full Ranelagh by daylight.

We now met Mrs. Porteus; and who should be with her but the poor pretty S. S., whom so long I had not seen, and who has now lately been finally given up by her long-sought and very injurious lover, Dr. Vyse

She is sadly faded, and looked disturbed and unhappy; but still beautiful, though no longer blooming; and still affectionate, though absent and evidently absorbed. We had a little chat together about the Thrales. In mentioning our former intimacy with them, "Ah, those," she cried, "were happy times!" and her eyes glistened. Poor thing! hers has been a lamentable story!—Imprudence and vanity have rarely been mixed with so much sweetness, and good-humour, and candour, and followed with more reproach and ill success. We agreed to renew acquaintance next winter; at present she will be little more in town.

We went then round the rooms, which were well worth examination and admiration; and we met friends and acquaintance every other step. Amongst them,

Major Rennell, whom I always like to meet; Miss Coussmaker; Lady Rothes, who has been to Chelsea, but whom I have not yet been able to wait upon; Dr. Russel, who was in high spirits, and laughed heartily at seeing the prodigious meal most of the company made of cold chicken, ham, fish, &c., and said he should like to see Mrs. Montagu make the experiment of inviting all the same party to dinner at three o'clock. "O!" they would cry, "three o'clock! What does she mean?—who can dine at three o'clock?—one has no appetite—one can't swallow a morsel—it's altogether impossible!"—Yet, let her invite the same people, and give them a dinner, while she calls it a breakfast, and see but how prettily they can find appetites.

While we were examining the noble pillars in the new room, I heard an exclamation of "Est-ce possible? suis-je si heureuse?—Est-ce ma chère Mlle. Beurni que je vois?"

Need I say this was Madame de la Fîte? or Mrs. Fitt, as, since the French Revolution, of which she is a favourer, she is called by some of the household to which I belonged.

I spoke so as to moderate this rapture into something less calling for attention, which her voice and manner were engaging not unwillingly. I had not seen her since my retreat, and, if she had been less pompous, I should have been glad of the meeting. She kept my hand close grasped between both her own, (though her fan nipped one of my fingers till I was ready to make faces,) with a most resolute *empressement*, to the great inconvenience of those who wanted to pass, for we were at one of the entrances into the great new room; and how long she might have continued this fond detention I know not, if a lady, whose appearance

vied for show and parade with Madame de la Fite's manner and words, had not called out aloud, "I am extremely happy indeed to see Miss Burney!"

This was Mrs. Hastings; and to answer her I was let loose.

I have always been very sorry that Mrs. Hastings, who is a pleasing, lively, and well-bred woman, with attractive manners and attentions to those she wishes to oblige, should have an indiscretion so peculiarly unsuited to her situation, as to aim always at being the most conspicuous figure wherever she appears. Her dress now was like that of an Indian princess, according to our ideas of such ladies, and so much the most splendid, from its ornaments, and style, and fashion, though chiefly of muslin, that everybody else looked under-dressed in her presence. It is for Mr. Hastings I am sorry when I see this inconsiderate vanity, in a woman who would so much better manifest her sensibility of his present hard disgrace, by a modest and quiet appearance and demeanour.

I had a very good beau in Major Rennell, who took charge of any catering and regale. Dr. Russel also made up to our little coterie; and Lord Mulgrave surprised, and also frightened me, by his changed appearance and more than ever hollow voice, when he suddenly came to speak to me. I had not seen him since an assembly at Mrs. Ord's, when he was there with his sweet bride. He looks quite ghastly. He is in an atrophy, and fast, I doubt, quitting this world.

Wednesday, May 30th.—To-day I went to Westminster Hall again, to hear the evidence of Mr. Markham, which is so pleasantly in favour of Mr. Hastings,

that all the friends of that persecuted man are gratified by all he deposes. Miss Ord accompanied me.

When the impetuous and ungovernable Mr. Burke was interrupting the Chancellor, in order to browbeat Mr. Hastings's evidence, Mr. Windham involuntarily exclaimed, "Hist!" just as if he had been at his elbow, and playing the kind part of a flapper. I could not help laughing, and half joining him: he echoed back my laugh, and with a good humour that took in all its meaning and acknowledged its sympathy with regard to Mr. Burke; nevertheless, he spoke not a word.

Afterwards, however, he spoke when I had far rather he had been silent, for he went to the assistance of Mr. Burke.

Michael Angelo Taylor spoke also; but I observed with pleasure a distinction the Chancellor made to Mr. Windham; for, when he answered their arguments, he singled him out as the person who had said what alone he meant upon that question to notice, by saying, "The honourable manager who spoke second."

But I am sure—I think so, at least—Mr. Windham as little approves the violence of Mr. Burke in this trial as I do myself. I see him evidently and frequently suffer great pain and mortification when he is so obstreperous.

JUNE 1ST.—This day had been long engaged for breakfasting with Mrs. Dickenson and dining with Mrs. Ord.

The breakfast guests were Mr. Langton, Mr. Foote, Mr. Dickenson, jun., a cousin, and a very agreeable and pleasing man; Lady Herries, Miss Dickenson, another cousin, and Mr. Boswell.

This last was the object of the morning. I felt a strong sensation of that displeasure which his loquacious communications of every weakness and infirmity of the first and greatest good man of these times has awakened in me, at his first sight; and, though his address to me was courteous in the extreme, and he made a point of sitting next me, I felt an indignant disposition to a nearly forbidding reserve and silence. How many starts of passion and prejudice has he blackened into record, that else might have sunk, for ever forgotten, under the preponderance of weightier virtues and excellences!

Angry, however, as I have long been with him, he soon insensibly conquered, though he did not soften me: there is so little of ill-design or ill-nature in him, he is so open and forgiving for all that is said in return, that he soon forced me to consider him in a less serious light, and change my resentment against his treachery into something like commiseration of his levity; and before we parted we became good friends. There is no resisting great good humour, be what will in the opposite scale.

He entertained us all as if hired for that purpose, telling stories of Dr. Johnson, and acting them with incessant buffoonery. I told him frankly that, if he turned him into ridicule by caricature, I should fly the premises: he assured me he would not, and indeed his imitations, though comic to excess, were so far from caricature that he omitted a thousand gesticulations which I distinctly remember.

Mr. Langton told some stories himself in imitation of Dr. Johnson; but they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me—"Every man has, some time

in his life, an ambition to be a wag." If Mr. Langton had repeated anything from his truly great friend quietly, it would far better have accorded with his own serious and respectable character.

After this I went to Mrs. Ord for the day. I found there the charming Mrs. Garrick, whom I always cordially delight to see; but she was not well, and could not stay.

In the evening we had a large and pleasant party: Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Hesketh, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Brown, Mrs. E. Hervey, Dr. Russel, Lady Herries, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, Mr. Bardon, and Mr. Batt.

I had much very interesting and informing conversation with Mr. Batt, who is among my high favourites. He is just returned from France, and he gave me such an account of the situation and disposition of things, and of the proceedings of the National Assembly, as, from his authority, I should certainly write for the benefit of such democrats as only hear and seek the presiding powers' account of themselves; if I had not a sinking within upon the subject, from the excess of horror with which my informer made me look forward to probable consequences.

JUNE 4TH.—The birthday of our truly good King.

As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the palace that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival as a real happiness, as well as honour, when it is to see themselves.

How different was my attire from every other such occasion the five preceding years! It was a mere

simple dressed undress, without feathers, flowers, hoop, or furbelows.

When I alighted at the porter's lodge I was stopped from crossing the court-yard, by seeing the King, with his three sons, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence, who were standing there after alighting from their horses, to gratify the people who encircled the iron rails. It was a pleasant and goodly sight, and I rejoiced in such a detention.

I had a terrible difficulty to find a friend who would make known to Her Majesty that I was come to pay my devoirs.

At length, while watching in the passages to and fro, I heard a step upon the Princesses' stairs, and, venturing forward, I encountered the Princess Elizabeth. I paid my respectful congratulations on the day, which she most pleasantly received, and I intimated my great desire to see Her Majesty. I am sure the amiable Princess communicated my petition, for Mr. De Luc came out in a few minutes and ushered me into the Royal presence.

The Queen was in her State Dressing-room, her head attired for the Drawing-room superbly; but her Court-dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James's. She had already received all her early complimenters, and was prepared to go to St. James's: the Princess Royal was seated by her side, and all the other Princesses, except the Princess Amelia, were in the room, with the Duchess of York. Mr. De Luc, Mrs. Schwellenberg, Madame de la Fîte, and Miss Goldsworthy were in the background.

The Queen smiled upon me most graciously, and every Princess came up separately to speak with me. I thanked Her Majesty warmly for admitting me upon

such an occasion. "O!" cried she, "I resolved to see you the moment I knew you were here."

She then inquired when I went into Norfolk, and conversed upon my summer plans, &c., with more of her original sweetness of manner than I have seen since my resignation. What pleasure this gave me! and what pleasure did I feel in being kept by her till the further door opened, and the King entered, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence!

I motioned to retreat, but, calling out, "What, Miss Burney!" the King came up to me, and inquired how I did; and began talking to me so pleasantly, so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining and of gathering courage to utter my good wishes and warm fervent prayers for this day. He deigned to hear me very benignly; or make believe he did, for I did not make my harangue very audibly; but he must be sure of its purport.

He said I was grown "quite fat" since he had seen me, and appealed to the Duke of York: he protested my arm was half as big again as heretofore, and then he measured it with his spread thumbs and forefingers; and the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence on this auspicious day.

The Queen soon after walked up to me, and asked if I should like to see the ball at night. I certainly should much like to have seen them "in all their glory," after seeing them thus in all their kindness, as well as to have been present at the first public appearance at Court of the Princess Sophia: but I had no means to get from and to Chelsea so late at night, and was, therefore, forced to excuse myself, and decline her gracious proposition of giving me tickets.

Princess Mary came to shake hands with me, and Princess Augusta spoke to me for some time with extreme sweetness; in short, I was gratified in every possible way by the united goodness and condescension of all the family.

Two days after, I went again to Westminster Hall with Miss Ord. Her good mother has a ticket for the Duke of Newcastle's box, in which she was seated. This day's business consisted of examining witnesses: it was meant for the last meeting during this session; but when it was over, Mr. Hastings arose and addressed the Lords in a most noble and pathetic speech, praying them to continue their attendance till his defence was heard throughout, or, at least, not to deny him the finishing his answer to the first charge.

He spoke, I believe, to the hearts of everybody, except his prosecutors: the whole assembly seemed evidently affected by what he urged, upon the unexampled delay of justice in his trial: silence was never more profound than that which his voice instantly commanded. Poor unhappy, injured gentleman! How, how can such men practise cruelty so glaring as is manifested in the whole conduct of this trial!

From hence, as usual, I went to dine at the Queen's house: Mrs. Schwellenberg took me to the Queen after coffee.

She was writing to Lady Cremorne: she talked with me while she finished her letter, and then read it to me, exactly as in old times. She writes with admirable facility, and peculiar elegance of expression, as well as of handwriting.

She asked me, somewhat curiously, if I had seen any of my old friends? I found she meant oppositionists. I told her only at the trial. She kept me in con-

verse till the dear King came into the room: he had a grandson of Lord Howe's with him, a little boy in petticoats, with whom he was playing, and who he thought remembered me. I had seen him frequently at Weymouth, and the innocent little fellow insisted upon making me his bows and reverences, when told to make them to the Queen.

The King asked me what had been doing at Westminster Hall? I repeated poor Mr. Hastings's remonstrance, particularly a part of it in which he had mentioned that he had already "appealed to His Majesty, whose justice he could not doubt." The King looked a little queer, but I was glad of the opportunity of putting in a word for poor Mr. Hastings.

The Queen afterwards gave me a message for my dear Mr. Lock, to desire him to wait upon the Princess Royal at Kew the following week, to give her his opinion of a work she had in hand; and she spoke with equally just and kind praise of submitting to his taste.

I went on regularly to the trial till it finished for this year. Mr. Dallas closed his answer to the first charge, with great spirit and effect, and seemed to make numerous proselytes for Mr. Hastings.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18TH.—After many invitations and regulations, it was settled I was to accompany my father on a visit of three days to Mrs. Crewe at Hampstead.

The villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much kindness. The room was rather dark, and she had a veil to her bonnet, half down, and with this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty. I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly natural, is as high as that of Augusta Lock when in her best looks, and

the form of her face is so exquisitely perfect that my eye never met it without fresh admiration. She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. I know not, even now, any female in her first youth who could bear the comparison. She uglifies everything near her.

Her son was with her. He is just of age, and looks like her elder brother! he is a heavy, old-looking young man. He is going to China with Lord Macartney.

My former friend, young Burke, was also there. I was glad to renew acquaintance with him; though I could see some little strangeness in him: this, however, completely wore off before the day was over.

Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, Miss F——, a niece, and Mr. Richard Burke, the comic, humorous, bold, queer brother of *the* Mr. Burke, who, they said, was soon coming, with Mr. Elliot. The Burke family were invited by Mrs. Crewe to meet us.

Mrs. Burke was just what I have always seen her, soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging; and we met, I think, upon as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

At length Mr. Burke appeared, accompanied by Mr. Elliot.

He shook hands with my father as soon as he had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, but he returned my courtesy with so distant a bow, that I concluded myself quite lost with him, from my evident solicitude in poor Mr. Hastings's cause. I could not wish that less obvious, thinking as I think of it; but I felt infinitely grieved to lose the favour of a man whom, in all other articles, I so much venerate, and whom, indeed, I esteem and admire as the very first man of true genius now living in this country.

Mrs. Crewe introduced me to Mr. Elliot: I am sure we were already personally known to each other, for I have seen him perpetually in the Managers' box, whence, as often, he must have seen me in the Great Chamberlain's. He is a tall, thin young man, plain in face, dress, and manner, but sensible, and possibly much besides; he was reserved, however, and little else appeared.

The moment I was named, to my great joy I found Mr. Burke had not recollected me. He is more near-sighted, considerably, than myself. "Miss Burney!" he now exclaimed, coming forward, and quite kindly taking my hand, "I did not see you;" and then he spoke very sweet words of the meeting, and of my looking far better than "while I was a courtier," and of how he rejoiced to see that I so little suited that station. "You look," cried he, "quite renewed, revived, disengaged; you seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite altered; I never saw such a change for the better as quitting a Court has brought about!"

Ah! thought I, this is simply a mistake, from reasoning according to your own feelings. I only seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly, from distaste and disaffection to your proceedings; and I here look changed for the better, only because I here meet you without the chill of disapprobation, and with the glow of my first admiration of you and your talents!

Mrs. Crewe gave him her place, and he sat by me, and entered into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition, and the two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These last he described minutely, and spoke of the extent of

the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful, terms, but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, that I soon felt the whole of my first enthusiasm return, and with it a sensation of pleasure that made the day delicious to me.

After this my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He spoke then with an eagerness and a vehemence that instantly banished the graces, though it redoubled the energies, of his discourse. "The French Revolution," he said, "which began by authorising and legalising injustice, and which by rapid steps had proceeded to every species of despotism except owning a despot, was now menacing all the universe and all mankind with the most violent concussion of principle and order." My father heartily joined, and I tacitly assented to his doctrines, though I feared not with his fears.

One speech I must repeat, for it is explanatory of his conduct, and nobly explanatory. When he had expatiated upon the present dangers, even to English liberty and property, from the contagion of havoc and novelty, he earnestly exclaimed, "This it is that has made ME an abettor and supporter of Kings! Kings are necessary, and, if we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve THEM. We must all put our shoulders to the work! Ay, and stoutly, too!"

This subject lasted till dinner.

At dinner Mr. Burke sat next Mrs. Crewe, and I had the happiness to be seated next Mr. Burke; and my other neighbour was his amiable son.

The dinner, and the dessert when the servants were removed, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes!

But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.

I can give you only a few little detached traits of what passed, as detail would be endless.

Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that he had lately said, upon being shown some passage in Mr. Burke's book which he had warmly opposed, but which had, in the event, made its own justification, very candidly, "Well! Burke is right—but Burke is often right, only he is right too soon."

"Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, "as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "with Pitt?—No!—no! —Pitt won't go out, and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt."

"And why not?" said Mr. Burke, drily; "why not this coalition as well as other coalitions?"

Nobody tried to answer this.

"Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke afterwards, "can never internally like the French Revolution. He is entangled; but, in himself, if he should find no other objection to it, he has at least too much taste for such a revolution."

Mr. Elliot related that he had lately been in a company of some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions about the new French ministry; they had answered that they knew them not even by name till now! "Think," cried he, "what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration formed here of Englishmen of whom we had never

before heard the names! what statesmen they must be! how prepared and fitted for government! To *begin* by being at the helm!"

Mr. Richard Burke related, very comically, various censures cast upon his brother, accusing him of being the friend of despots, and the abettor of slavery, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France, and was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished.

Mr. Burke looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, but, when he had finished, he very good-humouredly poured out a glass of wine, and, turning to me, said, "Come then—here's slavery for ever!"

This was well understood, and echoed round the table with hearty laughter.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Crewe, "if it could get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now spoken out; the truth has come to light unguardedly, and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged. I should like to draw up the paragraph!"

"And add," said Mr. Burke, "the toast was addressed to Miss Burney, in order to pay court to the Queen!"

This sport went on till, upon Mr. Elliot's again mentioning France and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke loudly gave a new toast—"Come!" cried he, "here's confusion to confusion!"

Mr. Windham, who was gone into Norfolk for the summer, was frequently mentioned, and always with praise. Mr. Burke, upon Mr. Elliot's saying something of his being very thin, warmly exclaimed, "He is just as he should be! If I were Windham this minute, I

should not wish to be thinner, nor fatter, nor taller, nor shorter, nor any way, nor in anything, altered."

Some time after, speaking of former days, you may believe I was struck enough to hear Mr. Burke say to Mrs. Crewe, "I wish you had known Mrs. Delany! She, was a pattern of a perfect fine lady, a real fine lady, of other days! Her manners were faultless; her deportment was all elegance, her speech was all sweetness, and her air and address all dignity. I always looked up to her as the model of an accomplished woman of former times."

Do you think I heard such a testimony to my beloved departed friend unmoved?

Afterwards, still to Mrs. Crewe, he proceeded to say she had been married to Mr. Wycherley, the author. There I ventured to interrupt him, and tell him I fancied that must be some great mistake, as I had been well acquainted with her history from her own mouth. He seemed to have heard it from some good authority; but I could by no means accede my belief, as her real life and memoirs had been so long in my hands, written by herself to a certain period, and, for some way, continued by me. This, however, I did not mention.

When we left the dining-parlour to the gentlemen, Miss F—— seized my arm, without the smallest previous speech, and, with a prodigious Irish brogue, said "Miss Burney, I am so glad you can't think to have this favourable opportunity of making an intimacy with you! I have longed to know you ever since I became rational!"

I was glad, too, that nobody heard her! She made me walk off with her in the garden, whither we had adjourned for a stroll, at a full gallop, leaning upon

my arm, and putting her face close to mine, and sputtering at every word from excessive eagerness.

"I have the honour to know some of your relations in Ireland," she continued; "that is, if they an't yours, which they are very sorry for, they are your sisters, which is almost the same thing. Mr. Shirley first lent me 'Cecilia;' and he was so delighted to hear my remarks! Mrs. Shirley's a most beautiful creature; she's grown so large and so big! and all her daughters are beautiful; so is all the family. I never saw Captain Phillips, but I dare say he's beautiful."

She is quite a wild Irish girl.

Presently she talked of Miss Palmer. "O, she loves you!" she cried; "she says she saw you last Sunday, and she never was so happy in her life. She said you looked sadly."

This Miss F—— is a handsome girl, and seems very good humoured. I imagine her but just imported, and I doubt not but the soft-mannered, and well-bred, and quiet Mrs. Burke will soon subdue this exuberance of loquacity.

I gathered afterwards from Mrs. Crewe, that my curious new acquaintance made innumerable inquiries concerning my employment and office under the Queen. I find many people much disturbed to know whether I had the place of the Duchess of Ancaster, on one side, or of a chambermaid, on the other. Truth is apt to lie *between* conjectures.

The party returned with two very singular additions to its number—Lord Loughborough, and Mr. and Mrs. Erskine. They have villas at Hampstead, and were met in the walk; Mr. Erskine else would not, probably, have desired to meet Mr. Burke, who openly in the House of Commons asked him if he knew what friendship meant, when he pretended to call him, Mr. Burke, his friend?

There was an evident disunion of the cordiality of the party from this time. My father, Mr. Richard Burke, his nephew, and Mr. Elliot entered into some general discourse; Mr. Burke took up a volume of Boileau, and read aloud, though to himself, and with a pleasure that soon made him seem to forget all intruders; Lord Loughborough joined Mrs. Burke; and Mr. Erskine, seating himself next to Mrs. Crewe, engrossed her entirely, yet talked loud enough for all to hear who were not engaged themselves.

For me, I sat next Mrs. Erskine, who seems much a woman of the world, for she spoke with me just as freely, and readily, and easily as if we had been old friends.

Mr. Erskine enumerated all his avocations to Mrs. Crewe, and, amongst others, mentioned, very calmly, having to plead against Mr. Crewe upon a manor business in Cheshire. Mrs. Crewe hastily and alarmed interrupted him, to inquire what he meant, and what might ensue to Mr. Crewe? "O, nothing but the loss of the lordship upon that spot," he coolly answered; "but I don't know that it will be given against him: I only know I shall have three hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Crewe looked thoughtful; and Mr. Erskine then began to speak of the new Association for Reform, by the friends of the people, headed by Messrs. Grey and Sheridan, and sustained by Mr. Fox, and openly opposed by Mr. Windham, as well as Mr. Burke. He said much of the use they had made of his name, though he had never yet been to the society; and I began to understand that he meant to disavow it; but presently he added, "I don't know whether I shall ever attend—I have so much to do—so little time: however, the people must be supported."

"Pray, will you tell me," said Mrs. Crewe, drily, "what you mean by the people? I never knew."

He looked surprised, but evaded any answer, and soon after took his leave, with his wife, who seems by no means to admire him as much as he admires himself, if I may judge by short odd speeches which dropped from her. The eminence of Mr. Erskine seems all for public life; in private, his excessive egotisms undo him.

Lord Loughborough instantly took his seat next to Mrs. Crewe; and presently related a speech which Mr. Erskine has lately made at some public meeting, and which he opened to this effect:—"As to me, gentlemen, I have some title to give my opinions freely. Would you know what my title is derived from? I challenge any man to inquire! If he ask my birth,—its genealogy may dispute with kings! If my wealth, it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand! If my talents,—No! of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves!"

But I have now time for no more upon this day, except that Mr. and Mrs. Burke, in making their exit, gave my father and me the most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield in the course of the summer or autumn. And, indeed, I should delight to accept it.

Mrs. Crewe, my father, and myself spent the evening together, a little in talking politics, when she gave me the pleasure to hear her say Mr. Windham was looked up to by all parties, for his principles as much as for his abilities. We read Rogers's sweet poem on Memory, and some other things, and retired in very serene good humour, I believe, with one another.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22ND.—Mrs. Crewe took my father and myself to see the Hampstead lions. We went to

Caen Wood, to see the house and pictures. Poor Lord Mansfield has not been down-stairs, the housekeeper told us, for the last four years; yet she asserts he is by no means superannuated, and frequently sees his very intimate friends, and seldom refuses to be consulted by any lawyers. He was particularly connected with my revered Mrs. Delany, and I felt melancholy upon entering his house to recollect how often that beloved lady had planned carrying thither Miss P—— and myself, and how often we had been invited by Miss Murrays, my Lord's nieces. I asked after those ladies, and left them my respects. I heard they were up-stairs with Lord Mansfield, whom they never left.

Many things in this house were interesting, because historical; but I fancy the pictures, at least, not to have much other recommendation. A portrait of Pope, by himself, I thought extremely curious. It is very much in the style of most of Jervas's own paintings. They told us that, after the burning of Lord Mansfield's house in town, at the time of Lord G. Gordon's riots, thousands came to inquire if this original portrait was preserved. Luckily it was at Caen Wood.

We spent a good deal of time in the library, and saw first editions of almost all Queen Anne's Classics; and lists of subscribers to Pope's 'Iliad,' and many such matters, all enlivening to some corner or other of the memory.

We then drove through Lord Southampton's park, and some other beautiful grounds in the neighbourhood.

We spent the rest of the day quite free from interruption, and sociably, rationally, and pleasantly. Mrs. Crewe obligingly promised us the loan, for reading, of a novel begun by her mother, Mrs. Greville, and left in her hands unfinished.

The next day Mrs. Crewe brought us to her house in town, where we made regulations for seeing sights some day in the next week, and then finished our very agreeable visit.

Mrs. Crewe sent us the little novel the next day. It is merely a fragment, but has much spirit, knowledge of human nature, and gaiety of idea in most of its parts. As a whole we cannot judge it, but I think it would not have gone on improving, as the latter part begins already to seem spun; yet this latter contains a story highly pathetic, and which no one could well read without tears. There is much merit and much entertainment, and here and there are masterly strokes: but Mrs. Greville, like Mrs. Thrale, seems to me rather adapted for shining in episodes and detached pieces than in any regular and long work. And I believe this owing to writing on as things arise, without any arranged plan to pursue and bring to bear.

JUNE 27TH.—My father took me again to Mrs. Crewe in Grosvenor-street. I had infinite pleasure in giving warm praise to the little novel, and discriminating the parts and passages which seem most worthy admiration. I saw the really fond daughter in her look of listening; and when we were broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Pelham, she just named him and me to one another, and then said, "You must excuse me, Mr. Pelham,—but I am upon a subject I cannot drop.—You think, then,—such a character,—such a passage"—&c. &c. And then she finished with "O dear! what would one give, you would go on with it!"

She spoke this with an eagerness which seldom breaks out, but which heightened her beauty indescribably.

Mr. Pelham smiled his approbation of the idea, and internally smiled also, I doubt not, at sight of my phiz, for certainly I did at his! He is another of the managers! And we have seen one another so very often without speech, introduction, or even knowledge of each other's names, that the meeting, like that I had with Mr. Elliot, had something in it almost comic,—our faces were so familiar, and our voices so strange to each other.

We now set out for Long Acre, to see Lord Macartney's chariots for the Emperor of China. Mrs. Crewe is particularly interested in all that belongs to this embassy, both because her son will accompany it, and because Lord Macartney is her intimate friend, as well as near relation. I leave to the newspapers your description of these superb carriages.

We next proceeded to the Shakspeare Gallery, which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our morning's excursions.

There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner room, to avoid her. Here we had but just all taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and, coming pretty close to my father, sniffed at her flowers with a sort of extatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtsied to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and, brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away,

giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying.

It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and, sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connexion.

I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room; and this idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial.

By the looks we interchanged we soon mutually said, "This is a mad woman." We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room; when she bounced up with a great noise, and, throwing the veil of her bonnet violently back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing at Mrs. Crewe.

Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a mad woman was terrifying the company; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows.

Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps.

We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townshend whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells the actress, and said she was certainly only performing

vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing.

It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humour of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorized effrontery.

The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party, requested more particularly her commands; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe.

This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed her in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes.

She then presently affected a violent coughing—such a one as almost shook the room; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold.

This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman, "Pray, sir, will you tell me what it is o'clock?"

He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking

at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her—"About two."

"No offence, I hope, sir?" cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her.

He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone.

Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly re-approaching us, she called out, "Sir! sir!" to the younger of our new protectors.

He coloured, and looked much alarmed, but only bowed.

"Pray, sir," cried she, "what's o'clock?"

He looked at his watch, and answered.

"You don't take it ill, I hope, sir?" she cried.

He only bowed.

"I do no harm, sir," said she; "I never bite!"

The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud, "I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell; you may name me to him—Mrs. Crewe."

Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight.

"You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney—"

"O no!" cried I, in a horrid fright, "I beseech I may not be named! And, indeed, ma'am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good; and it may all get into the newspapers."

"And if it does," cried Mrs. Crewe, "what is it to

us? We have done nothing; we have given no offence, and made no disturbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us?"

"Still," cried I, "I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honour if a paragraph comes out beginning 'Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.'"

Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as little as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked down-stairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk's desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note.

She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, "To Mr. Topham;" and giving the note to the man, said, "Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him."

Now as Mr. Topham is the editor of 'The World,' and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened.

I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse.

We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till

then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture, till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature!

Mr. Arthur Young to Miss Burney.

Bradfield Farm, June 18th, 1792.

WHAT a plaguy business 'tis to take up one's pen to write to a person who is constantly moving in a vortex of pleasure, brilliancy, and wit,—whose movements and connections are, as it were, in another world! One knows not how to manage the matter with such folks, till you find by a little approximation and friction of tempers and things that they are mortal, and no more than good sort of people in the main, only garnished with something we do not possess ourselves. Now, then, the consequence—

Only three pages to write, and one lost in introduction! To the matter at last.

It seemeth that you make a journey to Norfolk. Now do ye see, if you do not give a call on the farmer, and examine his ram (an old acquaintance), his bull, his lambs, calves, and crops, he will say but one thing of you—that you are fit for a court, but not for a farm; and there is more happiness to be found among my rooks than in the midst of all the princes and princesses of Golconda. I would give an hundred pound to see you married to a farmer that never saw London, with plenty of poultry ranging in a few green fields, and flowers and shrubs disposed where they should be, around a cottage, and not around a breakfast-room in Portman-square, fading in eyes that know not to admire them. In honest truth now, let me request

your company here. It will give us all infinite pleasure. You are habituated to admiration, but you shall have here what is much better—the friendship of those who loved you long before the world admired you. Come, and make old friends happy.

A. YOUNG.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

Cypenham, June 28th, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Any intimation from you will have a great weight with me, as well as from your brother, whose extensive learning I well know, and for whom I have all due regard. Mr. Porson's case has been agitated among some persons in these parts who are acquainted with his literary merit, and wish well to him on that account; and it shall be my endeavour to promote his interest whenever I see any opportunity. When Sir George Baker made his collection for the benefit of Mr. P., I always threw in my mite, and always wished to have him more effectually benefited. You may therefore depend upon my acceding to the general subscription of 10*l.*, and, if I have any chance interest, employing it in his favour.

I am going to publish at large the little treatise which you were so very good as to accept. This has been determined upon in consequence of many solicitations and of letters from persons of rank; who, however, I little thought would have been interested about religion. As there are some few variations in the new impression, I shall beg of you to let me have the present copy returned, and another more correct shall be sent for your kind acceptance, and one also for the acceptance of your brother. I print seven hundred and fifty copies, and the whole profit of the im-

pression I purpose to present to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—some few copies excepted, which I shall give away to my select friends. As the whole is designed for a charity, I should be glad to have those select friends, and all my friends, promote the sale as far as their influence can prevail.

The times are alarming, but I hope God will please to preserve his Church, and maintain for us our excellent constitution. One great article of assurance is the general love of the King; for there are those who abound with wickedness and slander, yet the general turn of the nation is to affection and loyalty. May Heaven long preserve those excellent personages whom you love and I love, and for whose happiness I shall ever be solicitous. I am,

My dear Madam,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

I began, or rather returned, a new visiting acquaintance in Lady Hesketh, whom I have long and often met at other houses. She is a well-informed, well-bred, sensible woman; somewhat too precise and stiff, but otherwise agreeable.

Charles, our new doctor, has set on foot a subscription which gives me great pleasure. It is for his very learned friend Mr. Porson, a man of the first-rate erudition, he tells me, in Europe. His promising talents drew him in childhood from obscurity, and he received a learned education by a liberal contribution of learned men, under the patronage of Sir George Baker. Since this, sundry circumstances, too long for paper, have occasioned his being suddenly left at large without a guinea! This subscription is in-

tended to amount to about 1400*l*., which is to be laid out in an annuity for his life. It is not designed as his whole support, for his talents will be still his fortune; but to enable him to exercise them liberally, and not to write for daily bread. Mr. Raines, master of the Charter House, Charles's late competitor, and two others whom I forget, are joint agents and collectors with Charles in this very laudable business. It has been undertaken, and is still conducted, unknown to Mr. Porson.

The four agents each subscribed 50*l*., for they are all close and intimate and attached friends to Mr. Porson. Mr. Windham has given Charles 25*l*. towards it from himself, and the same sum from Lord Spencer. I have myself had the pleasure to procure 10*l*. from my good Mr. Bryant. The subscription is now nearly completed. They have been as successful as active, and applied only to the rich and learned—that is, those who can spare the money, and appreciate its destination.

PART VIII.

1792.

CONTENTS.

Diary continued—Mrs. Matthew Montagu—Miss Knight's 'Dinarbas'—Recall of the English Ambassador from France—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Mrs.—— —Miss Palmer and Lord Inchiquin—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Arrival of French Emigrant Noblesse—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Reign of Terror—A Meeting with Old Friends—The Duc de Liancourt—Early Incident of the French Revolution—Anecdotes of the Duc de Liancourt—His Perils and Escape from France—The Duc de la Rochefoucault—Madame de Genlis—Her singular Establishment at Bury St. Edmund's — The Duke of Orleans — A Day with the Duc de Liancourt—His Character of French Literary Ladies—The Duke of Beaufort—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney, describing the French Colony at Mickleham — The Duc de Montmorency — Marquise de la Châtre — Count de Narbonne — Chevalier d'Arblay — His Anecdotes of Lafayette—M. de Jancourt and the National Assembly — Madame de Staël — Her Conduct during the Reign of Terror—M. Girardin d'Ermenonville—Merlin—Condorcet—M. Sicard—A Day with the Emigrés—A Romance of Real Life—Treatment of Lafayette in Prison—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips — MM. Malouet and de Chauvelin—Holkham—Mrs. Coke—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Movement of the Emigrés—M. Talleyrand—Progress of the Revolution—M. de la Châtre—His Adventures and Escapes—The Royalist Army—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Precarious State of England—Conduct of Fox and Grey—Reformers Fifty Years ago—Trial of Louis XVI.—Duelling among the Emigrés.

PART VIII.

1792.

JULY.—I have kept no memorandums of this month, which I spent chiefly with our dear Etty, in Titchfield-street. Its history, though both pleasant and interesting, is not for paper, and therefore I now glide past it.

One whole day I spent in it with Mrs. Matthew Montagu, alone, except for her fine five babies, the eldest not quite five years of age! It was a domestic and pleasant day, and confirmed my good opinion and regard for this amiable and very cultivated woman. My old friend, her husband, was gone to the north, to forward addresses to our dear King, upon his proclamation.

Dr. Shepherd explained to me the motive of my receiving from Miss Knight her 'Marcus Flaminius:' it was in consequence of her hearing that I had recommended the perusal of her 'Dinarbas' to the Princesses. 'Dinarbas' is dedicated to the Queen, who had put it into my hands before she had read it, for some account of its merits. I am sure their Royal Highnesses could read nothing more chastely fitted for them.

* * * *

Our ambassador is recalled from France; Russia has declared war against that wretched kingdom. But it may defy all outward enemies to prove in any

degree destructive in comparison with its lawless and barbarous inmates. We shall soon have no authentic accounts from Paris, as no English are expected to remain after the Ambassador, and no French will dare to write, in such times of pillage, what may carry them "*à la lanterne.*"

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——.

Chelsea College, July 5th, 1792.

I MUST rejoice to see such long letters from my dearest M——, so much in her old and early style of openness and communication, little as I can rejoice to think of her so distant, or to see her sympathy in that point. However, though we must take the world as it is, filled with contrarieties, pain balancing pleasure, and evil hovering over good, we must not, we need not, I trust, resist the consolations of kindness for disturbances which we owe neither to misconduct nor to folly. Amongst these stands separation from friends; and though such indulgence of sorrow as lessens our exertions in the duties of life is blamable and selfish, there can surely be neither crime nor reproach in moderate regret, even though it should be constant. Certainly those who in early life have formed no friendships that cling to their growing, and wear unwasted to their later years, can be ill deserving to excite regard in others; for the heart that can be shut up in the first youth must be wanting in all gifts of social participation for every period of existence. I must therefore, without impeachment of contentment or of conscience, continue to lament, and to hear lamented, the distance which situation places between us.

I am much better again in health, my dear friend. I rejoice your little ones are well. Do you get at all stouter yourself? Do you drink goat's milk? Does your place improve in beauty about you? Who are your twelve visiting houses? Whether you like them or not, give me some idea by whom you are surrounded.

Madame de Genlis, now Madame Brulard, is in England, but I have not seen her. She seemed to me, when here last, one of the most fascinating and well-informed of women; but such tales are now circulated to her disadvantage that I am not ambitious of her notice, and therefore I rejoice she has not renewed our acquaintance. Yet, till of late, I was disposed both to love and reverence her; and even now, her works are all so highly framed to do her honour, that, should I meet with any one friend who would vindicate her, I feel ready to disbelieve, in her favour, a thousand foes. Your ideas and anticipations may be just, but they may, also, do her wrong; I would not, therefore, take from her the power of showing a firmer mind in mere expectation of a weaker.

Adieu, my ever dear friend—Heaven bless you!

F. B.

---

* * * *

Miss Palmer married Lord Inchiquin, and I wrote her my good wishes, which she answered by return of post, with an affectionate invitation to introduce me to her lord, and a warm avowal of her happiness. I heartily hope it may be permanent.

I spared a few minutes—not more—to meet Mrs. Chapone at Mrs. Ord's one evening, and to meet

Mr. Smelt and Mrs. Cholmley another. The two latter I know not when I may hope to see again; they are now gone to settle in the north, and have relinquished entirely their beautiful little house at Kew. I am very sorry. Mrs. Chapone, who seems unalterable, I may yet hope to meet often.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

Cypenham, near Windsor, August 7th, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,—When I come to town, which will be probably soon, it shall be my first business to wait on you, and to beg your acceptance of a copy from the new impression of my Treatise "On the Truth of the Christian Religion;" and if I should have the misfortune, a third time, not to meet with you, still this mark of my true esteem shall be left, and will meet, I hope, with a favourable reception.

I am purchasing a house in town—which news, however private and limited, had not escaped the knowledge of some whose wonderful comprehension and memory scarcely anything within their verge, however minute, escapes. I was, with great condescension and much easy wit, rallied, as having certainly views of hymeneal connections; or, in the more common phraseology of the world, as being determined to—alter my condition. That I entertain some prospect of an alteration is certain; but it is such a change as must be expected by a person at my very advanced term of life.

I told you that the pretty dog Hector, which I presented to a most lovely little Princess, is dead, and I am commanded to procure another, as the misfortune is said to have been attended with many tears and a great regret. A lady of quality has offered me a

female for this purpose, whose name is Flirt. Will it not be a degradation, after such an heroic title, to offer an animal of so mean and vulgar an appellation, far inferior to Miss, and barely equivalent to Coquet and Gipsy? I have no book, either ancient or modern, to which I can apply for information. You may possibly ease my doubts by saying, Change the name, if a change be requisite, and for Flirt read Flora, and then all will be well.

This inquiry may perhaps be of as much importance as many that have been agitated, such as these—whether the sea be free to all, or shut? whether men originally are equal or unequal? whether war be natural or unnatural? add to these, the disputes about the rights of men, to which I subjoin—the rights of fools. The last of these has not been sufficiently considered, and a very large body of respectable persons, including idiots, naturals, simpletons, changelings, &c., have been passed over with too little notice. You will perhaps think me prejudiced in favour of a society to which I may possibly be in some degree allied, and bring this rhapsody in full proof of your opinion.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your most sincere and
affectionate humble servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH.—We set out for Halstead, in Essex,—our Etty, her lovely Marianne, and I; and there we were most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Hawkins, and by *il caro sposo*. Sophia skipped with joy, and Cecilia was all smiles, grace, and enchantment.

Our time was almost all corroded by the general alarm for the political safety of all manner of people; the successes of the fiends of France filled us with incessant horror, and the necessity of guarding against the contagion of plunder and equality, amongst the poor and the wicked, or the duped and the dupers, occupied us perpetually.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Mickleham, September, 1792.

We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather, fortunate, since here they are safe) French noblesse in our neighbourhood. Sunday evening Ravely informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall, and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let, upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French papishes, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent; however, before this message arrived, the family were admitted. The man said they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said, if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate.

This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Mareschal, who is in the army with the French Princes; or, rather, wife to his son, Victor Broglie, till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced, and fled nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies with her, and gentlemen, and two little girls, who had been sent to

England some weeks ago; they are all to lodge in a sort of cottage, containing only a kitchen and parlour on the ground floor.

I long to offer them my house, and have been much gratified by finding Mr. Lock immediately determined to visit them; his taking this step will secure them the civilities, at least, of the other neighbours.

At Jenkinson's are—la Marquise de la Châtre, whose husband is with the emigrants; her son; M. de Narbonne, lately Ministre de la Guerre; M. de Montmorency; Charles or Theodore Lameth; Jaucourt; and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, are either arrived to-day, or expected. I feel infinitely interested for all these persecuted persons. Pray tell me whatever you hear of M. de Liancourt, &c. Heaven bless you!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Halstead, October 2nd, '92.

MY DEAREST PADRE,—I have just got your direction, in a letter from my mother, and an account that you seem to be in health and spirits; so now I think it high time to let you know a little about some of your daughters, lest you should forget you have any such incumbrances.

In the first place, two of them, Esther and F. B., had a safe and commodious journey hither, in the midst of pattering showers and cloudy skies, making up as well as they could for the deficiencies of the elements by the dulcet recreation of the concord of sweet sounds; not from tabrets and harps, but from the harmony of hearts with tongues.

In the second place, a third of them, Charlotte F., writes word her *caro sposo* has continued very tolerably

well this last fortnight, and that she still desires to receive my visit according to the first appointment.

In the third place, a fourth of them, Sarah, is living upon French politics and with French fugitives, at Bradfield, where she seems perfectly satisfied with foreign forage.

In the fourth place, Susanna, another of them, sends cheering histories of herself and her tribe, though she concludes them with a sighing ejaculation of "I wish I did not know there was such a country as France!"

So much for your daughters.

Mr. Hawkins's house is pleasantly situated, and all that belongs to its mistress is nearly perfect. Even its master is more to my *gusto* than I have ever known him before, for he is engaged in writing notes for answers to Paine, Mackintosh, Rouse, Priestley, Price, and a score more of Mr. Burke's incendiary antagonists. I wish to spirit him on to collect them into a pamphlet and give them to the public, but he is doubtful if it would not involve him in some heavy expense. I rather think the contrary, for he has really written well, and with an animation that his style of conversation had not made me expect. It is impossible to be under the roof of an English clergyman, and to witness his powers of making leisure useful, elegant, and happy, without continual internal reference to the miserable contrast of the unhappy clergy of France.

To-day's papers teem with the promise of great and decisive victories to the arms of the Duke of Brunswick. I tremble for the dastardly revenge menaced to the most injured King of France and his family. I dare hardly wish the advance and success of the combined armies, in the terror of such consequences.

Yet the fate and future tranquillity of all Europe seem inevitably involved in the prosperity or the failure of this expedition. The depression or encouragement it must give to political adventurers, who, at all times, can stimulate the rabble to what they please, will surely spread far, deep, and wide, according to the event of French experiment upon the minds, manners, and powers of men; and the feasibility of expunging all past experience, for the purpose of treating the world as if it were created yesterday, and every man, woman, and child were let loose to act from their immediate suggestion, without reference to what is past, or sympathy in anything that is present, or precaution for whatever is to come. It seems, in truth, no longer the cause of nations alone, but of individuals; not a dispute for a form of government, but for a condition of safety.

* * * * * *

Ever and ever most dutifully and
affectionately, your

F. B.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.—I left Halstead, and set off, alone, for Bradfield Hall, which was but one stage of nineteen miles distant.

Sarah, who was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Young, expected me, and came running out before the chaise stopped at the door, and Mr. Young following, with both hands full of French newspapers. He welcomed me with all his old spirit and impetuosity, exclaiming his house never had been so honoured since its foundation, nor ever could be again, unless I re-visited it in my way back, even though all England came in the mean time!

Do you not know him well, my Susan, by this opening rhodomontade?

"But where," cried he, "is Hetty? O that Hetty! Why did you not bring her with you? That wonderful creature! I have half a mind to mount horse, and gallop to Halstead to claim her! What is there there to merit her? What kind of animals have you left her with? Anything capable of understanding her?"

During this we mounted up-stairs, into the dining-room. Here all looked cold and comfortless, and no Mrs. Young appeared. I inquired for her, and heard that her youngest daughter, Miss Patty, had just had a fall from her horse, which had bruised her face, and occasioned much alarm.

The rest of the day we spoke only of French politics. Mr. Young is a severe penitent of his democratic principles, and has lost even all pity for the *Constituant Révolutionnaires,* who had "taken him in" by their doctrines, but cured him by their practice, and who "ought better to have known what they were about before they presumed to enter into action."

Even the Duc de Liancourt, who was then in a small house at Bury, merited, he said, all the personal misfortunes that had befallen him. "I have real obligations to him," he added, "and therefore I am anxious to show him any respect, and do him any service, in his present reverse of fortune; but he has brought it all on himself, and, what is worse, on his country."

He wrote him, however, a note to invite him to dinner the next day. The Duke wrote an answer, that he lamented excessively being engaged to meet Lord Euston, and dine with the Bury aldermen.

I must now tell you the history of this poor Duke's arriving in England, for it involves a revival of loyalty

—an effort to make some amends to his unhappy sovereign for the misery into which he had largely contributed to plunge him—which, with me, has made his peace for ever.

But first I should tell, he was the man who almost compelled the every-way-deluded Louis to sanction the National Assembly by his presence when first it resisted his orders. The Queen and all her party were strongly against the measure, and prophesied it would be the ruin of his authority; but the Duke, highly ambitious of fame, as Mr. Young describes him, and willing to sacrifice everything to the new systems then pervading all France, suddenly rushed into his closet, upon the privilege of being one of the five or seven Pairs de France who have that licence, and, with a strong and forcible eloquence, declared nothing but his concession would save the nation from a civil war; while his entering, unarmed, into the National Assembly, would make him regarded for ever as the father and saviour of his people, and secure him the powerful sovereignty of the grateful hearts of all his subjects.

He succeeded, and the rest is public.

Certainly he can never recollect this incident, with whatever good or even noble sentiments he had been wrought up to it, without the severest pain. What might have been the event of an opposite conduct, no one can tell; but it is difficult to figure to the most terrible imagination anything so dreadful, anything indeed not better than what happened. Mr. Young is persuaded that, but for this manœuvre of the Duke, and some similar acts of his first associates, none of these evils would have come to pass: M. de Calonne's conciliatory articles would have been agreed to by the King and the people, and the government gradually

have been amended, and blood and villany have looked another way.

This incident, which I have here mentioned, has set all the Coblentz party utterly and for ever against the Duke. He had been some time in extreme anguish for the unhappy King, whose ill treatment on the 20th of June, 1792, reached him while commandant at Rouen. He then first began to see that the Monarch or the Jacobins must inevitably fall, and he could scarce support the prospect of ultimate danger threatening the former. I have since been told, by a gentleman then at Rouen, that he was never surprised in his room, at that period, but he was found *mordant* his fist, and in action of desperation. Ah!—well he might!

When the news reached him of the bloody 10th of August, a plan which for some time he had been forming, of gaining over his regiment to the service of the King, was rendered abortive. Yet all his officers except one had promised to join in any enterprise for their insulted master. He had hoped to get the King to Rouen under this protection, as I gather, though this matter has never wholly transpired. But the King could not be persuaded to trust any one. How should he?—especially a Révolutionnaire?

No time now was to be lost, and, in his first impetuosity of rage and despair, he instantly summoned his officers and his troops; and, in the midst of them all, upon the parade or place of assembling, he took off his hat, and called out aloud "Vive le Roi!"

His officers echoed the sound, all but one!—yet not a soldier joined. Again he waved his hat, and louder and louder called out "Vive le Roi!" And then every soldier repeated it after him.

Enchanted with hope, he felt one exulting moment,

when this single dissentient officer called out aloud, as soon as the loyal cry was over, "As an officer of the Nation I forbid this!—Vive la Nation!"

The Duke instantly had the man arrested, and retired to his apartment to compose his excess of agitation, and consider how to turn this promise of loyalty to the service of his now imprisoned King; but, in a short time, an officer strongly attached to him entered the room hastily, and cried, "*Sauvez vous, M. de Liancourt!*—be speedy—the Jacobin party of Rouen have heard of your indiscretion, and a price is this moment set upon your head!"

The Duke knew too well with whom he had to act, for a moment's hesitation. To serve the King was now impossible, as he had but to appear in order to be massacred. He could only save his own life by flight.

In what manner he effected his escape out of Rouen he has never mentioned. I believe he was assisted by those who, remaining behind, could only be named to be torn in pieces for their humanity. The same French gentleman whom I have just mentioned, M. Jamard, a French priest, tells me no human being knows when or how he got away, and none suspected him to be gone for two days. He went first to Abbeville; there, for two days, he appeared everywhere, walking about in his regimentals, and assuming an air of having nothing to apprehend. This succeeded, as his indiscretion had not yet spread at Abbeville; but, meanwhile, a youth whom he had brought up from a child, and on whose fond regard and respect he could rely, was employed in seeking him the means of passing over to England. This was infinitely difficult, as he was to leave France without any passport.

How he quitted Abbeville I know not; but he was

in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here, finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protesting he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue: and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, "*Ah! nous sommes perdus!* they are carrying us back to our own country!" The Duke started up; he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain; he charged him to keep silent and quiet; and after about another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

At length they landed—at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money, and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for "*Pot Portere.*" It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his drought being extreme; and he called for another instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of conse-

quences, was as hastily swallowed; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep.

His groom helped the people of the house to carry him up-stairs and put him to bed.

How long he slept he knows not, but he woke in the middle of the night without the smallest consciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head—France and its horrors, which nothing—not even English porter and intoxication and sleep—could drive away.

He looked round the room with amaze at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force*—thither conveyed in his sleep.

The stillness of everything confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I suppose, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

Down-stairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise; and he found himself in a kitchen: he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye; under them were pots and kettles shining and polished. "*Ah!*" cried he to himself, "*je suis en Angleterre!*" The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

He did not escape too soon, for his first cousin, the good Duc de la Rochefoucault, another of the first Révolutionnaires, was massacred the next month. The character he has given of this murdered relation is the most affecting, in praise and virtues, that can possibly

be heard. Sarah has heard him till she could not keep the tears from her eyes. They had been *élèves* together, and loved each other as the tenderest brothers.

You will all be as sorry as I was myself to hear that every ill story of la Comtesse de Genlis was confirmed by the Duke. She was resident at Bury, when he arrived, with Mlle. Egalité, Pamela, Henrietta Circe, and several others, who appeared in various ways, as artists, gentlemen, domestics, and equals, on various occasions. The history of their way of life is extraordinary, and not very comprehensible; probably owing to the many necessary difficulties which the new system of equality produces.

The Duke accuses Madame Brulard of being a principal instrument of French misery. The Duke d'Orléans, he says, is indisputably the primary cause of the long and dreadful anarchy of his country, and Madame Brulard had an influence which as indisputably carried him on, since it did not stop him. The Duke adores the Duchess of Orleans, whom he describes as one of the most amiable and exemplary of women; and he declares she has not a friend who forbears detesting Madame Brulard, who is a woman of the first abilities, but of inexhaustible intrigue and ambition. The Duc d'Orléans he has had some personal pique with, I believe, as he made no scruple to say that if he met him in London he should instantly cane him. He calls him a villain and a coward.

A lady of Bury, a sister of Sir Thomas Gage, had been very much caught by Madame Brulard, who had almost lived at the house of Sir Thomas. Upon the arrival of the Duke he was invited to Sir Thomas

Gage's immediately; and Miss G——, calling upon Madame Brulard, mentioned him, and asked if she knew him?—No, she answered; but she had seen him. This was innocently repeated to the Duke, who then, in a transport of rage, broke out with "*Elle m'a vu!* and is that all?—Does she forget that she has spoke to me? that she has heard me too?" And then he related what I have written, and added, that when all was wearing the menacing aspect of anarchy, before it broke out, and before he was ordered to his regiment at Rouen, he had desired an audience of Madame Brulard, for the first time, having been always a friend of Madame d'Orléans, and consequently *her* enemy. She was unwilling to see him, but he would not be refused. He then told her that France was upon the point of ruin, and that the Duc d'Orléans, who had been its destruction, and "the disgrace of the Revolution," could alone now prevent the impending havoc. He charged her therefore, forcibly and peremptorily, to take in charge a change of measures, and left her with an exhortation which he then flattered himself would have some chance of averting the coming dangers. But quickly after she quitted France voluntarily, and settled in England. "And can she have forgot all this?" cried he.

I know not if this was repeated to Madame de Brulard; but certain it is she quitted Bury with the utmost expedition. She did not even wait to pay her debts, and left the poor Henrietta Circe behind, as a sort of hostage, to prevent alarm. The creditors, however, finding her actually gone, entered the house, and poor Henrietta was terrified into hysterics. Probably she knew not but they were Jacobins, or would act upon Jacobin principles.

Madame Brulard then sent for her, and remitted money, and proclaimed her intention of returning to Suffolk no more.

The Duke is now actually in her house. There was no other vacant that suited him so well.

I am much interested in Susan's account of poor Madame de Broglie. How terribly, I fear, all is proceeding in France! I tremble at such apparent triumph to such atrocious cruelty; and though I doubt not these wretches will destroy one another while combating for superiority, they will not set about that crying retribution, for which justice seems to sicken, till they have first utterly annihilated all manner of people, better, softer, or more human than themselves.

The Duke accepted the invitation for to-day, and came early, on horseback. He had just been able to get over some two or three of his horses from France. He has since, I hear, been forced to sell them.

Mrs. Young was not able to appear; Mr. Young came to my room door to beg I would waste no time; Sarah and I, therefore, proceeded to the drawing-room.

The Duke was playing with a favourite dog—the thing probably the most dear to him in England; for it was just brought him over by his faithful groom, whom he had sent back upon business to his son.

He is very tall, and, were his figure less, would be too fat, but all is in proportion. His face, which is very handsome, though not critically so, has rather a haughty expression when left to itself, but becomes soft and spirited in turn, according to whom he speaks, and has great play and variety. His deportment is quite noble, and in a style to announce conscious rank even to the most sedulous equaliser. His carriage is

peculiarly upright, and his person uncommonly well made. His manners are such as only admit of comparison with what we have read, not what we have seen; for he has all the air of a man who would wish to lord over men, but to cast himself at the feet of women.

He was in mourning for his barbarously murdered cousin the Duc de la Rochefoucault. His first address was of the highest style. I shall not attempt to recollect his words, but they were most elegantly expressive of his satisfaction in a meeting he had long, he said, desired.

With Sarah he then shook hands. She had been his interpretess here on his arrival, and he seems to have conceived a real kindness for her; an honour of which she is extremely sensible, and with reason.

A little general talk ensued, and he made a point of curing Sarah of being afraid of his dog. He made no secret of thinking it affectation, and never rested till he had conquered it completely. I saw here, in the midst of all that at first so powerfully struck me, of dignity, importance, and high-breeding, a true French *polisson;* for he called the dog round her, made it jump on her shoulder, and amused himself as, in England, only a schoolboy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing.

This, however, recovered me to a little ease, which his compliment had rather overset. Mr. Young hung back, nearly quite silent. Sarah was quiet when reconciled to the dog, or, rather, subdued by the Duke; and then, when I thought it completely out of his head, he tranquilly drew a chair next mine, and began a sort of separate conversation, which he suffered nothing to interrupt till we were summoned to dinner.

His subject was 'Cecilia;' and he seemed not to have the smallest idea I could object to discussing it, any more than if it had been the work of another person.

I answered all his demands and interrogatories with a degree of openness I have never answered any other upon this topic; but the least hope of beguiling the misery of an *émigré* tames me.

Mr. Young listened with amaze, and all his ears, to the many particulars and elucidations which the Duke drew from me; he repeatedly called out he had heard nothing of them before, and rejoiced he was at least present when they were communicated.

This proved, at length, an explanation to the Duke himself, that, the moment he understood, made him draw back, saying, "Peut-être que je suis indiscret?" However, he soon returned to the charge; and when Mr. Young made any more exclamations, he heeded them not: he smiled, indeed, when Sarah also affirmed he had procured accounts she had never heard before; but he has all the air of a man not new to any mark of more than common favour.

At length we were called to dinner, during which he spoke of general things.

The French of Mr. Young, at table, was very comic; he never hesitates for a word, but puts English wherever he is at a loss, with a mock French pronunciation. *Monsieur Duc,* as he calls him, laughed once or twice, but clapped him on the back, called him *un brave homme,* and gave him instruction as well as encouragement in all his blunders.

When the servants were gone, the Duke asked me if anybody might write a letter to the King? I fancy he had some personal idea of this kind. I told him

yes, but through the hands of a Lord of the Bedchamber, or some state officer, or a Minister. He seemed pensive, but said no more.

He inquired, however, if I had not read to the Queen; and seemed to wish to understand my office; but here he was far more circumspect than about 'Cecilia.' He has lived so much in a Court, that he knew exactly how far he might inquire with the most scrupulous punctilio.

I found, however, he had imbibed the Jacobin notion that our beloved King was still disordered; for, after some talk upon his illness, and very grave and proper expressions concerning the affliction and terror it produced in the kingdom, he looked at me very fixedly, and, with an arching brow, said, "Mais, Mademoiselle — après tout — le Roi — est il bien guéri?"

I gave him such assurances as he could not doubt, from their simplicity, which resulted from their truth.

Mr. Young would hardly let Sarah and me retreat; however, we promised to meet soon to coffee.

I went away full of concern for his injuries, and fuller of amazement at the spirit with which he bore them.

When at last we met in the drawing-room, I found the Duke all altered. Mr. Young had been forced away by business, and was but just returned, and he had therefore been left a few minutes by himself; the effect was visible, and extremely touching. Recollections and sorrow had retaken possession of his mind; and his spirit, his vivacity, his power of rallying, were all at an end. He was strolling about the room with an air the most gloomy, and a face that looked enveloped in clouds of sadness and moroseness. There was a

fierté almost even fierce in his air and look, as, wrapped in himself, he continued his walk.

I felt now an increasing compassion:—what must he not suffer when he ceases to fight with his calamities! Not to disturb him we talked with one another, but he soon shook himself and joined us; though he could not bear to sit down, or stand a moment in a place.

Sarah spoke of Madame Brulard, and, in a little malice, to draw him out, said her sister knew her very well.

The Duke, with eyes of fire at the sound, came up to me: "Comment, Mademoiselle! vous avez connu cette coquine de Brulard?" And then he asked me what I had thought of her.

I frankly answered that I had thought her charming; gay, intelligent, well-bred, well-informed, and amiable.

He instantly drew back, as if sorry he had named her so roughly, and looked at Sally for thus surprising him; but I immediately continued that I could now no longer think the same of her, as I could no longer esteem her; but I confessed my surprise had been inexpressible at her duplicity.

He allowed that, some years ago, she might have a better chance than now of captivation; for the deeper she had immersed in politics, the more she had forfeited of feminine attraction. "Ah!" he cried, "with her talents—her knowledge—her parts—had she been modest, reserved, gentle, what a blessing might she have proved to her country! but she is devoted to intrigue and cabal, and proves its curse."

He then spoke with great asperity against all the *femmes de lettres* now known; he said they were com-

monly the most disgusting of their sex, in France, by their arrogance, boldness, and *mauvaises mœurs*.

I inquired if Mr. Young had shown him a letter from the Duke of Grafton, which he had let me read in the morning. It was to desire Mr. Young would acquaint him if the Duc de Liancourt was still in Bury, and, if so, to wait upon him, in the Duke of Grafton's name, to solicit him to make Euston his abode while in England, and to tell him that he should have his apartments wholly unmolested, and his time wholly unbroken; that he was sensible, in such a situation of mind, he must covet much quiet and freedom from interruption and impertinence; and he therefore promised that, if he would honour his house with his residence, it should be upon the same terms as if he were in an hotel—that he would never know if he were at home or abroad, or even in town or in the country; and he hoped the Duc de Liancourt would make no more scruple of accepting such an asylum and retreat at his house than he would himself have done of accepting a similar one from the Duke in France, if the misfortunes of his own country had driven him to exile.

I was quite in love with the Duke of Grafton for this kindness. The Duc de Liancourt bowed to my question, and seemed much gratified with the invitation; but I see he cannot brook obligation; he would rather live in a garret, and call it his own.

He told me, however, with an air of some little pleasure, that he had received just such another letter from Lord Sheffield. I believe both these noblemen had been entertained at Liancourt some years ago.

I inquired after Madame la Duchesse, and I had the

satisfaction to hear she was safe in Switzerland. The Duke told me she had purchased an estate there.

He inquired very particularly after your Juniper colony, and M. de Narbonne, but said he most wished to meet with M. d'Arblay, who was a friend and favourite of his eldest son.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

November 15th, 1792.

Dear Madam,—Your very kind letter afforded me uncommon satisfaction, for I had from your silence formed an opinion that you were very ill; and, from the length of your silence, that this illness must necessarily be of an alarming and dangerous nature. It gives me great pleasure to find that my fears were vain, and that I shall be again favoured both with your correspondence and rational conversation.

I have been, till very lately, in continual fears from the wickedness and degeneracy of numbers in this nation, and from the treasonable purposes which they have dared openly to avow; but, thanks to God, these sons of sedition are fewer than I imagined, and their influence and power not equal to their wishes. The sense of the nation is otherwise directed, and the people's attachment to the best of kings is not to be shaken. His Majesty's speech, I think, is very happily calculated, and cannot but please all those who are well affected.

You are very good in speaking so favourably of my little treatise; and as I know that you are always sincere, it gives me much satisfaction. It has certainly been well received, as appears by the quick sale, though the town has been empty, but more especially from letters which I have received from some of the

most eminent of the bishops and clergy, and by accounts from the two universities.

When I look upon our two sister kingdoms I see a cloud which seems to be gathering, but I trust in Providence that it will dissolve and vanish, and that calm sunshine will be universally restored. The outrageous behaviour and cruelties of the French must surely awaken all Europe. I should think that no power would remain unconcerned. From the most early annals to this day we read of nothing similar to the events which have disgraced these times. But these violences are too great to be lasting; this wickedness cannot long endure; and I believe many of our nation have been shocked by these horrid extravagances, and preserved from a similar corruption. I am, with the truest esteem,

My dear Madam,
Your most affectionate
And obliged humble servant,
JACOB BRYANT.

[It is hoped that some pages from Mrs. Phillips's journalizing letters to her sister, written at this period, may not be unacceptable; since they give particulars concerning several distinguished actors and sufferers in the French Revolution, and also contain the earliest description of M. d'Arblay.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney,

Mickleham, November, 1792.

IT gratifies me very much that I have been able to interest you for our amiable and charming neighbours.

Mrs. Lock had been so kind as to pave the way for

my introduction to Madame de la Châtre, and carried me on Friday to Juniper Hall, where we found M. de Montmorency, a *ci-devant duc*, and one who gave some of the first great examples of sacrificing personal interest to what was then considered the public good. I know not whether you will like him the better when I tell you that from him proceeded the motion for the abolition of titles in France; but if you do not, let me, in his excuse, tell you he was scarcely one-and-twenty when an enthusiastic spirit impelled him to this, I believe, ill-judged and mischievous act. My curiosity was greatest to see M. de Jaucourt, because I remembered many lively and spirited speeches made by him during the time of the *Assemblée Législative*, and that he was a warm defender of my favourite hero, M. Lafayette.

Of M. de Narbonne's abilities we could have no doubt from his speeches and letters whilst Ministre de la Guerre, which post he did not quit till last May. By his own desire he then joined Lafayette's army, and acted under him; but, on the 10th of August, he was involved, with perhaps nearly all the most honourable and worthy of the French nobility, accused as a traitor by the Jacobins, and obliged to fly from his country.

M. d'Argenson was already returned to France, and Madame de Broglie had set out the same day, November 2nd, hoping to escape the decree against the emigrants.

Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She is about thirty-three; an elegant figure, not pretty, but with an animated and expressive countenance; very well read, *pleine d'esprit*, and, I think, very lively and charming.

A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Lock had not

yet seen, M. d'Arblay. She introduced him, and, when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, *maréchal de camp,* and in short the first in military rank of those who had accompanied that general when he so unfortunately fell into the hands of the Prussians; but, not having been one of the *Assemblée Constituante,* he was allowed, with four others, to proceed into Holland, and there M. de Narbonne wrote to him. "Et comme il l'aime infiniment," said Madame de la Châtre, "il l'a prié de venir vivre avec lui." He had arrived only two days before. He is tall, and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine.

It was past twelve. However, Madame de la Châtre owned she had not breakfasted—*ces messieurs* were not yet ready. A little man, who looked very *triste* indeed, in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke was immediately convinced he was no Frenchman. I afterwards heard he had been engaged by M. de Narbonne for a year, to teach him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France at the beginning of the Revolution, but was now driven out and destitute. His name is Clarke. He speaks English with an accent *tant soit peu* Scotch.

Madame de la Châtre, with great *franchise,* entered into details of her situation and embarrassment, whether she might venture, like Madame de Broglie, to go over to France, in which case she was *dans le cas où elle pouvoit toucher sa fortune* immediately. She said she could then settle in England, and settle comfortably. M. de la Châtre, it seems, previous to his joining the

King's brothers, had settled upon her her whole fortune. She and all her family were great favourers of the original Revolution; and even at this moment she declares herself unable to wish the restoration of the old *régime*, with its tyranny and corruptions—persecuted and ruined as she and thousands more have been by the unhappy consequences of the Revolution.

M. de Narbonne now came in. He seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome were it not for a slight cast of one eye. He was this morning in great spirits. Poor man! It was the only time I have ever seen him so. He came up very courteously to me, and begged leave *de me faire sa cour* at Mickleham, to which I graciously assented.

Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I instantly knew by Mr. Lock's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and expressive eyes. I scarce heard a word from him, but liked his appearance exceedingly, and not the less for perceiving his respectful and affectionate manner of attending to Mr. Lock; but when Mr. Lock reminded us that Madame de la Châtre had not breakfasted, we took leave, after spending an hour, in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH.—Phillips was at work in the parlour, and I had just stepped into the next room for some papers I wanted, when I heard a man's voice, and presently distinguished these words: "Je ne parle pas trop bien l'Anglois, monsieur." I came forth immediately to relieve Phillips, and then found it was M. d'Arblay.

I received him *de bien bon cœur*, as courteously as I could. The adjutant of M. Lafayette, and one of those

who proved faithful to that excellent general, could not but be interesting to me. I was extremely pleased at his coming, and more and more pleased with himself every moment that passed. He seems to me a true *militaire, franc et loyal*—open as the day—warmly affectionate to his friends—intelligent, ready, and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *gaieté de cœur*, and, at the same time, of *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. He was no less flattering to little Fanny than M. de Narbonne had been.

We went up into the drawing-room with him, and met Willy on the stairs, and Norbury capered before us. "Ah, Madame!" cried M. d'Arblay, "la jolie petite maison que vous avez, et les jolis petits hôtes!" looking at the children, the drawings, &c. &c, He took Norbury on his lap and played with him. I asked him if he was not proud of being so kindly noticed by the adjutant-general of M. Lafayette? "Est-ce qu'il sait le nom de M. Lafayette?" said he, smiling. I said he was our hero. "Ah! nous voilà donc bons amis! Il n'y a pas de plus brave homme sur la terre!" "Et comme on l'a traité!" cried I. A little shrug and his eyes cast up, was the answer. I said I was thankful to see at least one of his faithful friends here. I asked if M. Lafayette was allowed to write and receive letters. He said yes, but they were always given to him open.

Norbury now (still seated on his lap) took courage to whisper him, "Were you, sir, put in prison with M. Lafayette?" "Oui, mon ami." "And—was it quite dark?" I was obliged, laughing, to translate this curious question. M. d'Arblay laughed too: "Non, mon ami," said he, "on nous a mis d'abord dans une assez jolie chambre—c'étoit à Nivelle." "Vous y étiez

avec M. Lafayette, monsieur?" "Oui, madame, pour quelques jours, et puis on nous a séparés."

I lamented the hard fate of the former, and the rapid and wonderful *revers* he had met with after having been, as he well merited to be, the most popular man in France. This led M. d'Arblay to speak of M. de Narbonne, to whom I found him passionately attached. Upon my mentioning the sacrifices made by the French nobility, and by a great number of them voluntarily, he said no one had made more than M. de Narbonne; that, previous to the Revolution, he had more wealth and more power than almost any except the Princes of the Blood.

For himself, he mentioned his fortune and his income from his appointments as something immense, but I never remember the number of hundred thousand livres, nor can tell what their amount is without some consideration. "Et me voilà, madame, réduit à rien, hormis un peu d'argent comptant, et encore très peu. Je ne sais encore ce que Narbonne pourra retirer des débris de sa fortune; mais, quoique ce soit, nous le partagerons ensemble. Je ne m'en fais pas le moindre scrupule, puisque nous n'avons eu qu'un intérêt commun, et nous nous sommes toujours aimés comme frères."

I wish I could paint to you the manly *franchise* with which these words were spoken; but you will not find it difficult to believe that they raised MM. de Narbonne and d'Arblay very high in my estimation.

The next day Madame de la Châtre was so kind as to send me the French papers, by her son, who made a silent visit of about five minutes.

Friday Morning.—I sent Norbury with the French papers, desiring him to give them to M. d'Arblay. He stayed a prodigious while, and at last came back

attended by M. de Narbonne, M. de Jaucourt, and M. d'Arblay. M. de Jaucourt is a delightful man—as comic, entertaining, unaffected, unpretending, and good-humoured as dear Mr. Twining, only younger, and not quite so black. He is a man likewise of first-rate abilities—M. de Narbonne says, perhaps superior to Vaublanc—and of very uncommon firmness and integrity of character.

The account Mr. Batt gave of the National Assembly last summer agrees perfectly with that of M. de Jaucourt, who had the misfortune to be one of the deputies, and who, upon some great occasion in support of the King and Constitution, found only twenty-four members who had courage to support him, though a far more considerable number gave him secretly their good wishes and prayers. It was on this that he regarded all hope of justice and order as lost, and that he gave in *sa démission* from the Assembly. In a few days he was seized, and, *sans forme de procès*, having lost his inviolability as a member, thrown into the prison of the *Abbaye*, where, had it not been for the very extraordinary and admirable exertions of Madame de Staël (M. Necker's daughter, and the Swedish ambassador's wife), he would infallibly have been massacred.

I must here tell you that this lady, who was at that time seven months gone with child, was indefatigable in her efforts to save every one she knew from this dreadful massacre. She walked daily (for carriages were not allowed to pass in the streets) to the Hôtel de Ville, and was frequently shut up for five hours together with the horrible wretches that composed the *Comité de Surveillance*, by whom these murders were directed; and by her eloquence, and the consideration demanded by her rank and her talents, she obtained

the deliverance of above twenty unfortunate prisoners, some of whom she knew but slightly.

* * * * * *

M. de Narbonne brought me two volumes of new 'Contes Moraux,' by Marmontel, who is yet living: they are printed at Liège, and in this year, 1792. He was in very depressed spirits, I saw, and entered into some details of his late situation with great openness. Though honoured by the Jacobins with the title of traitor, all his friends here concur in saying he has ever been truly *constitutionnaire*, that is, of the same party as Lafayette. Last May *il donna sa démission* of the place of *Ministre de la Guerre*, being annoyed in all his proceedings by the Jacobins, and prevented from serving his country effectually by the instability of the King, for whom he nevertheless professes a sincere personal attachment. "Mais il m'a été impossible de le servir—il l'a été à tous ses meilleurs amis, et par ses vertus et par ses défauts; car—il le faut avouer—il ne pouvait se fier à lui-même, et il était en conséquence défiant de tout le monde."

Madame de la Châtre and M. de Jaucourt have since told me that M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay had been treated with singular ingratitude by the King, whom they nevertheless still loved as well as forgave. They likewise say he wished to get rid of M. de Narbonne from the Ministry, because he could not trust him with his projects of *contre* revolution.

M. d'Arblay was the officer on guard at the Tuileries the night on which the King, &c.,[1] escaped to Varennes, and ran great risk of being denounced, and perhaps massacred, though he had been kept in the most perfect ignorance of the King's intention.

* * * *

The next Sunday, November 18th, Augusta and Amelia came to me after church, very much grieved at the inhuman decrees just passed in the Convention, including as emigrants, with those who have taken arms against their country, all who have quitted it since last July; and adjudging their estates to confiscation; and their persons to death should they return to France.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Clarke, "it reduces this family to nothing: all they can hope is, by the help of their parents and friends, to get together wherewithal to purchase a cottage in America, and live as they can."

I was more shocked and affected by this account than I could very easily tell you. To complete the tragedy, M. de Narbonne had determined to write an offer—a request rather—to be allowed to appear as a witness in behalf of the King, upon his trial; and M. d'Arblay had declared he would do the same, and share the fate of his friend whatever it might be.

On Tuesday, the 20th, I called to condole with our friends on these new misfortunes. Madame de la Châtre received me with politeness, and even cordiality: she told me she was a little recovered from the first shock—that she should hope to gather together a small *débris* of her fortune, but never enough to settle in England—that, in short, her *parti était pris*—that she must go to America. It went to my heart to hear her say so. Presently came in M. Girardin. He is son to the Marquis de Girardin d'Ermenonville, the friend of Rousseau, whose last days were passed, and whose remains are deposited, in his domain. This M. Girardin was a pupil of Rousseau; he was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and an able opponent of the Jacobins.

It was to him that M. Merlin, *après bien de gestes menaçans,* had held a pistol, in the midst of the Assem-

bly. His father was a mad republican, and never satisfied with the rational spirit of patriotism that animated M. Girardin; who, witnessing the distress of all the friends he most esteemed and honoured, and being himself in personal danger from the enmity of the Jacobins, had, as soon as the *Assemblée Législative* broke up, quitted Paris, I believe, firmly determined never to re-enter it under the present *régime.*

I was prepossessed very much in favour of this gentleman, from his conduct in the late Assembly and all we had heard of him. I confess I had not represented him to myself as a great, fat, heavy-looking man, with the manners of a somewhat hard and morose Englishman: he is between thirty and forty, I imagine; he had been riding as far as to the cottage Mr. Malthouse had mentioned to him—*l'asile de Jean Jaques,*—and said it was very near this place (it is at the foot of Leith Hill, Mr. Lock has since told me).

They then talked over the newspapers which were come that morning. M. de St. Just, who made a most fierce speech for the trial and condemnation of the King, they said had before only been known by little madrigals, romances, and *épîtres tendres,* published in the 'Almanac des Muses.' "A cette heure," said M. de Jaucourt, laughing, "c'est un fier républicain. Enfin voilà l'Abbé Fouché qui prend la parole. Ah, mais il ne s'en tire pas mal." "Oui, en vérité," said Madame de la Châtre; "il montre de l'esprit; ses raisonnemens sont tous justes ce qu'il faut pour persuader la Convention."

For Condorcet, in despite of his abilities, they feel a sovereign contempt. They spoke of his ingratitude to the Duc de la Rochefoucault with great disgust, and of the terrible end of that most respectable man with

a mixture of concern and indignation that left them and us for a few minutes silent and in a kind of consternation.

It appears that there is an exception in the detestable law concerning the emigrants, in favour of such persons as are established in other countries in any trade. M. de Jaucourt said, "Il me parait que j'ai un peu vocation pour la cuisine: je me ferai cuisinier. Savez-vous ce que m'a dit ce matin notre cuisinier? Il me consultait sur les dangers qu'il courrerait, lui, en retournant en France. 'Pourtant, monsieur,' il m'a dit, 'il y a une exception pour les *artistes*.' Moi, je serai cuisinier artiste aussi."

Speaking of the hard-bought liberty his country had gained, "Bah!" cried M. Girardin; "peut-on appeler cela la liberté?" "Mais ils l'auront," said M. de Jaucourt energetically, "et ce qui me fâche le plus c'est qu'ils ne veulent pas me permettre d'en dire du bien; ils ont gâté la cause."

M. de Narbonne delighted me by his accounts of M. de Lafayette, who is, I am now certain, precisely the character I took him to be—one whom prosperity could never have corrupted, and that misfortune will never subdue. "An excess of *bonté de cœur*," M. d'Arblay said, "was almost the only fault he knew him to have." This made him so unwilling to suspect of treachery some of those who called themselves his friends, that it was almost impossible to put him on his guard. "Il caressait ceux qui cherchaient à l'égorger."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.—Phillips and I determined at about half-past one to walk to *Junipère* together.

M. d'Arblay received us at the door, and showed

the most flattering degree of pleasure at our arrival.

We found with Madame de la Châtre another French gentleman, M. Sicard, who was also an officer of M. de Lafayette's.

M. de Narbonne said he hoped we would be sociable, and dine with them now and then. Madame de la Châtre made a speech to the same effect. "Et quel jour, par exemple," said M. de Narbonne, "feroit mieux qu'aujourd'hui?" Madame de la Châtre took my hand instantly, to press in the most pleasing and gratifying manner imaginable this proposal; and before I had time to answer, M. d'Arblay, snatching up his hat, declared he would run and fetch the children.

I was obliged to entreat Phillips to bring him back; and entreated him to *entendre raison*.

"Mais, mais, madame," cried M. de Narbonne, "ne soyez pas disgracieuse."

"Je ne suis pas disgracieuse," answered I, *assez naïvement*, which occasioned a general comical but not affronting laugh: "sur ce sujet au moins;" I had the modesty to add. I pleaded their late hour of dinner, our having no carriage, and my disuse to the night air at this time of the year; but M. de Narbonne said their cabriolet (they have no other carriage) should take us home, and that there was a top to it, and Madame de la Châtre declared she would cover me well with shawls, &c.

"Allons, allons," cried M. d'Arblay; "voilà qui est fait, car je parie que Monsieur Phillips n'aura pas le courage de nous refuser."

Effectivement, Monsieur Phillips was perfectly agreeable; so that all my efforts were vain, and I was obliged

to submit, in despite of various worldly scruples, to pass a most charmingly pleasant day.

M. d'Arblay scampered off for the little ones, whom all insisted upon having, and Phillips accompanied him, as it wanted I believe almost four hours to their dinner-time.

J'eus beau dire que ce seroit une visite comme on n'en fait jamais. "Ce sera," said Madame de la Châtre, "ce qu'il nous faut; ce sera une journée."

Then my dress: Oh, it was *parfaite,* and would give them all the courage to remain as they were, *sans toilette:* in short, nothing was omitted to render us comfortable and at our ease, and I have seldom passed a more pleasant day—never, I may fairly say, with such new acquaintance. I was only sorry M. de Jaucourt did not make one of the party.

Whilst M. d'Arblay and Phillips were gone, Madame de la Châtre told me they had that morning received M. Necker's *Défense du Roi,* and if I liked it that M. de Narbonne would read it out to us. You may conceive my answer. It is a most eloquent production, and was read by M. de Narbonne with *beaucoup d'âme.* Towards the end it is excessively touching, and his emotion was very evident, and would have struck and interested me had I felt no respect for his character before.

I must now tell you the secret of his birth, which, however, is, I conceive, no great secret even in London, as Phillips heard it at Sir Joseph Banks's. Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., was in her youth known to be attached to the Comte de Narbonne, father of our M. de Narbonne. The consequence of this attachment was such as to oblige her to a temporary retirement, under the pretence of indisposition;

during which time la Comtesse de Narbonne, who was one of her attendants, not only concealed her own chagrin, but was the means of preserving her husband from a dangerous situation, and the Princess from disgrace. She declared *herself* with child, and, in short, arranged all so well as to *seem* the mother of her husband's son; though the truth was immediately suspected, and rumoured about the Court, and Madame de la Châtre told me, was known and familiarly spoken of by all her friends, except in the presence of M. de Narbonne, to whom no one would certainly venture to hint it. His father is dead, but la Comtesse de Narbonne, his reputed mother, lives, and is still an attendant on Madame Victoire, at Rome. M. de Narbonne's wife is likewise with her, and he himself was the person fixed on by Mesdames to accompany them when they quitted France for Italy. An infant daughter was left by him at Paris, who is still there with some of his family, and whom he expressed an earnest wish to bring over, though the late decree may perhaps render his doing so impossible. He has another daughter, of six years old, who is with her mother at Rome, and whom he told me the Pope had condescended to embrace. He mentioned his mother once (meaning la Comtesse de Narbonne) with great respect and affection.

How sorry I was to find that M. Sicard and M. d'Arblay believed the account given in the newspapers, of the very severe treatment of M. de Lafayette and his companions! They added that the Prussians themselves were *indignés* at the treatment these gentlemen had received. M. Sicard, who is but just arrived from Holland, gave the same account. Would you believe it?—a corporal is appointed to call to them and insist on an answer every fifteen minutes, day and night,

so that they can never have more than ten minutes of undisturbed sleep! What a barbarity!—added to this, depriving them of books, pen and ink, pencils, or anything whatever which might tend to while away their melancholy moments. I have been haunted by this sad account ever since.

* * * *

S. P.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Aylsham, Norfolk, November 27th, '92.

MY dearest Susanna's details of the French colony at Juniper are truly interesting. I hope I may gather from them that M. de Narbonne, at least, has been able to realise some property here. I wish much to hear that poor Madame de Broglie has been permitted to join her husband.

Who is this M. Malonet who has the singular courage and feeling to offer to plead the cause of a fallen Monarch in the midst of his ferocious accusers? And how ventures M. de Chauvelin to transmit such a proposal? I wish your French neighbours could give some account of this. I hear that the son for whom the Duc de Liancourt, has been trembling has been reduced to subscribe to all Jacobin lengths, to save his life, and retain a little property. What seasons are these for dissolving all delicacy of internal honour!

I am truly amazed, and half alarmed, to find this county filled with little revolution societies, which transmit their notions of things to the larger committee at Norwich, which communicates the whole to the reformists of London. I am told there is scarce a village in Norfolk free from these meetings.

I have been again to Thornham to Mrs. Rishton,

and a week brought so back all old and early attachment and feelings to her bosom, that our parting was a tragedy on her side. On mine, the calls away predominated too forcibly for such sympathy; but I was both glad and sorry. I have been also, at last, introduced to Mrs. Coke, and I think her one of the sweetest women, on a short acquaintance, I have ever met with.

My good and brilliant champion in days of old, Mr. Windham, has never been in Norfolk since I have entered it. He had a call to Bulstrode, to the installation of the Duke of Portland, just as I arrived, and he has been engaged there and at Oxford ever since. I regret missing him at Holkham: I had no chance of him anywhere else, as I have been so situated, from the melancholy circumstances of poor Mr. Francis's illness, that I have been unable to make acquaintance where he visits.

I will be very discreet, my dearest Susan, in the points that require it; *au reste,* I like to inspire those I see with an interest for your little colony at Juniper Hall, by such recitals as are safe,—especially as all the *constituants* are now reviled as authors and originators of all the misfortunes of France, from arrogant self-sufficiency in their powers to stop as well as begin when they pleased.

[Miss Burney's second visit at Aylsham proved a very mournful one. Soon after her arrival, Mr. Francis, her brother-in-law, was seized with an apoplectic fit, which terminated in his death; and Miss Burney remained with her widowed sister, soothing and assisting her, till the close of the year, when she accompanied the bereaved family to London.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

December 16th, '92.

* * * * *

Everything that is most shocking may, I fear, be expected for the unfortunate King of France, his Queen, and perhaps all that belong to him. M. d'Arblay said it would indeed scarce have been possible to hope that M. de Narbonne could have escaped with life, had the *sauf-conduit* requested been granted him, for attending as a witness at the King's trial.

"Mais," said M. d'Arblay, "il désiroit vivement de servir le Roi; il y croyoit même son honneur intéressé; et pour lors—ma foi! l'on ne craint pas la mort. Si j'avois espéré de pouvoir être utile au Roi, je vous jure que rien ne m'auroit retenû; mais puisque l'on ne veut pas qu'il ait des défenseurs, et qu'enfin on a poussé l'atrocité jusqu'à un tel excès, jamais je ne retournerai en France."

"Mais si fait," said Mr. Lock, "si les choses viennent à changer?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; je ne vois point d'espérance de tranquillité dans ma malheureuse patrie pendant mes jours: le peuple est tellement vitié par l'impunité du crime, par les désordres de tout espèce, par l'habitude de voir couler le sang, qu'enfin, selon toutes les apparences, il n'y aura ni paix ni sureté de trente ou quarante ans à venir en France. Heureusement pour nous," he added more cheerfully, "vous nous avez adopté, et j'espère que nous ne vous quitterons plus."

Speaking of M. Lafayette, and of the diatribes that have been published against him, he expressed warmly his concern and indignation, saying, his judgment,

perhaps, had not been always infallible; "mais pour ses vues, pour ses intentions, j'ôse en repondre: il n'y a pas d'homme plus brave, ni plus véritablement honnête homme. Il y a des personnes qui m'ont dit, et repété jusqu'à ce que j'en ai été impatienté, qu'il avoit perdu toutes les occasions de faire de grands coups, lorsqu'il avoit dans tout le royaume autant de pouvoir que Cromwell en avait de son tems. A la bonneheure—s'il avoit voulu être Cromwell; car il est très vrai que, pour faire le mal, il en avait tout le pouvoir; mais, pour faire le bien (et tout ce qu'il désiroit faire c'étoit le bien), c'était, je vous jure, une toute autre difficulté. Les tems d'ailleurs sont infiniment changés depuis l'époque de Cromwell. On ne peut plus méner des milliers d'hommes comme autant de troupeaux. Dans l'armée de M. Lafayette il y avait des volontaires innombrables,—auteurs distingués, hommes de lettres, artistes; (David, par exemple, le premier de nos artistes),—tous voulant juger de toutes choses par euxmêmes; tirant de cent manières différentes; ayant tous leur parties à eux, et presque tous des fous absolument, criant pour la liberté et la patriotisme avec encore plus de fureur que les gueux et les Sans-culottes. Et pourtant on persiste à dire que M. Lafayette aurait pû les tourner de telle manière qu'il l'aurait jugé à propos! Voilà comme on affirme, et comme on décide, dans ce monde!"

Yesterday, Saturday, December 15th, at about noon, I was very pleasantly surprised by a visit from M. de Narbonne, who was as gracious and as pleasant as ever he could be. We talked over Marmontel's new tales, which I believe I mentioned his having been so good as to lend me; he told me the author of them was in Paris, unhappy enough in seeing the state of

public affairs. "Mais pour l'intérieur de sa maison, on ne peut guère voir de bonheur plus parfait: à soixante ans il a su trouver une femme aimable de trente, qui a bien voulu l'épouser. Elle lui est fort attachée; et lui—il semble toujours amant, et toujours pénétré d'une reconnaissance sans bornes de ce qu'elle veut bien lui permettre de respirer l'air de la même chambre qu'elle. C'est un homme rempli de sentiment et de douceur."

He had heard nothing new from France, but mentioned, with great concern, the indiscretion of the King, in having kept all his letters since the Revolution; that the papers lately discovered in the Tuileries would bring ruin and death on hundreds of his friends; and that almost every one in that number "s'y trouvoient compliqués" some way or other. A decree of accusation had been *lancé* against M. Talleyrand, not for anything found from himself, but because M. de la Porte, long since executed, and from whom, of course, no *renseignemens* or explanations of any kind could be gained, had written to the King that l'Evêque d'Autun was well disposed to serve him. Can there be injustice more flagrant?

M. Talleyrand, it seems, had purposed returning, and hoped to settle his affairs in France in person, but now he must be content with life; and as for his property (save what he may chance to have in other countries), he must certainly lose all.

Monday, December 17th, in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lock called, and with them came Madame de la Châtre, to take leave.

She now told us, perfectly in confidence, that Madame de Broglie had found a friend in the Mayor of Boulogne, that she was lodged at his house, and that

she could answer for her (Madame de la Châtre) being received by him as well as she could desire (all this must be secret, as this good Mayor, if accused of harbouring or befriending *des émigrés,* would no doubt pay for it with his life). Madame de la Châtre said, all her friends who had ventured upon writing to her entreated her not to lose the present moment to return, as, the three months allowed for the return of those excepted in the decree once past, all hope would be lost for ever. Madame de Broglie, who is her cousin, was most excessively urgent to her to lose not an instant in returning. "Vous croyez donc, madame," said I, rather *tristement,* "y aller?" "Oui, sûrement, je l'espère; car, sans cela, tous mes projets sont anéanties. Si enfin je n'y pouvois aller, je serais réduite à presque rien!"

Madame de Broglie, she said, had declared there would be no danger. Madame de la Châtre was put in spirits by this account, and the hope of becoming not destitute of everything; and I tried to hope without fearing for her, and, indeed, most sincerely offer up my petitions for her safety.

Heaven prosper her! Her courage and spirits are wonderful. M. de Narbonne seemed, however, full of apprehensions for her. M. de Jaucourt seemed to have better hopes; he, even he, has now thoughts of returning, or rather his generosity compels him to think of it. His father has represented to him that his sister's fortune must suffer unless he appears in France again; and although he had resisted every other consideration, on this he has given way.

In France they are now printing, by order of the Convention, all the letters to the King's brothers which had been seized at Verdun and in other places;

amongst them were some from "le traître Narbonne," in which he professed his firm and unalterable attachment to royalty, and made offers of his services to the Princes.

But the M. de Narbonne whose letters are printed is not our M. de Narbonne, but a relation of his, a man of true honour, but a decided aristocrat from the beginning of the Revolution, who had consequently devoted himself to the party of the Princes. The Convention knew this perfectly, M. de Narbonne said, but it suited their purpose best to enter into no explanations, but to let all who were not so well informed conclude that "ce traître de Narbonne," and "ce scélérat de Narbonne," was the Minister, in whom such conduct would really have been a treachery, though in the real author of the letters it was the simple result of his principles—principles which he had never sought to conceal. He spoke with considerable emotion on the subject, and said that, after all his losses and all that he had undergone, that which he felt most severely was the expectation of being "confondu avec tous les scélérats de sa malheureuse patrie," not only "de son vivant," but by posterity.

Friday, December 21st, we dined at Norbury Park, and met our French friends: M. d'Arblay came in to coffee before the other gentlemen. We had been talking of Madame de la Châtre, and *conjecturing conjectures* about her *sposo:* we were all curious, and all inclined to imagine him old, ugly, proud, aristocratic,—a kind of ancient and formal courtier; so we questioned M. d'Arblay, acknowledging our curiosity, and that we wished to know, *enfin,* if M. de la Châtre was "digne d'être l'époux d'une personne si aimable et si charmante que Madame de la Châtre." He looked

very drolly, scarce able to meet our eyes; but at last, as he is *la franchise même*, he answered, "M. de la Châtre est un bon homme—parfaitement bon homme: au reste, il est brusque comme un cheval de carrosse."

We were in the midst of our coffee when St. Jean came forward to M. de Narbonne, and said somebody wanted to speak to him. He went out of the room; in two minutes he returned, followed by a gentleman in a great-coat, whom we had never seen, and whom he introduced immediately to Mrs. Lock by the name of M. de la Châtre. The appearance of M. de la Châtre was something like a *coup de théâtre;* for, despite our curiosity, I had no idea we should ever see him, thinking that nothing could detach him from the service of the French Princes.

His *abord* and behaviour answered extremely well the idea M. d'Arblay had given us of him, who in the word *brusque* rather meant unpolished in manners than harsh in character.

He is quite old enough to be father to Madame de la Châtre, and, had he been presented to us as such, all our wonder would have been to see so little elegance in the parent of such a woman.

After the first introduction was over, he turned his back to the fire, and began, *sans façon,* a most confidential discourse with M. de Narbonne. They had not met since the beginning of the revolution, and, having been of very different parties, it was curious and pleasant to see them now, in their mutual misfortunes, meet *en bons amis*. They rallied each other *sur leurs disgraces* very good-humouredly and comically; and though poor M. de la Châtre had missed his wife by only one day, and his son by a few hours, nothing seemed to give him *de l'humeur*. He gave the account

of his disastrous journey since he had quitted the Princes, who are themselves reduced to great distress, and were unable to pay him his arrears: he said he could not get a *sous* from France, nor had done for two years. All the money he had, with his papers and clothes, were contained in a little box, with which he had embarked in a small boat—I could not hear whence; but the weather was tempestuous, and he, with nearly all the passengers, landed, and walked to the nearest town, leaving his box and two faithful servants (who had never, he said, quitted him since he had left France) in the boat: he had scarce been an hour at the *auberge* when news was brought that the boat had sunk.

At this, M. de Narbonne threw himself back on his seat, exclaiming against the hard fate which pursued all *ses malheureux amis!* "Mais attendez donc," cried the good-humoured M. de la Châtre, "je n'ai pas encore fini: on nous a assurés que personne n'a péri, et que même tout ce qu'il y avait sur le bâteau a été sauvé." He said, however, that, being now in danger of falling into the hands of the French, he dared not stop for his box or servants; but, leaving a note of directions behind him, he proceeded *incognito,* and at length got on board a packet-boat for England, in which though he found several of his countrymen and old acquaintance, he dared not discover himself till they were *en pleine mer.* "Et vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas de fin à mes malheureuses aventures, puisqu'en arrivant on m'apprend tout de suite que ma femme est partie hier pour la France, et Alfonse aujourd'hui; et Dieu sait si je le verrai, lui, d'ici à quarante ans!"

How very, very unfortunate! We were all truly

sorry for him; however, he went on gaily enough, laughing at *ses amis les constitutionnaires*, and M. de Narbonne, with much more wit, and not less good humour, retorting back his raillery on the *parti de Brunswick*.

"Eh bien," said de M. la Châtre; "chacun à son tour!—Vous avez été ruinés les premiers—chacun à son tour!—Vous avez faits une constitution qui ne pouvoit tenir."

"Pardon!" cried M. d'Arblay, with quickness: "on ne l'a pas essayée."

"Eh bien, elle est tombée toutefois—il n'en est plus question," said M. de la Châtre; "et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim gaiement ensemble."

M. de Narbonne said he had yet a few bottles of wine, and that he should not drink beer whilst he stayed with him.

M. de la Châtre mentioned the *quinzaine* in which the Princes' army had been paid up, as the most wretched he had ever known. "C'étoit un désespoir, une douleur, une détresse de tous côtés, dont vous ne pouvez vous former une idée." Of 22,000 men who formed the army of the emigrants, 16,000 were gentlemen,—men of family and fortune: all of whom were now, with their families, destitute. He mentioned two of these who had engaged themselves lately in some orchestra, where they played first and second flute.—"Ils sont, je vous jure, l'envie de toute l'armée," said he; "car en général nous ne pouvons rien faire que nous battre quand on nous en donne l'occasion."

The Princes, he said, had been twice arrested for debt in different places—that they were now so reduced that they dined, themselves, the Comte d'Artois, children, tutors, &c.—eight or nine persons in all—

upon one single dish; and that they burnt *de la chandelle*, "parceque les bougies coutoient trop cher."

"Et les dames," said M. de Narbonne, *à demi-voix*, "que font elles?—Madame de Balby et les autres?"

"Elles n'y sont plus," said M. de la Châtre; adding, laughing, "C'est une reforme en tout."

I don't know whether I need tell you the ladies meant were the two Princes' mistresses, who have hitherto accompanied them everywhere.

M. de Narbonne asked how he had been able to travel on, since his money and clothes had been left behind.

"J'avois," said he, "ma bourse, bien heureusement; au reste, j'ai été obligé, en arrivant à Londres, de m'adresser à un tailleur, car on m'a assuré à l'auberge où j'étois, que dans l'habit que je portois on me montreroit au doigt. Eh bien, il m'a fait le gilet que tu vois, ces culottes" (in a low voice, but laughing, to M. de Narbonne)——They were, I must tell you, of the most common and cheap materials: but M. de Narbonne, interrupting him, gravely, but very good-naturedly, said,

"Eh bien; vous pouvez aller partout comme cela—ici on peut aller où l'on veut comme cela."

"Cette redingote," replied M. de la Châtre, who continued the whole evening in it, "il me l'a fait aussi. Mais pour l'habit, il n'y avoit pas moyen, puisque je ne voulois pas m'arrêter. Il m'a donc—*prêté le sien*."

"Quoi? le tailleur?"

"Oui, lui-même: tu vois il ne va pas mal."

There was something so frank and so good humoured in all this, that, added to the deplorable situation to

which he was reduced, I could almost have cried, though it was impossible to forbear laughing.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Chelsea, December 20th, '92.

I REJOICE Mr. Lock will be able to attend the meeting. I hope for tolerable weather: but it would have grieved me to have had such a name out of a loyal list at such a time.

God keep us all safe and quiet! All now wears a fair aspect; but I am told Mr. Windham says we are not yet out of the wood, though we see the path through it. There must be no relaxation. The pretended friends of the people, pretended or misguided, wait but the stilling of the present ferment of loyalty to come forth. Mr. Grey has said so in the House. Mr. Fox attended the St. George's Meeting, after keeping back to the last, and was *nobody* there! Our Mr. North was present and amazed.

The accounts from France are thrilling. Poor M. d'Arblay's speech should be translated, and read to all English imitators of French reformers. What a picture of the *now reformed!* Mr. Burke's description of the martyred Duc de la Rochefoucault should be read also by all the few really pure promoters of new systems. New systems, I fear, in states, are always dangerous, if not wicked. Grievance by grievance, wrong by wrong, must only be assailed, and breathing time allowed to old prejudices, and old habits, between all that is done.

I had never heard of any *good* association six months

ago; but I rejoice Mr. Lock had. I am glad, too, your neighbourhood is so loyal. I am sure such a colony of sufferers from state experiments, even with best intentions, ought to double all vigilance for running no similar risks—here too, where there are no similar calls! Poor M. d'Arblay's belief in perpetual banishment is dreadful: but Chabot's horrible denunciation of M. de Narbonne made me stop for breath, as I read it in the papers.

I had fancied the letters brought for the King of France's trial were forgeries. One of them, certainly, to M. Bouillé, had its answer dated before it was written. If any have been found, others will be added, to serve any evil purposes. Still, however, I hope the King and his family will be saved. I cannot but believe it, from all I can put together. If the worst of the Jacobins hear that Fox has called him an "unfortunate Monarch,"—that Sheridan has said "his execution would be an act of injustice,"—and Grey, "that we ought to have spared that *one blast to their glories* by earlier negotiation and an ambassador,"—surely the worst of these wretches will not risk losing their only abettors and palliators in this kingdom? I mean publicly; they have privately and individually their abettors and palliators in abundance still, wonderful as that is.

I am glad M. d'Arblay has joined the set at *Junipère*. What miserable work is this duelling, which I hear of among the emigrants, after such hair-breadth 'scapes for life and existence!—to attack one another on the very spot they seek for refuge from attacks! It seems a sort of profanation of safety.

I can assure you people of *all* descriptions are a little

alarmed here, at the successes so unbounded of the whole Jacobin tribe, which seem now spreading contagion over the whole surface of the earth. The strongest original favourers of revolutions abroad, and reforms at home, I see, are a little scared: they will not say it; but they say they are *not*, uncalled upon; which is a constant result of secret and involuntary consciousness.

* * * *

F. B.

PART IX.

1793.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Execution of the French King—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Charles Fox's Pamphlet against War with France—Lord Orford—A Dinner at the Literary Club—Fox, Windham, Burke; the Bishops of Salisbury, Peterborough, Dromore; Bishop Marlow, Duke of Leeds, Lord Ossory, Lord Lucan, &c.—Miss Burney to Dr Burney—Madame de Staël at Mickleham—The last Moments of the French King—His last Words on the Scaffold—Three English Letters from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Account of Madame de Staël—Her Escape from Massacre—Tallien—Malesherbes—M. d'Arblay—Talleyrand—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—M. Sicard—Conversation of Talleyrand—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Barry's Discourse on Sir Joshua Reynolds—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Lock—M. de Lally Tolendal—M. de Talleyrand and the Society at Juniper Hall—Madame de Staël's Opinions on the Revolution—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Offer of Marriage from General d'Arblay to Miss Burney—M. Dumont—Madame de Staël's Work on the 'Influence of the Passions'—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Marriage of M. d'Arblay and Miss Burney—Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——— on her Marriage—Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay on her Marriage—Eloge of Norbury Park by Madame de Staël—Letter from Lally Tolendal to M. d'Arblay—Letter from Madame de la Fite to Madame d'Arblay.

2 c.2

PART IX.

1793.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

January 8th, 1793.

It is quite out of my power, my dearest friends, to leave town before the birthday, as I must then present myself at the Queen's house.

Your French colonies are truly attractive—I am sure they must be so to have caught me, so substantially, fundamentally, the foe of all their proceedings while in power. But the Duc de Liancourt taught me how little we can resist distress, even where self-incurred. M. de la Châtre, however, has my whole heart. I am his friend, not only upon the pleas of compassion due to all, but upon the firm basis of principle. My heart ached to read of his 22,000 fellow-sufferers for loyalty, original sense of duty, and a captive and injured master.

I like, too, his *brusque* and *franc* character. I have read the declaration of M. de Narbonne. It is certainly written with feeling and energy, and a good design; but I do not think it becoming, nor *bien honnête,* in a late minister and servant, at a time of such barbarous humiliation, to speak of the French King's weakness, and let him down so low, at the moment he is pleading in his favour. Yet something there is, hinting at regret for having possibly contributed to his

disgrace by not helping to avert it, which touched me very much, from its candour, though it is a passage unfinished.

In short, what of misery can equal the misery of such a Revolution?—I am daily more and more in charity with all fixed governments. "Let every one mend one," as Will Chip says; and then states, as well as families, may be safely reformed. I hope you like 'Village Politics?' It makes much noise in London, and is suspected to be written by some capital author*.

*   *   *   *

F. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Monday, January 28th, '93.

MY DEAREST PADRE,—I have been wholly without spirit for writing, reading, working, or even walking or conversing, ever since the first day of my arrival. The dreadful tragedy† acted in France has entirely absorbed me. Except the period of the illness of our own inestimable King, I have never been so overcome with grief and dismay, for any but personal and family calamities. O what a tragedy! how implacable its villany, and how severe its sorrows! You know, my dearest father, how little I had believed such a catastrophe possible: with all the guilt and all the daring already shown, I had still thought this a height of enormity impracticable. And, indeed, without military law throughout the wretched city, it had still not been per-

* 'Will Chip, or Village Politics,' was written by Mrs. Hannah More.

† The execution of Louis XVI.

petrated. Good Heaven!—what must have been the sufferings of the few unhardened in crimes who inhabit that city of horrors!—if I, an English person, have been so deeply afflicted, that even this sweet house and society—even my Susan and her lovely children—have been incapable to give me any species of pleasure, or keep me from a desponding low-spiritedness, what must be the feelings of all but the culprits in France?

M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay have been almost annihilated: they are for ever repining that they are French, and, though two of the most accomplished and elegant men I ever saw, they break our hearts with the humiliation they feel for their guiltless birth in that guilty country!—"Est-ce vrai," cries M. de Narbonne, "que vous conservez encore quelque amitié, M. Lock, pour ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés François?"—Poor man!—he has all the symptoms upon him of the jaundice; and M. d'Arblay, from a very fine figure and good face, was changed, as if by magic, in one night, by the receipt of this inexpiable news, into an appearance as black, as meagre, and as miserable as M. de la Blancherie.

We are all here expecting war every day. This dear family has deferred its town journey till next Wednesday. I have not been at all at Mickleham, nor yet settled whether to return to town with the Locks, or to pay my promised visit there first. All has been so dismal, so wretched, that I have scarce ceased to regret our living at such times, and not either sooner or later.

These immediate French sufferers here interest us, and these alone have been able to interest me at all. We hear of a very bad tumult in Ireland, and near Captain Phillips's property: Mr. Brabazon writes word

it is very serious. Heaven guard us from insurrections! What must be the feelings at the Queen's house? how acute, and how indignant!

Adieu, most dear sir; I am sure we sympathise but too completely on this subject,—

And am ever your

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney and Mrs. Phillips.

Chelsea College, Thursday, January 31st, 1793.

My dearest Girls, Fanny and Susy,—I have little stomach to write. The horrors of last week's news still prey on my spirits, with the addition of new political disgusts. The cry of Charles Fox and his adherents, against a war on the French wild beasts, is so loud and clamorous, that I fear it will dismay honest men and real lovers of their country and constitution. He (Fox) has published a pamphlet, which furnishes plenty of words, though not one new argument. He has merely dilated his late Whig and Parliamentary speeches; still stubbornly denying that there was any reason for calling Parliament so early, or for apprehending the country in the least danger from sedition or discontent; and urges stronger than ever the necessity of treating with France.

The most subtle and specious argument he uses is this: if we go to war, it cannot be determined that it shall last for ever; and peace can never be made, whatever may be the events of the war, without treating with France. To this I answer, that we neither want nor wish to meddle with the interior government of that country within its own limits, but to check their conquests and ravages without; to prevent their spread-

ing anarchy, desolation, and atheism over all Europe; to prevent their sending emissaries into our own country to detach the King's subjects from their allegiance, and, by encouraging revolt, preparing and hastening a similar revolution here to that within their own country, which has been attended with such misery and horrors to all good men as were never equalled in any other period of the history of the world. God forbid I should wish any human creature so ill as to have the most distant idea, at present, of placing him on the torturing throne of France!—No, no; it will require ages to make the savages of that nation human creatures.

But if England does not try to prevent their preying upon all the rest of the world, who or what else is likely to do it? They have voted an army of between 500,000 and 600,000 men for the next campaign. What but our fleet can impede their progress and subsistence? But, alas! Ireland, Scotland, and several English towns and counties, are said to be ripe for open rebellion; yet they will be more easily kept in obedience during war than peace. Government is most vigorous, and the laws more strictly executed against treason and rebellion, then, than in the piping times of peace. I think there is some chance, at least, of preserving our constitution and independence by opposing French doctrines and conquests; and none at all by waiting till they have a fleet and leisure to attack us.

I made Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) another visit a few days ago: I did not mention war to him; but we talked of nothing else but the French monsters, and their most saint-like Royal martyr! He says that France has produced at once in this age the ex-

tremes of virtue and vice, in the King and his accursed relation Egalité, which no other age ever knew.

At the club*, on Tuesday, the fullest I ever knew, consisting of fifteen members, fourteen seemed all of one mind, and full of reflections on the late transaction in France; but, when about half the company was assembled, who should come in but Charles Fox! There were already three or four bishops arrived, hardly one of whom could look at him, I believe, without horror, After the first bow and cold salutation, the conversation stood still for several minutes. During dinner Mr. Windham, and Burke, jun., came in, who were obliged to sit at a side table. All were *boutonnés*, and not a word of the martyred King or politics of any kind was mentioned; and though the company was chiefly composed of the most eloquent and loquacious men in the kingdom, the conversation was the dullest and most uninteresting I ever remember at this or any such large meeting. Mr. Windham and Fox, civil —young Burke and he never spoke. The Bishop of Peterborough as sulky as the d—l; the Bishop of Salisbury, more a man of the world, very cheerful; the Bishop of Dromore frightened as much as a barn-door fowl at the sight of a fox; Bishop Marlow preserved his usual pleasant countenance. Steevens in the chair; the Duke of Leeds on his right, and Fox on his left, said not a word. Lords Ossory and Lucan, formerly much attached, seemed silent and sulky.

I have not time for more description.

God bless you both, and all!

C. B.

---

* The Literary Club.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Monday, February 4th, '93.

How exactly do I sympathise in all you say and feel, my dear sir, upon these truly calamitous times! I hear daily more and more affecting accounts of the saint-like end of the martyred Louis. Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French noblesse, established near Mickleham. She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendrir le peuple*.

Among other circumstances, this letter relates that the poor little Dauphin supplicated the monsters who came with the decree of death to his unhappy father, that they would carry him to the Convention, and the forty-eight Sections of Paris, and suffer him to beg his father's life.

This touching request was probably suggested to him by his miserable mother or aunt. When the King left the Temple to go to the place of sacrifice, the cries of his wretched family were heard, loud and shrill, through the courts without!—Good Heaven! what distress and horror equalled ever what they must then experience?

When he arrived at the scaffold, his Confessor, as if with the courage of inspiration, called out to him aloud, after his last benediction, "Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!"—The King ascended with firmness, and

meant to harângue his guilty subjects; but the wretch Santerre said he was not there to speak, and the drums drowned the words, except to those nearest the terrible spot. To those he audibly was heard to say, "Citoyens, je meurs innocent! Je pardonne à mes assassins; et je souhaite que ma mort soit utile à mon peuple."

M. de Narbonne has been quite ill with the grief of this last enormity; and M. d'Arblay is now indisposed. This latter is one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners. M. de Narbonne is far more a man of the world, and joins the most courtly refinement and elegance to the quickest repartee and readiness of wit. If anything but desolation and misery had brought them hither, we should have thought their addition to the Norbury society all that could be wished. They are bosom friends.

Your F. B.

---

*Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney**.

Written from Juniper Hall, Dorking, Surrey, 1793.

When J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce at all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney; after such an enterprize nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and impresses me with the idea that in a

* As literary curiosities, these notes from Madame de Staël have been printed *verbatim et literatim:* they are probably her earliest attempts at English writing.

tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt.

my servant will return for a french answer. J intreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card.

best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillipe.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

YOUR card in french, my dear, has already something of your grace in writing english: it is cecilia translated. my only correction is to fill the interruptions of some sentences, and J put in them kindnesses for me. J do not consult my master to write to you; a fault more or less is nothing in such an occasion. What may be the perfect grammar of Mr. Clarke, it cannot establish any sort of equality between you and J. then J will trust with my heart alone to supply the deficiency. let us speak upon a grave subject: do J see you that morning? What news from Captain phillip? when do you come spend a large week in that house? every question requires an exact answer; a good, also. my happiness depends on it, and J have for pledge your honour.

good morrow and farewell.

pray madame phillips, recollecting all her knowledge in french, to explain that card to you.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

January, 1793.

TELL me, my dear, if this day is a charming one, if it must be a sweet epoch in my life?—do you come to

dine here with your lovely sister, and do you stay night and day till our sad separation? J rejoice me with that hope during this week; do not deceive my heart.

J hope that card very clear, mais, pour plus de certitude, je vous dis en françois que votre chambre, la maison, les habitants de Juniper, tout est prêt à recevoir la première femme d'angleterre.

Janvier.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Mickleham, February 29th, 1793.

HAVE you not begun, dearest sir, to give me up as a lost sheep? Susanna's temporary widowhood, however, has tempted me on, and spelled me with a spell I know not how to break. It is long, long since we have passed any time so completely together; her three lovely children only knit us the closer. The widowhood, however, we expect now quickly to expire, and I had projected my return to my dearest father for Wednesday next, which would complete my fortnight here; but some circumstances are intervening that incline me to postpone it another week.

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Swedish Ambassador to France, is now head of the little French colony in this neighbourhood. M. de Staël, her husband, is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; and it is yet uncertain whether the Regent Duke of Sudermania will send him to Paris, during the present horrible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and

protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th August and of the 2nd September. She was even once stopped in her carriage, which they called aristocratic, because of its arms and ornaments, and threatened to be murdered, and only saved by one of the worst wretches of the Convention, Tallien, who feared provoking a war with Sweden, from such an offence to the wife of its Ambassador. She was obliged to have this same Tallien to accompany her, to save her from massacre, for some miles from Paris, when compelled to quit it.

She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him?

Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to

her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week. She is only a short walk from hence, at Juniper Hall.

There can be nothing imagined more charming, more fascinating, than this colony; between their sufferings and their *agrémens* they occupy us almost wholly. M. de Narbonne, alas, has no 1000*l.* a-year! he got over only 4000*l.* at the beginning, from a most splendid fortune; and, little foreseeing how all has turned out, he has lived, we fear, upon the principal; for he says, if all remittance is withdrawn, on account of the war, he shall soon be as ruined as those companions of his misfortunes with whom as yet he has shared his little all. He bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of manners, and ready wit. You could not keep your heart from him if you saw him only for half an hour. He has not yet recovered from the black blow of the King's death, but he is better, and less jaundiced; and he has had a letter which, I hear, has comforted him, though at first it was almost heart-breaking, informing him of the unabated regard for him of the truly saint-like Louis. This is communicated in a letter from M. de Malesherbes.

M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and he gives me long daily lessons in reading. Pray expect wonderful improvements!

In return, I hear him in English; and for his theme this evening he has been writing an English address *à Mr. Burney, (i. e.* M. le Docteur), joining in Madame de Staël's request.

I hope your last club was more congenial? M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversàtion, quick, terse, *fin,* and yet deep, to the extreme of those four words. They are a marvellous set for excess of agreeability.

Adieu, most dear sir. Susanna sends her best love, and the Fanni and Norbury kisses and sweet words. I beg my love to my mother, and hope she continues amending. I am ever, ever, and ever,

My dearest Father's

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Mickleham.

YOUR kind letter, my beloved Fredy, was most thankfully received, and we rejoice the house and situation promise so much local comfort; but I quite fear with you that even the *bas bleu* will not recompense the loss of the *Junipère* society. It is, indeed, of incontestable superiority. But you must burn this confession, or my poor effigy will blaze for it. I must tell you a little of our proceedings, as they all relate to these people of a thousand.

M. d'Arblay came from the melancholy sight of departing Norbury to Mickleham, and with an air the most *triste,* and a sound of voice quite dejected, as I learn from Susanna; for I was in my heroics, and could not appear till the last half-hour. A headache prevented

my waiting upon Madame de Staël that day, and obliged me to retreat soon after nine o'clock in the evening, and my *douce compagne* would not let me retreat alone. We had only robed ourselves in looser drapery, when a violent ringing at the door startled us; we listened, and heard the voice of M. d'Arblay, and Jerry answering "They're gone to bed." "*Comment?* What?" cried he: "*C'est impossible!* Vhat you say?" Jerry then, to show his new education in this new colony, said "*Allée couchée!*" It rained furiously, and we were quite grieved, but there was no help. He left a book for *Mlle. Burnet*, and word that Madame de Staël could not come on account of the bad weather. M. Ferdinand was with him, and has bewailed the disaster; and M. Sicard says he accompanied them till he was quite wet through his *redingote;* but this enchanting M. d'Arblay will murmur at nothing.

The next day they all came, just as we had dined, for a *morning* visit,—Madame de Staël, M. Talleyrand, M. Sicard, and M. d'Arblay; the latter then made *insistance* upon commencing my *master of the language*, and I think he will be almost as good a one as the little Don.*

M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Staël whispered me, "How do you like him?" "Not very much," I answered, "but I do not know him." "O, I assure you," cried she, "he is the best of the men."

I was happy not to agree; but I have no time for such minute detail till we meet. She read the noble tragedy of '*Tancrède*' till she blinded us all round. She is the most charming person, to use her own phrase, "that never I saw."

* Mr. Clarke.

* * * *

We called yesterday noon upon Madame de Staël, and sat with her till three o'clock, only the little Don being present. She was delightful; yet I see much uneasiness hanging over the whole party, from the terror that the war may stop all remittances. Heaven forbid!

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Thursday, Mickleham.

I HAVE no heart not to write, and no time to write. I have been scholaring all day, and mastering too; for our lessons are mutual, and more entertaining than can easily be conceived. My master of the language says he dreams of how much more solemnly he shall write to charming Mrs. Lock, after a little more practice. Madame de Staël has written me two English notes, quite beautiful in ideas, and not very reprehensible in idiom. But English has nothing to do with elegance such as theirs—at least, little and rarely. I am always exposing myself to the wrath of John Bull, when this côterie come in competition. It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set: Susanna is as completely a proselyte. His powers of entertainment are astonishing, both in information and in raillery. We know nothing of how the rest of the world goes on. They are all coming to-night. I have yet avoided, but with extreme difficulty, the change of abode. Madame de Staël, however, will not easily be parried, and how I may finally arrange I know not. Certainly I will

not offend or hurt her, but otherwise I had rather be a visitor than a guest.

Pray tell Mr. Lock that "the best of the men" grows upon us at every meeting. We dined and stayed till midnight at *Junipère* on Tuesday, and I would I could recollect but the twentieth part of the excellent things that were said. Madame de Staël read us the opening of her work '*Sur le Bonheur*;' it seems to me admirable. M. de Talleyrand avowed he had met with nothing better thought or more ably expressed; it contains the most touching allusions to their country's calamities.

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

Chelsea College, Tuesday Morning, February 19th, 1793.

Why, Fanny, what are you about, and where are you? I shall write *at* you, not knowing how to write *to* you, as Swift did to the flying and romantic Lord Peterborough.

I had written the above, after a yesterday's glimmering and a feverish night as usual, when behold! a letter of requisition for a further furlough! I had long histories ready for narration *de vive voix*, but my time is too short and my eyes and head too weak for much writing this morning. I am not at all surprised at your account of the captivating powers of Madame de Staël. It corresponds with all I had heard about her, and with the opinion I formed of her intellectual and literary powers, in reading her charming little '*Apologie de Rousseau*.' But as nothing human is allowed to be perfect, she has not escaped censure. Her house was the centre of revolutionists previous to the 10th of August, after her father's departure, and she has been accused of partiality to

M. de N——. But perhaps all may be Jacobinical malignity. However, unfavourable stories of her have been brought hither, and the Burkes and Mrs. Ord have repeated them to me. But you know that M. Necker's administration, and the conduct of the nobles who first joined in the violent measures that subverted the ancient establishments by the abolition of nobility and the ruin of the church, during the first National Assembly, are held in greater horror by aristocrats than even the members of the present Convention. I know this will make you feel uncomfortable, but it seemed to me right to hint it to you. If you are not absolutely in the house of Madame de Staël when this arrives, it would perhaps be possible for you to waive the visit to her, by a compromise, of having something to do for Susy, and so make the addendum to your stay under her roof.

I dined yesterday with dear Mrs. Crewe, and, Mr. C. being come to town, did not go to the house, whereof Mrs. C. and I rejoiced much.[1] His brother and Mr. Hare dined with us, and all was well and pleasant, except my head.

Barry last night at the Academy read a discourse, and, as he had apprised me that he should introduce an *éloge* in it upon Sir Joshua, I determined to go. On my mentioning this circumstance at dinner, Mr. Hare, when he was departing in order to attend his friend Charles Fox's motion in parliament, said to Crewe, "Dr. B. is going to hear the *éloge* of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I am going, I fear, to hear the *oraison funèbre d'un homme illustre.*"

Mrs. Ord wants me to meet Mr. Smelt to-morrow evening, and you, if returned. Lady Hesketh has written two or three civil notes of invitation to us for "blue."

God bless you! I must make up for town business. Love to dear Susy and children.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Mickleham, Friday, February 22nd, '93.

WHAT a kind letter is my dearest father's, and how kindly speedy! yet it is too true it has given me very uncomfortable feelings. I am both hurt and astonished at the acrimony of malice; indeed, I believe all this party to merit nothing but honour, compassion, and praise. Madame de Staël, the daughter of M. Necker—the idolising daughter—of course, and even from the best principles, those of filial reverence, entered into the opening of the Revolution just as her father entered into it; but as to her house having become the centre of Revolutionists before the 10th of August, it was so only for the Constitutionalists, who, at that period, were not only members of the then established government, but the decided friends of the King. The aristocrats were then already banished, or wanderers from fear, or concealed and silent from cowardice; and the Jacobins——I need not, after what I have already related, mention how utterly abhorrent to her must be that fiend-like set.

The aristocrats, however, as you well observe, and as she has herself told me, hold the Constitutionalists in greater horror than the Convention itself. This, however, is a violence against justice which cannot, I hope, be lasting; and the malignant assertions which persecute her, all of which she has lamented to us, she imputes equally to the bad and virulent of both these parties.

The intimation concerning M. de N. was, however, wholly new to us, and I do firmly believe it a gross calumny. M. de N. was of her society, which contained ten or twelve of the first people in Paris, and, occasionally, almost all Paris; she loves him even tenderly, but so openly, so simply, so unaffectedly, and with such utter freedom from all coquetry, that, if they were two men, or two women, the affection could not, I think, be more obviously undesigning. She is very plain, he is very handsome; her intellectual endowments must be with him her sole attraction.

M. de Talleyrand was another of her society, and she seems equally attached to him. M. le Viscomte de Montmorenci she loves, she says, as her brother: he is another of this bright constellation, and esteemed of excellent capacity. She says, if she continues in England he will certainly come, for he loves her too well to stay away. In short, her whole côterie live together as brethren. Madame la Marquise de la Châtre, who has lately returned to France, to endeavour to obtain *de quoi vivre en Angleterre*, and who had been of this colony for two or three months since the 10th of August, is a bosom friend of Madame de Staël and of all this circle: she is reckoned a very estimable as well as fashionable woman; and a daughter of the unhappy Montmorin, who was killed on the 1st of September, is another of this set. Indeed, I think you could not spend a day with them and not see that their commerce is that of pure, but exalted and most elegant, friendship.

I would, nevertheless, give the world to avoid being a guest under their roof, now I have heard even the shadow of such a rumour; and I will, if it be possible without hurting or offending them. I have waived

and waived acceptance almost from the moment of Madame de Staël's arrival. I prevailed with her to let my letter go alone to you, and I have told her, with regard to your answer, that you were sensible of the honour her kindness did me, and could not refuse to her request the week's furlough; and then followed reasons for the compromise you pointed out, too diffuse for writing. As yet they have succeeded, though she is surprised and disappointed. She wants us to study French and English together, and nothing could to me be more desirable, but for this invidious report.

Susanna and her Captain intend going to town on Friday in next week, and I have fixed therefore on the same day for my return; thus, at all events, the time cannot be long.

M. d'Arblay, as well as M. de Narbonne, sent over a declaration in favour of the poor King. M. d'A. had been commandant at Longwi, and had been named to that post by the King himself. In the accusation of the *infernals*, as Mr. Young justly calls them, the King is accused of leaving Longwi undefended, and a prey to the Prussians. M. d'Arblay, who before that period had been promoted into the regiment of M. de Narbonne, and thence summoned to be Adjutant-General of Lafayette, wrote therefore, on this charge, to M. de Malesherbes, and told him that the charge was utterly false; that the King had taken every precaution for the proper preservation of Longwi, and that M. d'Arblay, the King's commandant, had himself received a letter of thanks and approbation from Dumouriez, who said, nothing would have been lost had every commandant taken equal pains, and exerted equal bravery.

This original letter M. d'Arblay sent to M. Males-

herbes, not as a vindication of himself, for he had been summoned from Longwi before the Prussians assailed it, but as a vindication of the officer appointed by the King, while he had yet the command. M. de Malesherbes wrote an answer of thanks, and said he should certainly make use of this information in the defence. However, the fear of Dumouriez, I suppose, prevented his being named.

M. d'Arblay, in quitting France with Lafayette, upon the deposition of the King, had only a little ready money in his pocket, and he has been *décrété* since, and all he was worth in the world is sold and seized by the Convention. M. de Narbonne loves him as the tenderest of brothers, and, while one has a guinea in the world, the other will have half. "Ah!" cried M. d'Arblay, upon the murder of the King, which almost annihilated him, "I know not how those can exist who have any feelings of remorse, when I scarce can endure my life, from the simple feeling of regret that ever I pronounced the word *liberty* in France!"

I confess I was much pleased with the *oraison funèbre*. We hear no news here, except French, and see no newspapers, and not an English newsmonger. The Captain is just returned from Colchester. Babes are well. Adieu, most dear Sir! Your affectionate

F. B.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

Juniper, ce 8 Mars.

MY DEAR MISS,—Pour cette fois vous me permettrez de vous écrire en François; il s'agit de m'arranger pour vous voir, et je ne veux pas risquer d'équivoques dans cet important intérêt. Mardi entre midi et une heure je serai à Chelsea College, avec votre maître de François

et Mr. Clårke: tous les deux causeront ensemble, et vous—vous me parlerez. Je sais que vous êtes pleine de bonté pour moi, et que vous mettez même du courage contre la réaction de quelques méchancetés Françoises auxquelles les tems de guerre civile doivent accoûtumer; mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer, dussiez vous attendre à d'autres tems pour le dire. Il faut laisser l'injustice aux hommes malheureux; il faut qu'ils s'occupent des personnes quand ils ne peuvent rien sur les affaires; il faut qu'ils donnent quelques uns de leurs préventions aux étrangers, qui n'ont pas le tems de juger les procès des individus; il faut tout ce qui est ordinaire et extraordinaire dans une pareille époque, et se confier au tems pour l'opinion publique—à l'amitié pour le bonheur particulier. Ils vous diront que je suis démocrate, et ils oublieront que mes amis et moi nous avons échappé au fer des Jacobins: ils vous diront que j'aime passionnément les affaires, et je suis ici quand M. de Staël me presse d'aller à Paris, me mêler avec lui des plus importantes (ceci pour vous seule): enfin ils chercheront à troubler jusqu'au repos de l'amitié, et ne permettront pas que, fidèle à mes devoirs, j'aye eu le besoin de partager pendant deux mois le malheur de celui dont j'avois sauvé la vie. Il y a dans tout cela tant d'absurdes faussetés, qu'un jour ou l'autre je céderai au désir d'en parler. Mais qui peut maintenant se permettre d'occuper de soi? Il n'y a pas d'idées générales assez vastes pour ce moment. Je suis bien mal ce précepte en vous écrivant; mais, parceque je vous ai trouvé la meilleure et la plus distinguée; parcequ'avant de vous connoître, j'ambitionnois de vous plaire; parceque, depuis que je vous ai vu, il m'est nécessaire de vous intéresser, je me persuade que vous devez m'aimer; je crois bien aussi que votre bonté pour moi m'a valu quelques en-

vieux; ainsi il y a un peu de justice dans ce que vous faites pour moi. Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivans, chez Madame Lock—en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui, sentant le besoin que j'avois d'être consolée, a été doublement aimable pour moi après votre départ. Répondez à ma lettre. Adieu!

Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Lock.

Mickleham, April 2nd, 1793.

* * * * *

I MUST, however, say something of Juniper, whence I had an irresistible invitation to dine, &c., yesterday, and hear M. de Lally Tolendal read his 'Mort de Strafford,' which he had already recited once, and which Madame de Staël requested him to repeat for my sake.

I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him: large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents in conversation, so far, so very far, distant from our *Juniperiens*, and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus*.

He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy, though seated, as Le Texier is. He

seemed, previous to the performance, occupied completely by it, except while the dinner lasted, which he did not neglect: but he was continually reciting to himself till we sat down to table, and afterwards between the courses.

M. Talleyrand seemed much struck with his piece, which appears to me to have very fine lines and passages in it, but which, altogether, interested me but little. I confess, indeed, the violence of *ses gestes*, and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice in declaiming, fatigued me excessively. If our Fanny had been present, I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy.

We sat down at seven to dinner, and had half finished before M. d'Arblay appeared, though repeatedly sent for; he was profoundly grave and silent, and disappeared after the dinner, which was very gay. He was sent for, after coffee and Norbury were gone, several times, that the tragedy might be begun; and at last Madame de S. impatiently proposed beginning without him. "Mais cela lui fera de la peine," said M. d'Autun (Talleyrand), goodnaturedly; and, as she persisted, he rose up and limped out of the room to fetch him: he succeeded in bringing him.

M. Malouet has left them. La Princesse d'Henin is a very pleasing, well-bred woman: she left Juniper the next morning with M. de Lally.

S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Mickleham, April 3rd.

After I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson and his attorney—a man

whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as a kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Staël with great *empressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage* Jenkinson. "What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?" M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigné de la mauvaise foi*, and *excédé des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord.

Madame de Staël was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand very *comique*, this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid*: "Vous lisez très mal la prose; vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout: en vous écoutant on croit toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!"

They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable,—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, a M. Guibert, an author, and one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married, and innumerable others.

M. d'Arblay had been employed almost night and day since he came from London in writing a *Mémoire*, which Mr. Villiers had wished to have, upon the 'Ar-

tillerie à Cheval,' and he had not concluded it till this morning.

S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Tuesday, May 14th.

TRUSTING to the kindness of chance, I begin at the top of my paper. Our Juniperians went to see Paine's Hill yesterday, and had the good-nature to take my little happy Norbury. In the evening came Miss F—— to show me a circular letter, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the parishes in England, authorising the ministers of those parishes to raise a subscription for the unfortunate French clergy. She talked of our neighbours, and very shortly and abruptly said, "So, Mrs. Phillips, we hear you are to have Mr. Norbone and the other French company to live with you—Pray is it so?"

I was, I confess, a little startled at this plain inquiry, but answered as composedly as I could, setting out with informing this *bête personnage* that Madame de Staël was going to Switzerland to join her husband and family in a few days, and that of all the French company none would remain but M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, for whom the Captain and myself entertained a real friendship and esteem, and whom he had begged to make our house their own for a short time, as the impositions they had had to support from their servants, &c., and the failure of their remittances from abroad, had obliged them to resolve on breaking up housekeeping.

I had scarcely said thus much when our party arrived from Paine's Hill; the young lady, though she had drunk tea, was so obliging as to give us her company for near two hours, and made a curious attack on M. de N., upon the

first pause, in wretched French, though we had before, all of us, talked no other language than English:—"Je vous prie, M. Gnawbone, comment se porte la Reine?"

Her pronunciation was such that I thought his understanding her miraculous: however, he did guess her meaning, and answered, with all his accustomed douceur and politeness, that he hoped well, but had no means but general ones of information.

"I believe," said she afterwards, "nobody was so hurt at the King's death as my papa! he couldn't ride on horseback next day!"

She then told M. de Narbonne some anecdotes (very new to him, no doubt), which she had read in the newspapers, of the Convention; and then spoke of M. Egalité. "I hope," said she, flinging her arms out with great violence, "he'll come to be gullytined. He showed the King how he liked to be gullytined, so now I hope he'll be gullytined himself!—So shocking! to give his vote against his own nephew!"

If the subject of her vehemence and blunders had been less just or less melancholy, I know not how I should have kept my face in order.

Our evening was very pleasant when she was gone. Madame de Staël is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de N. rises upon me in esteem and affection every time I see him: their minds in some points ought to be exchanged, for he is as delicate as a really feminine woman, and evidently suffers when he sees her setting *les bienséances* aside, as it often enough befalls her to do.

Poor Madame de Staël has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and intercourse she had wished to maintain with you,—of that I am sure; I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended.

I am not likely to be her confidante if she is so, and only judge from the nature of things, and from her character, and a kind of *dépit* in her manner once or twice in speaking of you. She asked me if you would accompany Mrs. Lock back into the country? I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once, as you had been absent from him as a nurse so many days.

After a little pause, "Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie dans ce pays?" she said. "Il me paroit que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans."

I did not oppose this idea, but enlarged rather on the constraints laid upon females, some very unnecessarily, in England,—hoping to lessen her *dépit;* it continued, however, visible in her countenance, though she did not express it in words.

I must go back to Monday, to tell you something that passed which struck and affected me very much. M. de Talleyrand arrived at Juniper to dinner, and Madame de Staël, in a state of the most vehement impatience for news, would scarce give him time to breathe between her questions; and when she had heard all he could tell her, she was equally impetuous to hear all his conjectures. She was evidently elated with hopes of such success as would give peace, security, and happiness to them all, yet scarce dared give way to all her flattering expectations.

M. de Talleyrand's hopes were alive likewise, though he did not, like her, lose his composure and comic placidness of manner.

Madame de Staël, between jest and earnest, reproached M. de Narbonne with a number of aristocratic sentiments, which she said had that day escaped him.

He calmly declared he was willing to repeat and support every word he had uttered. She next reproached him for always resisting her passion for conjectural discussions. He said, he had for the last half-year found every one baffled in making conjectures: "Mais," said he, very gravely, and in a manner much impressed, "dans huit jours d'ici il me paroit qu'on pourra voir assez clair pour former un plan; et alors—je prendrai mon parti."

He said no more, but dropped into a very deep reverie. "Pour prendre un parti," said M. de Talleyrand, "il faut d'abord savoir si celui qui nous conviendroit sera assez fort pour justifier l'espérance de succès; sans quoi il y auroit de la folie à se mêler de la partie. Mais pour moi," continued he, laughing, "j'ai grande envie de me battre, je vous l'avoue."

"Ah, mais, sans doute," said Madame de Staël, "dans une situation désespérée comme la vôtre, il faut bien que vous ayiez le besoin de faire des efforts."

"Vous le sentez," said M. de N., with sadness, "parceque vous n'avez pas vécu à Juniper, proche de Norbury et de Madame Philippe—parceque vous avez vécu en Woodstock Street."

"Mais," said M. de Talleyrand, "je vous donne ma parole que ce me seroit un plaisir de bien battre tous ces vilains gueux."

"Eh, non," said M. de N., with a mixture of *douceur* and sadness which was very touching, "dites moi donc le plaisir qu'il y auroit à donner la mort à ces pauvres misérables, dont l'ignorance et la bêtise out été les plus grands crimes. S'il falloit ne faire la guerre que contre Marat, et Danton, et Robespierre, et M. Egalité, et quelques centaines d'autres infames scélérats, j'y pourrai peut-être trouver de la satisfaction aussi."

After this he again fell into his reveric, and the conversation was supported by Madame de Staël and M. de Talleyrand, who, by the way, is going to sell all his books, and who very placidly said to-day, "Je vais quitter ma maison de Woodstock Street; elle est trop chère."

* * * * *

S. P.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

Juniper, 11th May.

Je vois bien, my dear Miss, que vous voulez vous acquitter à force de services; mais si vous vous étiez permis de lire Voltaire, je vous dirois ces deux vers un peu changés:—

Un sentiment est cent fois au dessus
Et de l'esprit et de la bonté même.

Oublions et le bonheur et le malheur de notre liaison ensemble, pour retourner au doux penchant de la reconnoissance. Les dentelles de mon émigrée peuvent être vendues en détail, parceque c'est le seul moyen de les vendre. Quant au prix, c'est un marchand de dentelles à votre choix qui doit le fixer. Une fille de chez Madame Roger, Duke-street, Piccadilly, a estimé le tout 100*l.* sterling. Mais je ne sais pas un mot de détails, et la première marchande de dentelles que vous rencontrerez vous le dira.

Quant à *the ogly, tall, and good servant,* je demande quatre jours pour répondre à cette grande affaire: je demande aussi si elle sait écrire ce qu'il faut pour le *bill* d'un déjeûner, de sucre, de thé, &c.

Maintenant que je vous ai bien fatigué de tous les services que je veux rendre à mes amis, et que votre ex-

cellent caractère vous fait désirer de partager, laissez moi vous dire que je suis triste de partir peut-être sans vous revoir; et qu'en écartant tous les nuages de mon cœur, je serai toujours intéressée dans vos succès, et dans votre bonheur.

Soyez assez bonne pour exprimer, avec l'accent de Cécilia, tout le regret que je sens d'avoir été bannie de la chambre de nos aimables malades, que ma pensée n'a pas quittée.

[The frequency and intimacy with which Miss Burney and M. d'Arblay now met, ripened into attachment the high esteem which each felt for the other; and, after many struggles and scruples, occasioned by his reduced circumstances and clouded prospects, M. d'Arblay wrote her an offer of his hand; candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution.

At this time Miss Burney went to Chesington for a short period; probably hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations, and tranquillize her mind during her present perplexities.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney at Chesington.

Sunday, after church, I walked up to Norbury; there unexpectedly I met all our Juniperians, and listened to one of the best conversations I ever heard: it was on literary topics, and the chief speakers Madame de Staël, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Lock, and M. Dumont, a gentleman on a visit of two days at Juniper, a Genevois, *homme d'esprit et de lettres.* I had not a word beyond the first "how d'yes" with any one, being obliged to run home to my abominable dinner in the midst of the discourse.

On Monday I went, by invitation, to Juniper to dine,

and before I came away at night a letter arrived express to Madame de Staël. On reading it, the change in her countenance made me guess the contents. It was from the Swedish gentleman who had been appointed by her husband to meet her at Ostend; he wrote from that place that he was awaiting her arrival. She had designed walking home with us by moonlight, but her spirits were too much oppressed to enable her to keep this intention.

M. d'Arblay walked home with Phillips and me. Every moment of his time has been given of late to transcribing a MS. work of Madame de Staël, on 'L'Influence des Passions.' It is a work of considerable length, and written in a hand the most difficult possible to decipher.

On Tuesday we all met again at Norbury, where we spent the day. Madame de Staël could not rally her spirits at all, and seemed like one torn from all that was dear to her. I was truly concerned.

After giving me a variety of charges, or rather entreaties, to watch and attend to the health, spirits, and affairs of the friends she was leaving, she said to me, "Et dites à Mlle. Burney que je ne lui en veux pas du tout—que je quitte le pays l'aimant bien sincèrement, et sans rancune."

I assured her earnestly, and with more words than I have room to insert, not only of your admiration, but affection, and sensibility of her worth, and chagrin at seeing no more of her. I hope I exceeded not your wishes; *mais il n'y avoit pas moyen de résister.*

She seemed pleased, and said, "Vous êtes bien bonne de me dire cela," but in a low and faint voice, and dropped the subject.

Before we took leave, M. d'Arblay was already gone, meaning to finish transcribing her MS. I came home with Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne. The former actually sobbed in saying farewell to Mrs. Lock, and

half way down the hill; her parting from me was likewise very tender and flattering.

I determined, however, to see her again, and met her near the school, on Wednesday morning, with a short note and a little offering which I was irresistibly tempted to make her. She could not speak to me, but kissed her hand with a very speaking and touching expression of countenance.

It was this morning, and just as I was setting out to meet her, that Skilton arrived from Chesington. I wrote a little, walked out, and returned to finish as I could.

At dinner came our *Tio*—very bad indeed. After it we walked together with the children to Norbury; but little Fanny was so well pleased with his society, that it was impossible to get a word on any particular subject. I, however, upon his venturing to question me whereabouts was the *campagne où se trouvoit Mlle. Burnet*, ventured *de mon côté* to speak the name of Chesington, and give a little account of its inhabitants, the early love we had for the spot, our excellent Mr. Crisp, and your good and kind hostesses.

He listened with much interest and pleasure, and said, "Mais, ne pourroit-on pas faire ce petit voyage-là?"

I ventured to say nothing encouraging, at least decisively, in a great measure upon the children's account, lest they should repeat; and, moreover, your little namesake seemed to me surprisingly attentive and *éveillée*, as if *elle se doutoit de quelque chose.*

When we came home I gave our *Tio* some paper to write to you; it was not possible for me to add more than the address, much as I wished it.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Chesington, 1793.

I HAVE been quite enchanted to-day by my dear Susan's intelligence that my three convalescents walked to the wood. Would I had been there to meet and receive them.

I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure, and the *dépit* I fear Madame de Staël must have experienced. I wish the world would take more care of itself, and less of its neighbours. I should have been very safe, I trust, without such flights, and distances, and breaches. But there seemed an absolute resolution formed to crush this acquaintance, and compel me to appear its wilful renouncer. All I did also to clear the matter, and soften to Madame de Staël any pique or displeasure, unfortunately served only to increase both. Had I understood her disposition better, I should certainly have attempted no palliation, for I rather offended her pride than mollified her wrath. Yet I followed the golden rule, for how much should I prefer any acknowledgment of regret at such an apparent change, from any one I esteemed, to a seeming unconscious complacency in an unexplained caprice!

I am vexed, however, very much vexed, at the whole business. I hope she left Norbury Park with full satisfaction in its steady and more comfortable connection. I fear mine will pass for only a fashionable one.

Miss Kitty Cooke still amuses me very much by her incomparable dialect; and by her kindness and friendliness I am taken the best care of imaginable.

My poor brother, who will carry this to Mickleham, is grievously altered by the loss of his little girl. It has

affected his spirits and his health, and he is grown so thin and meagre, that he looks ten years older than when I saw him last. I hope he will now revive, since the blow is over; but it has been a very, very hard one, after such earnest pains to escape it.

Did the wood look very beautiful? I have figured it to myself with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths, and inhaling its freshness and salubrity, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from some little green recess, to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Lock had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey?

Do you know anything of a certain young lady, who eludes all my inquiries, famous for having eight sisters, all of uncommon talents? I had formerly some intercourse with her, and she used to promise she would renew it whenever I pleased; but whether she is offended that I have slighted her offers so long, or whether she is fickle, or only whimsical, I know not: all that is quite undoubted is that she has concealed herself so effectually from my researches, that I might as well look for justice and clemency in the French Convention, as for this former friend in the plains and lanes of Chesington, where, erst, she met me whether I would or no.

* * * *

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock.

Chesington, 1793.

How sweet to me was my dearest Fredy's assurance that my gratification and prudence went at last hand in hand! I had longed for the sight of her writing, and not dared wish it. I shall now long impatiently till I can

have the pleasure of saying "Ma'am, I desire no more of your letters."

I have heard to-day all I can most covet of all my dear late *malades*. I take it for granted this little visit was made known to my dearest sister confidant. I had prepared for it from the time of my own expectation, and I have had much amusement in what the preparation produced. Mrs. Hamilton ordered half a ham to be boiled ready; and Miss Kitty trimmed up her best cap, and tried it on, on Saturday, to get it in shape to her face. She made chocolate also, which we drank up on Monday and Tuesday, because it was spoiling. "I have never seen none of the French quality," she says, "and I have a *purdigious curosity;* though as to dukes and dukes' sons, and these high top captains, I know they'll think me a mere country bumpkin. *Howsever,* they can't call me worse than *Fat Kit Square,* and that's the worst name I ever got from any of our English pelite bears, which I suppose these pelite French quality never heard the like of."

Unfortunately, however, when all was prepared above, the French *top captain* entered while poor Miss Kitty was in *dishbill,* and Mrs. Hamilton finishing washing up her china from breakfast. A maid who was out at the pump, and first saw the arrival, ran in to give Miss Kitty time to escape, for she was in her round dress night-cap, and without her roll and curls. However, he followed too quick, and Mrs. Hamilton was seen in her linen gown and mob, though she had put on a silk one in expectation for every noon these four or five days past; and Miss Kitty was in such confusion, she hurried out of the room. She soon, however, returned, with the roll and curls, and the forehead and throat fashionably lost, in a silk gown. And though she had not intended to speak

a word, the gentle quietness of her guest so surprised and pleased her, that she never quitted his side while he stayed, and has sung his praises ever since.

Mrs. Hamilton, good soul! in talking and inquiring since of his history and conduct, shed tears at the recital. She says now she has really seen one of the French gentry that has been drove out of their country by the villains she has heard of, she shall begin to believe there really has been a Revolution! and Miss Kitty says, "I *purtest* I did not know before but it was all a sham."

* * * * *

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Friday, May 31st, Chesington.

My heart so smites me this morning with making no answer to all I have been requested to weigh and decide, that I feel I cannot with any ease return to town without at least complying with one demand, which first, at parting yesterday, brought me to write fully to you, my Susan, if I could not elsewhere to my satisfaction.

Much indeed in the course of last night and this morning has occurred to me, that now renders my longer silence as to prospects and proceedings unjustifiable to myself. I will therefore now address myself to both my beloved confidants, and open to them all my thoughts, and entreat their own with equal plainness in return.

M. d'Arblay's last three letters convince me he is desperately dejected when alone, and when perfectly natural. It is not that he wants patience, but he wants rational expectation of better times; expectation founded on something more than mere aërial hope, that builds one day upon what the next blasts; and then has to build again, and again to be blasted.

What affects me the most in this situation is, that his time may as completely be lost as another's peace, by waiting for the effects of distant events, vague, bewildering, and remote, and quite as likely to lead to ill as to good. The very waiting, indeed, with the mind in such a state, is in itself an evil scarce to be recompensed.

* * * * *

My dearest Fredy, in the beginning of her knowledge of this transaction, told me that Mr. Lock was of opinion that the 100*l.* per annum might do, as it does for many a curate. M. d'A. also most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and here, in your vicinity, would unhesitatingly be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*.

If *he* can say that, what must *I* be not to echo it? I, who in the bosom of my own most chosen, most darling friends——

I need not enter more upon this; you all must know that to me a crust of bread, with a little roof for shelter, and a fire for warmth, near you, would bring me to peace, to happiness, to all that my heart holds dear, or even in any situation could prize. I cannot picture such a fate with dry eyes; all else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing.

With regard to my dear father, he has always left me to myself; I will not therefore speak to him while thus uncertain what to decide.

It is certain, however, that, with peace of mind and retirement, I have resources that I could bring forward to amend the little situation; as well as that, once thus undoubtedly established and naturalized, M. d'A. would have claims for employment.

These reflections, with a mutual freedom from ambition, might lead to a quiet road, unbroken by the tortures

of applications, expectations, attendance, disappointment, and time-wasting hopes and fears; if there were not apprehensions the 100*l*. might be withdrawn. I do not think it likely, but it is a risk too serious in its consequences to be run. M. d'A. protests he could not answer to himself the hazard.

How to ascertain this, to clear the doubt, or to know the fatal certainty before it should be too late, exceeds my powers of suggestion. His own idea, to write to the Queen, much as it has startled me, and wild as it seemed to me, is certainly less wild than to take the chance of such a blow in the dark.

Yet such a letter could not even reach her. His very name is probably only known to her through myself.

In short, my dearest friends, you will think for me, and let me know what occurs to you, and I will defer any answer till I hear your opinions.

Heaven ever bless you! And pray for me at this moment.

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

May, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,—I have for some time seen very plainly that you are *éprise*, and have been extremely uneasy at the discovery. You must have observed my silent gravity, surpassing that of mere illness and its consequent low spirits. I had some thoughts of writing to Susan about it, and intended begging her to do what I must now do for myself—that is, beg, warn, and admonish you not to entangle yourself in a wild and romantic attachment, which offers nothing in prospect but poverty and distress, with future inconvenience and unhappiness. M. d'Arblay is certainly a very amiable and accomplished man, and of great military abilities

I take for granted; but what employment has he for them of which the success is not extremely hazardous? His property, whatever it was, has been confiscated—*décrété*—by the Convention; and if a counter-revolution takes place, unless it be exactly such a one as suits the particular political sect in which he enlisted, it does not seem likely to secure to him an establishment in France. And as to an establishment in England, I know the difficulty which very deserving natives find in procuring one, with every appearance of interest, friends, and probability; and, to a foreigner, I fear the difficulty will be more than doubled.

As M. d'Arblay is at present circumstanced, an alliance with anything but a fortune sufficient for the support of himself and partner would be very imprudent. He is a mere soldier of fortune, under great disadvantages. Your income, if it was as certain as a freehold estate, is insufficient for the purpose; and if the Queen should be displeased and withdraw her allowance, what could you do?

I own that, if M. d'Arblay had an establishment in France sufficient for him to marry a wife with little or no fortune, much as I am inclined to honour and esteem him, I should wish to prevent you from fixing your residence there; not merely from selfishness, but for your own sake. I know your love for your family, and know that it is reciprocal; I therefore cannot help thinking that you would mutually be a loss to each other. The friends, too, which you have here, are of the highest and most desirable class. To quit them, in order to make new friendships in a strange land, in which the generality of its inhabitants at present seem incapable of such virtues as friendship is built upon, seems wild and visionary.

If M. d'Arblay had a sufficient establishment here for the purposes of credit and comfort, and determined to settle here for life, I should certainly think ourselves honoured by his alliance; but his situation is at present so very remote from all that can satisfy prudence, or reconcile to an affectionate father the idea of a serious attachment, that I tremble for your heart and future happiness. M. d'Arblay must have lived too long in the great world to accommodate himself contentedly to the little; his fate seems so intimately connected with that of his miserable country, and that country seems at a greater distance from peace, order, and tranquillity now than it has done at any time since the revolution.

These considerations, and the uncertainty of what party will finally prevail, make me tremble for you both. You see, by what I have said, that my objections are not personal, but wholly prudential. For Heaven's sake, my dear Fanny, do not part with your heart too rapidly, or involve yourself in deep engagements which it will be difficult to dissolve; and to the last degree imprudent, as things are at present circumstanced, to fulfil.

As far as character, merit, and misfortune demand esteem and regard, you may be sure that M. d'Arblay will be always received by me with the utmost attention and respect; but, in the present situation of things, I can by no means think I ought to encourage (blind and ignorant as I am of all but his misfortunes) a serious and solemn union with one whose unhappiness would be a reproach to the facility and inconsiderateness of a most affectionate father.

Memorandum, this 7th of May. 1825.

In answer to these apparently most just, and, undoubtedly, most parental and tender apprehensions, Susanna, the darling child of Dr. Burney, as well as first chosen friend of M. d'Arblay, wrote a statement of the plans, and means, and purposes of M. d'A. and F. B.—so clearly demonstrating their power of happiness, with willing economy, congenial tastes, and mutual love of the country, that Dr. B. gave way, and sent, though reluctantly, a consent; by which the union took place the 31st of July, 1793, in Mickleham church, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lock, Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who was father to his sister, as Mr. Lock was to M. d'A.; and on the 1st of August the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian chapel, according to the rites of the Romish church; and never, never was union more blessed and felicitous; though, after the first eight years of unmingled happiness, it was assailed by many calamities, chiefly of separation or illness, yet still mentally unbroken.

F. d'Arblay.

To Mrs. ——.

August 2nd, 1793.

How in the world shall I begin this letter to my dearest M——! how save her from a surprise almost too strong for her weak nerves and tender heart!

After such an opening, perhaps any communication may be a relief; but it is surprise only I would guard against; my present communication has nothing else to fear; it has nothing in it sad, melancholy, unhappy, but it has everything that is marvellous and unexpected.

Do you recollect at all, when you were last in town, my warm interest for the loyal part of the French exiles?

—do you remember my *éloge* of a French officer, in particular, a certain M. d'Arblay?

Ah, my dear M——, you are quick as lightning; your sensitive apprehension will tell my tale for me now, without any more aid than some details of circumstance.

The *éloge* I then made, was with design to prepare you for an event I had reason to expect: such, however, was the uncertainty of my situation, from prudential obstacles, that I dared venture at no confidence; though my heart prompted it strongly, to a friend so sweetly sympathising in all my feelings and all my affairs—so constantly affectionate—so tenderly alive to all that interests and concerns me.

My dearest M——, you will give me, I am sure, your heart-felt wishes—your most fervent prayers. The choice I have made appears to me all you could yourself wish to fall to my lot—all you could yourself have formed to have best accorded with your kind partiality.

I had some hope you would have seen him that evening we went together from Mrs. M. Montagu to Mrs. Lock's, for he was then a guest in Portland-place; but some miserable circumstances, of which I knew nothing till after your departure, had just fallen out, and he had shut himself up in his room. He did not know we were there.

Many, indeed, have been the miserable circumstances that have, from time to time, alarmed and afflicted in turn, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered; and last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Lock, my sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar, in Mickleham church; since which the ceremony has been repeated in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, that if, by a counter-revolution in

France, M. d'Arblay recovers any of his rights, his wife may not be excluded from their participation.

You may be amazed not to see the name of my dear father upon this solemn occasion; but his apprehensions from the smallness of our income have made him cold and averse; and though he granted his consent, I could not even solicit his presence. I feel satisfied, however, that time will convince him I have not been so imprudent as he now thinks me. Happiness is the great end of all our worldly views and proceedings, and no one can judge for another in what will produce it. To me, wealth and ambition would always be unavailing; I have lived in their most centrical possessions, and I have always seen that the happiness of the richest and the greatest has been the moment of retiring from riches and from power. Domestic comfort and social affection have invariably been the sole as well as ultimate objects of my choice, and I have always been a stranger to any other species of felicity.

M. d'Arblay has a taste for literature, and a passion for reading and writing, as marked as my own; this is a sympathy to rob retirement of all superfluous leisure, and insure to us both occupation constantly edifying or entertaining. He has seen so much of life, and has suffered so severely from its disappointments, that retreat, with a chosen companion, is become his final desire.

Mr. Lock has given M. d'Arblay a piece of ground in his beautiful park, upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation. We shall continue, meanwhile, in his neighbourhood, to superintend the little edifice, and enjoy the society of his exquisite house, and that of my beloved sister Phillips. We are now within two miles of both, at a farm-house, where we have what apartments we require, and no more, in a most beautiful and healthy

situation, a mile and a half from any town. The nearest is Bookham; but I beg that my letters may be directed to me at Captain Phillips's, Mickleham, as the post does not come this way, and I may else miss them for a week.

As I do not correspond with Mrs. Montagu, and it would be awkward to begin upon such a theme, I beg that when you write you will say something for me.

One of my first pleasures, in our little intended home, will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany. Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people, at this connexion, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction, when acquainted with the worthiness of the object who would wish it.

Adieu, my sweet friend. Give my best compliments to Mr. ——, and give me your kind wishes, your kind prayers, my ever dear M——.

F. D'A.

Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay.

Copet, 9 Août, 1793.

ON me dit une nouvelle qui me fait un extrême plaisir. Il appartenoit à votre cœur de sentir tout le prix de l'héroique conduite de notre excellent ami, et de justifier le sort en vous donnant à lui, en assurant ainsi à sa vertu la récompense que Dieu lui permet sur cette terre. À présent que vous êtes un peu de ma famille, j'espère que, si je revenois en Angleterre, je vous verrois tant que je voudrois, c'est à dire, sans cesse: tous mes regrets, comme toutes mes espérances, me ramènent en Surrey. C'est-là le paradis terrestre pour moi—ce le sera pour vous, je l'espère. Je ne

connois pas un caractère meilleur à vivre que M. d'Arblay, et je sais depuis long-tems combien il vous aime. Vous nous devez à présent de beaucoup écrire. Je vous demande de m'informer de vos projets, de me confier votre bonheur; et, si je trouve jamais une manière de vous servir, de disposer de moi comme d'un bien à vous. Adieu, adieu!

On Norbury Park, by Madame de Staël.

August 30, 1793.

DOUCE image de Norbury, venez me rappeler qu'une félicité vive et pure peut exister sur la terre! là, l'on jouit également de ce qu on inspire, et de ce qu'on éprouve; là, le sentiment est dévoué comme la passion, et constant comme le devoir; là, l'esprit, les talens, la beauté, tout ce qui sert à l'éclat, a été consacré au bonheur. La vertu, la raison, ont été les guides fidèles d'une telle destinée, mais on ne s'y glorifie que d'être heureux. Soit que ces âmes sensibles, attachées à leurs biens naturels par l'attrait de leurs cœurs, ne pensent point à s'honorer d'un penchant irrésistible; soit que leur douce philosophie aime à faire des prosélytes, contents de la route qu'ils ont parcouru, ils cherchent le plus sur moyen d'inviter à leur exemple. En le considérant, la vertu admire, la foiblesse espère, et tout ce qui a un cœur se sent pénétré par degrés de calme et de bienêtre. Dans cette retraite, que la volonté des possesseurs rend obscure, que le jugement des hommes éclairés, que la reconnoissance de ceux qui souffrent doit illustrer, j'ai trouvé quelque tems un asyle loin des crimes de la France, et des préjugés que l'horreur qu'ils doivent causer inspirent à tous ceux qui n'ont pas la force de résister aux extrêmes contraires. Le respect, l'enthousiasme, dont mon âme est

remplie, en contemplant l'ensemble des vertus morales et politiques qui constituent l'Angleterre;—l'admiration d'un tel spectacle, le repos céleste qu'il me fesoit goûter; ces sentimens, si doux et si nécessaires après la tourmente de trois ans de révolution, s'unissent dans mon souvenir au délicieux séjour, aux respectables amis, près desquels je les ai éprouvés. Je les remercie de quatre mois de bonheur échappés au naufrage de la vie; je les remercie de m'avoir aimés. La félicité dont ils jouissent s'étendra peut-être à tout ce qui les intéresse; leur estime, du moins, doit soutenir l'âme abattue; et lorsqu'un sentiment mélancolique porteroit à se lasser de combattre les injustes attaques des fureurs de l'esprit de parti, l'on se rattache à soi comme à l'objet de suffrages si purs, l'on se défend encore pour honorer ses amis.

Comte de Lally Tolendal to the Chevalier d'Arblay.

Twickenham, 9 Août, 1793.

JE m'étais plaint de vous, mon cher D'Arblay, et puis par réflection j'avais trouvé que vous faisiez bien mieux de goûter votre bonheur que de le décrire. L'amour vous a permis de consacrer un instant à l'amitié, et je viens vous demander encore un pour ma réconnaissance, et pour l'expression des vœux les plus ardens qui aient jamais été formés pour votre bonheur, et pour celui de l'être si intéressant qui vient de doubler le vôtre. Vous m'ôtez un bien bon argument dans mes disputes politiques. "Citez-moi," disais-je toujours, avec une assurance imperturbable, "un homme qui ait gagné à la révolution."

Au moins, ne porterai-je plus ce défi dans les environs de Mickleham. Les orages vous ont conduit dans un port qui vaut mieux que la rive natale, et les démons

vous ont précipité aux pieds d'un ange qui vous a relevé. Votre roman vaut celui de Miss Burney, et vous le faites aussi heureux qu'elle les écrit sublimes. Votre destiné est écrite dans 'Cecilia,' mon cher ami, et vous aurez autant de cautions et autant de jaloux que Cecilia a eu de lecteurs. Vous voilà possédant la pratique de ce cœur dont nous avons tant admiré et chéri la théorie, ces grâces de l'esprit qui nous ont tant séduit, cette finesse de jugement qui nous a si fort étonnés, ces sentimens délicieux qui venaient remuer le fond de nos cœurs, cette pureté de morale qui excitait nos respects, —tout cela vous était destiné! Une si profonde connaissance du cœur humain devait conduire à juger le vôtre, à apprécier votre noble caractère, et ce charme de loyauté qui fait qu'on se sent votre ami quand on a causé un jour avec vous.

Je suis sûr que Miss Burney vous aura entendu parler du pauvre Louis XVI. avec cette émotion qui tirait les larmes des yeux de Malouet et des miens la dernière fois que nous avons cheminé ensemble. Citez nous tant que vous voudrez, mon cher D'Arblay; vous nous rendrez justice en vous adressant à nous pour obtenir celle qui vous est due.

Le jour où j'ai reçu votre lettre j'avais dîné chez le Chancelier, et pendant une partie du dîner votre mariage avait été le sujet de l'entretien général. C'était à moi tout naturellement à conter votre histoire, et à répondre à tout ce qui était là du sort de Miss Burney. J'ai rempli le devoir, je ne dirai pas d'ami, mais d'homme juste; c'est tout ce qu'il vous faut.

Enfin toute notre colonie n'a qu'un sentiment et qu'une voix. Le Prince* vous écrit, Malouet vous écrira, la Princesse† se joint à tout ce que nous vous

* Le Prince de Poix. † La Princesse d'Henin.

disons : vous connaissez son âme, vous savez qu'elle se réfléchit dans tout ce qui est beau et dans tout ce qui est bon ; vous avez vu son entraînement vers Miss Burney. Nous jouissons aussi de la part qu'ont eu à cet heureux événement M. et Madame Lock, de celle qu'y prennent M. et Madame Phillips. Tout ce que l'humanité peut atteindre de vertu et obtenir de bonheur est au milieu de vous tous. Jouissez en longtemps, et que votre félicité soit aussi incorruptible que votre caractère ! Présentez, je vous prie, mon hommage respectueux à Madame d'Arblay, et comptez toujours sur moi comme sur un ami qui vous est acquis à jamais.

LALLY TOLENDAL.

P. S. Lorsque mon père commandait dans l'Inde il fût fort mécontent d'un officier qui, chargé d'une mission chez les Hollandais, en avait compromis le succès par la faute la plus grave. Mon pauvre père, le meilleur des hommes en actions, mais le plus vif en propos, lui écrivit dans sa colère, " Si vous retombez dans la même faute, je vous préviens, qu'eussiez vous la tête de mon fils sur les épaules de mon père, je la ferai sauter."

Comme il fermait sa lettre, entre son maître d'hôtel. " Que veux tu ?" " Monsieur, je viens d'entendre dire que vous envoyez un exprès chez les Hollandais, et, comme nous n'aurons bientôt plus de café, je suis venu vous demander si vous ne voudriez pas en faire venir." " Tu as raison." Et voilà que mon père, qui ne se souvenait déjà plus de sa colère, rouvre sa lettre et mande à son officier, en *post-scriptum* au dessous de la belle phrase ci-dessus, " Je vous en prie, faites moi le plaisir de m'envoyer par le porteur un ballot de café."

Où tend toute cette histoire ? À justifier par l'exemple la disparate toute aussi forte que je vais me permettre. Mon laquais vient d'entrer chez moi, et m'a dit, " Mon-

sieur, on dit que vous écrivez à Mickleham : la dernière fois que vous y avez été vous avez oublié un bonnet de nuit et une paire de petites bottes: si vous vouliez bien les demander?" Soit ; et voilà que je termine une épithalame en priant l'époux de vouloir bien donner des ordres, je ne sais pas à qui, afin que ces petites bottes me soient renvoyés à Londres, Norton-street, No. 17. Où se cache-t-on quand on écrit de ces choses-là?

Madame de la Fîte to Madame d'Arblay.

September, 1793.

Combien vous êtes aimable, ma chère madame, et que votre lettre est charmante ! Je vous remercie et du plaisir qu'elle m'a fait, et de celui qu'elle a procuré à la famille de Luc, et à trois de nos Princesses à qui je l'ai communiquée.

J'ai su depuis que cette lettre, montrée à la Reine. est encore dans la poche de sa Majesté. Votre changement d'état faisait la nouvelle du jour, et j'avais un mérite alors; moi seule dans tout le comté de Berkshire avoit l'avantage de connoître M. d'Arblay. Miss P—— entr' autres m'accabla de questions: "Est-il grand? est-il beau? est-il jeune?" Je parlai de son air noble, et d'une impression de tristesse qui m'avoit frappée en le voyant, mais qui devoit être effacée par l'amour et son frère. Si la soirée qu'il a passé chez moi pouvoit se renouveler, je ferais taire la harpe, et j'empêcherais un groupe d'émigrés de s'emparer de lui, et de me priver du plaisir de l'entendre. Quant à son mérite personnel, à ses lumières, à ses vertus, ils sont évidemment prouvés par les sentimens qu'il a su inspirer à Norbury.

Mais à propos de gens distingués, il faut vous parler, ma chère madame, de nos deux jeunes Princes. Celui

dont vous faites mention est le plus joli, le plus gai, le plus caressant de tous les héros de dix-neuf ans.* Comme une blessure sied bien à cet âge! Je l'ai vu souffrir des siennes, mais il me semble qu'il en jouissait. Le Prince Auguste† est moins vif, et nullement bruyant; une affabilité douce rappelle qu'il est le frère chéri de la Princesse Elizabeth, et s'il n'a pu exercer ce courage militaire qui fait les héros de l'histoire, on sait qu'il a prouvé une fermeté admirable dans le cours de ses longues souffrances; et Rousseau prétend que les vertus négatives sont les plus sublimes.

Notre philosophe,‡ pour se consoler du présent, s'occupe beaucoup du passé, et d'une histoire de la terre bien plus ancienne que celle de Moyse. Perdant de vue pour un temps les révolutions qui agitent la surface de notre globe, il s'enfonce dans de profondes méditations, pour rechercher ce qu'était l'intérieur avant, bien avant, que le genre humain habitât cette planète. "What are you about?" lui demandait quelqu'un: "I am in the bowels of the earth," fut sa réponse. Madame de Luc vous aime toujours tendrement, ma chère madame; mais elle est moins que jamais en état d'écrire, ses yeux ayant beaucoup souffert depuis quelques mois. Mon fils sera bien sensible au souvenir dont vous l'honorez; j'ignore si dans ce moment il traverse la mer, ou s'il est arrivé en Hollande. Il est toujours compté parmi les bons fils, et c'est à lui que je dois en partie le retour de ma santé. Celle de Madame Schwellenberg est toujours étonnante; c'est après un crachement de sang qu'elle a repris ses forces.

Vous auriez peine, madame, à reconnoître Frogmore. On y construit des ruines, et bientôt on aura achevé un vieux bâtiment gothique; ici s'élève un petit

* Duke of Cambridge. † Duke of Sussex. ‡ M. de Luc.

temple octogone, dont le plafond est dessiné par la Princesse Elizabeth; là on découvre un hermitage, dont elle a donné le modèle, &c., &c.: au reste, nous avons un spectacle et des acteurs de Londres. *Quick*, surtout y attirait la cour et la ville. Madame de la Roche me demande toujours des nouvelles de Miss Burney; je lui ai marqué depuis peu que parmi nos femmes célèbres il n'en est pas une qui porte ce nom; mais pour qu'elle ne soupçonnât point que vous avez perdu la vie, ou moi l'esprit, j'ai bien vîte ajouté que les sentimens dûs à l'auteur de 'Cecilia' étaient maintenant reservés à Madame d'Arblay.

J'espère que les devoirs de votre nouvel état ne vous empêcheront pas d'acquérir de nouveaux droits à la reconnaissance du public; c'est un de mes vœux; mais je souhaite bien plus encore que vous sachiez toujours réunir ce qui est si souvent séparé—la célébrité et le bonheur. Madame Brûlard* habite dans un petit canton de la Suisse, où elle a été admise, ainsi que Mlle. d'Orléans, sous un nom supposé. Adieu, ma chère madame! veuillez me continuer le souvenir et la bienveillance dont vous m'honorez, et agréer l'assurance de la haute estime et du tendre attachement de

Votre très dévouée,

M. E. DE LA FITE.

Vous connaissez mes sentimens pour les habitans de Norbury; daignez en être l'interprète. Je crains de ne pouvoir profiter cette année de votre aimable hospitalité, mais je vous conjure d'avance de m'accorder une soirée quand vous viendrez à Londres.

* Madame de Genlis.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

TO THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

BARRY, JAMES, was born at Cork in 1741. He was the son of a shipmaster, and early exhibited talents for the art in which he afterwards became so distinguished. He was taught by Mr. West of Dublin, and after having, at the age of twenty-two, gained the Academy's prize for the best Historical Composition, was enabled, by the liberality of Edmund Burke, to study in Italy for four years, where he was made a Member of the Academy of Bologna. He returned to England in 1770, and in 1775 published a work in reply to Winckelman's celebrated axiom which proclaimed the English people to be naturally incapacitated, by their climate, from attaining any eminence in the exercise of the fine arts. In 1777 he was chosen a Royal Academician, and, in 1780, Professor of Painting. Nineteen years afterwards he was removed from the Professor's Chair, and subsequently expelled from the Academy itself, through a cabal of his fellow Academicians, which was greatly aided by the eccentricity and violence of his character, approaching at times to insanity. His great work, or rather series of works, which was painted gratuitously for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, was completed in three years. He died in 1806.

COURTNAY, JOHN, was born in Ireland in 1731. He was Secretary to the Marquis of Townshend when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was subsequently chosen Member of Parliament for Tamworth in 1780, in 1784, and 1790. In 1783 he was appointed Surveyor of the Ordnance and Secretary to the Master-General, and in 1806 was one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. He was M.P. for the borough of Appleby from 1796 to 1812. In 1816 he died. Besides his 'Philosophical Reflections on the late Revolution in France,' (the work alluded to in the Diary,) he published, in 1786, 'A Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson,' and several other works, chiefly in verse.

GILLIES, JOHN, was born at Brechin, in Forfarshire, in 1750. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and became the tutor of a son of the Earl of Hopetown, with whom he tra-

velled for some years. On his return he settled in London. The work which first gave him celebrity is that in connexion with which he is still the best known,—his 'History of Antient Greece,' &c. It was published in 1786. He subsequently published several other historical works of great merit and value. He was made an LL.D. and a Member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was subsequently appointed Royal Historiographer for Scotland. He died in 1824.

GISBORNE, DR., was Physician to his Majesty's Household at the period referred to in the 'Diary.'

GLASSE, DR. SAMUEL, was Rector of Hanwell, in Middlesex. It was to this gentleman that Mrs. Piozzi once addressed the questions:—

"What is humour? What is wit?
Thou that master art of it;
And, how are they related?"

To which he replied,—"As the mushroom is to the dunghill; and neither of them worth a scholar's aim or a Christian's care!".

HAYDN, FRANCIS JOSEPH, was born in 1732, at Rhorau, a small town in Austria. His parents were in a very humble station, but, like all Germans, fond of music, and, to a certain degree, skilled in it. The early talents exhibited by their child were noticed by a relation, a schoolmaster at Huimburg, who ultimately succeeded in placing the boy under a musician named Reüter, in the cathedral of Vienna. With him Haydn remained till the age of thirteen, when he composed a mass. He was dismissed from the cathedral at the age of eighteen, in consequence of a youthful frolic. He was early noticed and assisted by the celebrated Porpora, an Italian musician and composer, who visited Vienna in the suite of the Venetian ambassador. For a considerable period he remained in very humble circumstances, lodging at the house of a barber, whose daughter he married. The first work which brought him into notice was an Opera entitled 'The Devil on Two Sticks.' In the year 1761 he was attached to the household of Prince Anthony Esterhazy, and subsequently, to that of his successor, Prince Nicholas. In 1791 he visited England, where he received great honours, and made a handsome sum of money by his compositions. The most celebrated of his works, 'The Creation,' was not commenced till he was in his 60th year. He died in 1809.

KAUFFMANN, MARIA ANGELICA, one of the few females who have attained eminence in the art of painting, was the daughter of a Swiss painter, and was born at Coire, in 1740. She studied at Rome and Venice, and afterwards came to England, where she enjoyed a brilliant reputation for many years, and

was ultimately elected a Royal Academician. She married a painter named Zucchi, a native of Venice, with whom she resided in Italy till her death, which took place at Rome in 1807.

LORT, DR. MICHAEL, was born in Pembrokeshire in 1725. He was brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow, and subsequently Doctor of Divinity and Greek Professor. He was afterwards Rector successively of St. Matthew, Friday-street, and of Fulham. He died in 1790.

MALONE, EDMUND, is chiefly known by his 'Commentaries on Shakspeare.' He was born in Dublin in 1741. His father was an Irish judge, and educated him at Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to the Bar, to which he was called in 1767; but as, on the death of his father, he became possessed of a competent fortune, he did not pursue his profession, but devoted himself to literature. His edition of Shakspeare was published in 1790. He died in 1812.

MERRY, ROBERT, the head of the Della Cruscan school of poetry. He was born at London in 1755, and received a regular education, first at Harrow, and afterwards at Christ's College, Oxford. His father was a merchant, and intended him for the Bar, for which he studied in Lincoln's Inn, but soon abandoned that pursuit for the army, of which he as speedily grew tired, and subsequently adopted the character of a man of letters and of leisure. His Della Cruscan verses were chiefly written in Italy, and rapidly gained an extensive popularity, which they as rapidly lost on the appearance of Gifford's celebrated 'Baviad and Mæviad.' In 1791 Mr. Merry married Miss Brunton, an actress, sister of the late Countess of Craven, and went with her to America. He published several dramatic works, but none that obtained any marked attention. He died in 1798.

PERCY, THOMAS, Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, was born at Bridgnorth, in the county of Salop, in 1728. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1753, and was in 1756 appointed to the living of Willbye and Easton Manduit, Northamptonshire. In 1769 he was appointed chaplain to George II.; in 1778 was raised to the Deanery of Carlisle; and in 1783 to the Bishopric of Dromore. The 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,' by which Dr. Percy is best known, is a work that has exercised a marked and most favourable influence on the poetical taste of our time. Dr. Percy was a very accomplished general scholar, and was extensively acquainted with several of the Oriental languages. He died at Dromore in 1811.

-NELL, JOHN, was born in 1742, at Chudleigh, in Devonshire. e entered the navy at fifteen years of age, and was present at the siege of Pondicherry. At the age of twenty-four he

quitted the navy and entered the army. He greatly distinguished himself in India, as an officer of Engineers, and was promoted to a Majority. He subsequently turned his attention almost exclusively to geographical researches, and the first public results of these, in the form of a chart of the bank and current of Cape Lagullas, procured him the appointment of Surveyor-General of Bengal. He subsequently published many able works connected with his favourite study, the chief of which was entitled 'The Geographical System of Herodotus Explained,' which appeared in 1800. He died in 1830.

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM, D.D., was born in 1721, at Borthwick. He was educated, first at a grammar-school at Dalkeith, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh. He commenced preaching in 1741, and was shortly afterwards appointed to the living of Gladmuir, in East Lothian. His first literary production was 'The History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and James VI.'—a work which immediately raised him to eminence as an historian. It was published in 1759. His 'History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.' and his 'History of America'—the first published in 1769 and the latter in 1777—raised him still higher in reputation. His latest work is that referred to in the Diary. It is entitled 'An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India,' &c. He was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of several foreign societies. He died at his residence near Edinburgh in 1793.

STURM, CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN, was born at Augsburg in 1740. He studied at Jena and Stalle, and was in 1767 appointed pastor of one of the churches of Stalle. His 'Reflections' obtained vast popularity, and were translated into most modern languages. The French version of them was executed by Queen Christina, of Prussia. Sturm successively filled the office of pastor at Magdeburg and at Naumburg, at which latter place he died in 1786.

STUART, JAMES. This distinguished antiquary and artist did more to call the attention of Europe to the wonders of ancient architectural art existing in his day in Greece, and particularly at Athens, than all other European travellers and antiquarians united. He was born in London in 1713, and, though wholly dependent on his own exertions for his support, he early in life repaired to Rome, for the purpose of completing his studies. There he became acquainted with an English architect named Revett, with whom he subsequently travelled through Italy, and, in 1751, visited Athens. Here they remained for more than two years, drawing and measuring all the architectural and sculptural antiquities they could discover. He afterwards travelled for two years more, chiefly among the Greek islands, and returned to England in 1755. The result of these studies

and labours was the joint production of what remains to this day the most magnificent as well as the most correct and authentic work that has yet been given to the world on the subject of Athenian antiquities. The first part of this splendid work was published (in folio) in 1762. In the mean time Mr. Stuart had acquired great reputation as an architect, and was appointed Surveyor to Greenwich Hospital, and chosen Member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies.

He married late in life, and the loss of a child of three years of age, by the small pox, so affected him as to cause his own death shortly afterwards—in 1783. Several subsequent parts of the 'Antiquities of Athens' were published from Stuart's drawings, after his death.

TOPHAM, EDWARD, was the son of Dr. Topham, Judge of the Prerogative Court at York. He received a regular education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, on quitting which latter place he entered the Guards and attained the rank of Major. He for some years filled the equivocal position of "a man of wit and fashion about town," in which character he obtained the materials for his fashionable paper entitled 'The World.' He died in 1820.

YOUNG, ARTHUR, was the son of a learned divine who held a prebendal stall in Canterbury Cathedral. He was born in 1741, and nearly the whole of his long life was devoted to studies and pursuits connected with the improvement of English agriculture. He first became known to the world in 1770, by the publication of a useful work called 'The Farmer's Calendar.' Subsequently he established and conducted a periodical entitled 'Annals of Agriculture.' These publications attracted the attention of the Government; and he was employed to obtain information for them throughout the country, which ultimately led to the establishment of the Board of Agriculture, of which he was appointed Secretary. He also published two quarto volumes of his agricultural tours in Ireland and France. His last publications were two pocket volumes, containing judicious and valuable selections from the writings of Baxter and of Owen: he entitled them, BAXTERIANA and OWENIANA. He was blind during several of the last years of his life, but still continued to employ himself usefully in his favourite pursuit, up to the period of his death, in 1820.

END OF VOL. V.

London: Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street.

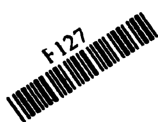
THE SIXTH VOLUME

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY

WILL BE PUBLISHED

EARLY IN DECEMBER.


F127